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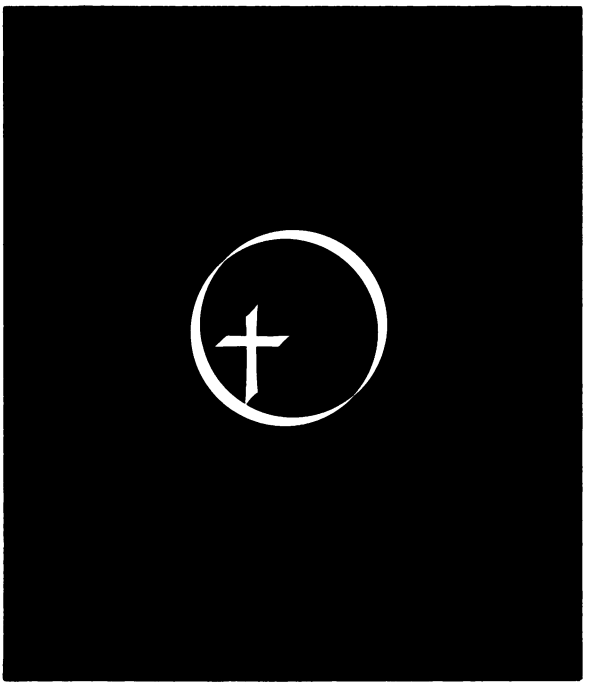

S.A.Mount. Engra.d by J. Sartain.

Yours
Julia H Scott

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT;

WITH

HER POEMS,

AND

SELECTIONS FROM HER PROSE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY ABEL TOMPKINS.
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PREFACE.

In a recent religious paper we met an expression of great regret that the "lives of holy women" are not more frequently given to the public; such productions being a powerful and efficient aid to a religious life in others.

The paragraph impressed us deeply, while it suggested a hope which has acted as a powerful stimulus in preparing the imperfect Memoir of the "holy woman" whose life and writings fill up the pages of this volume. A nobler example of devotion to religious principle, of never-sleeping effort to sustain, both by precept and example, the doctrines of her Saviour, we believe can scarcely be found; and it is our great desire and prayer to God that that example, however imperfectly it may be presented, may perform its legitimate work, by leading many others of our sex to the same devotion to God, the same love to the Saviour, and the same overmastering desire to live the life of a Christian woman, that filled and animated her.

In arranging the poems of Mrs. Scott we have found ourselves more and more averse to allow many omissions. Yet the dimensions of a single volume demand restrictions; and we have, therefore, found it expedient to omit many of her earlier effusions, — inserting barely sufficient to mark the precocity of her genius, and her genial and ever-religious

nature. As far as possible, regard has been had to chronological order; and we think the gradual development of the mind of the poet, and the ever upward flight of her spirit, can be clearly and distinctly followed, until it surrenders itself, resigned and fearless, into the hands of its Maker.

Our selections of prose are necessarily limited. One only of her earlier tales — Nira Moore — is given, as a specimen of her style at the romantic age of seventeen. The other articles belong to a later period, and show the progress in spiritual culture which so peculiarly distinguished their author.

Our thanks are due to many friends for aid in furnishing the letters, poems, etc., which have been of so essential service to us, and they will accept them, heartfelt as they are tendered.

With a full confidence that the writings of one so gifted will be gladly received by the public, and a modest hope that our own labors also may find a friendly acceptance, we now say Farewell.

C. M. SAWYER.

CLINTON, N. Y., *May 15th*, 1853.

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MEMOIR.

In assuming the task of preparing a new memorial of one so long loved and so long lamented as she, the few and unimportant events of whose brief and most unoffending life are to be the subject of the following pages, no thought has been entertained of casting, even by implication, a shadow over the labors of another. A brief memoir,—itself a graceful and touching memento of a most rare and unselfish friendship,—that was penned years ago, by one as good and true, as guileless and confiding and full of genius as the sweet poetess whom she commemorates, and who, like her, has gone down mourned and lamented to an early grave, still remains, reflecting honor alike on its author and her subject.

But, from various causes, this memoir was, as has been before remarked, exceedingly brief; and it has been felt by many that a more extended record of the life of the woman and the poet, as well as a more complete collection of her writings, was now demanded.

This work is now attempted; with what success remains yet to be proved. The materials for such a work, which, even years ago, while the memory of the daily little incidents and thoughts, most truly portraying the outward and inner life

of the poet, still remained fresh in the hearts of her friends, were either but scanty or felt to be too unimportant to offer to the biographer, can scarcely be expected, now that time has been so long busily shedding the waters of forgetfulness over those mysterious pages, to have been materially increased. Still, much effort has been made to gather new matter, and not wholly without success. A week or more recently spent among the lovely and romantic scenes where her early life went by, and a constant mingling with the dear *home*-friends, to whom her memory is still precious as the light is to the eye, have not failed to yield some fruits. These, together with the letters, now worn and discolored, and sometimes half obliterated with age, generously forwarded to me by the dear friends with whom she corresponded, and who have hitherto so religiously garnered them in their treasure-stores, cannot fail, it is hoped, to add some new interest to a life hitherto so imperfectly known.

But it is, after all, among her poems that we shall learn most of her inner life. Here the gradual and steady development of her fresh and vigorous mind is most distinctly seen, and the higher and holier tone of feeling ever more and more clearly manifest; and here, more than elsewhere, we trust to find those intimations and aids necessary to a true delineation of each varying shade of that mind, which, amid all the sadness of its strains, was ever so versatile and genial.

Our task is before us, and, trusting that those who will soonest discover the many falterings in its performance will regard them with the kindest and most charitable eye, the introductory remarks are now gladly closed.

FAR away from the confused and noisy world, embowered like some sweet picture in the depths of a gigantic emerald vase, lies the charming valley of Sheshequin, hidden among

the beautiful Alleghanies. The northern branch of the noble Susquehanna, with many a green island sleeping on its breast, pursues its tranquil course through the valley, while all around, — on the north, the east, the south, yea, on the west, also, — meet towering mountains, which, lifting their shaggy heads among the clouds, seem to shut out the whole world. Never did Nature more fully realize the description of Johnson's "Happy Valley," than in this little mountain fastness. It is but a strip of intervale of the richest soil, scarcely two miles in width at its widest point, and six or seven miles in length, and, like the "Happy Valley," permitting ingress and egress only at the narrow gorges where the river itself has broken its jagged way through the mountains.

Here, on the 4th of November, 1809, the subject of this memoir, Julia H. Kinney, the eldest of a family of nine children, was born, and here, amid all lovely and engaging scenes, she grew up.

If, as is believed, the beautiful and romantic in Nature always stamps itself upon and moulds the youthful mind that carefully observes it, in the case of the young Julia it was, in a peculiar and remarkable sense, true; and no spot on the wide earth could have been more aptly chosen for the cradle of the future poet. It is remembered now, among those who watched the dawning faculties of the child, that even in her nurse's arms she manifested a strange and earnest enthusiasm for all things beautiful that met her senses in the realms of sight and sound; and Heaven, as if to develop in the highest degree this enthusiasm, placed a world of loveliness around her.

As we stood gazing on those grand and lonely mountains, watching the cloud-shadows as they chased each other over their forest-clad surface, and saw the towering pines, ancient apparently as the hills whose summits they crowned, rock and sway in the mountain blast, while, ever and anon, the low sobbing sound peculiar to that tree stole faintly and

fitfully down into the valley, we wondered not that the thoughtful and dreamy child, whose life began and was nourished here, grew up a poet; that the incense fire, whose living spark was laid on the altar of her heart ere her infant eyes first saw the light, should here have been silently kindled into that pure and holy flame, which, awaking almost in her infancy, burned in her bosom with an ever increasing intensity to the last.

In her early childhood Julia gave promise of a robust and vigorous physical organization, and, in the language of her father, "was a plump, rosy-cheeked cherub of a girl;" but, as she grew older, and the ardent and imaginative spirit began to wander forth into new and unknown realms, a change gradually passed over her. She grew slender and almost attenuated; and the large, dark eyes looked out from a pale and dreamy face. Strange poetic fancies grew up in her little mind, to be, in her own beautiful, untutored way, reproduced to others. As might be expected, few appreciated her, and the many who did not, called her a strange, odd child. Yet, however much of "strangeness" there might have been in her childish conceits, they were all beautiful, and generally indicative of purpose.

In a corner of the lawn connected with the paternal abode, she, one summer, raised a little mound, covering it with turf and twining over it a bower of vines and rich leaves. This, for several of her earliest years, was her favorite resort; and here, for hours every pleasant day, she would sit, sometimes singing to a star which she had learned to know, and called her own, and sometimes filling the ear of the younger children with wild, strange tales, improvised for the occasion, and which, even at that early age, gave token of the talent which was afterwards so richly developed. This facility for amusing others was soon found to be of great service to her mother as well as herself.

In all the more strictly rural districts it is still the custom for each family, the rich as well as the poor, to perform its

own household labors, unaided by hired domestics. This custom, where the foreign population, now so numerous and so useful in the more thickly-peopled town, have not yet penetrated, is generally one alike of choice and necessity. Yet, it cannot be denied that in such districts the task of the "house-mother," who, in addition to the cares and labors of the house and the dairy, has those of a still increasing family of little ones, with only her own two hands to perform the whole, is often, though perhaps a pleasant, still a very arduous one.

It was under circumstances like these that the little Julia, when scarcely beyond infancy herself, was able to render most important aid to her mother; she would gather the younger fledglings of the household nest around her, and, leading them to her bower, would detain them hour after hour, listening now to her wild and fanciful, but, no doubt, inartistic tales, and now to some little song, improvised for the occasion. Of these tales and songs, such was the versatility and richness of her young fancy, they never wearied, and their recital never failed to keep them quiet and happy; while the still happier mother, ever and anon glancing through the window, to see that all was well with her darlings, went industriously and cheerfully on with the manifold labors of her household, blessing God for the dear nurslings, but most of all for the little Julia.

These pleasant cares of the little girl were, however, varied by another of a painful character, and one making a new and urgent demand upon her precocious thoughtfulness. When she had attained the age of four years, her father was struck by sudden and total blindness, and for two long years, during which this affliction continued, it was her task to be his guide and conductor wherever he wished to go. With her little hand nestled lovingly in his, she would lead him about the house and door-yard, "never failing," to use his own words, "to lead him a little out of the way, to pluck a new-blown flower, or to satisfy her inquiring mind at every

appearance of novelty; amusing him, in these dark and lonely hours, by her innocent prattle, that created, if possible, even more than parental affection."

"It was a great obstacle thrown in her way," her father regretfully remarks; "for, during these two years, she was deprived of the advantages she should have been enjoying in school." With most children this remark would, undoubtedly, have been true; but it may well be questioned whether her active and inquiring mind, so quick to seize each new idea, and so acute to perceive its bearings, was not really expanding far more rapidly and healthfully under the influence of a companionship so intimate, and an affection so confidential, as that existing between the blind father and his child. In their long and constant communion, his strong and vigorous understanding and varied information must have been never-failing sources of improvement to the little mind, so stimulated by filial love and premature care. The long winter evenings, too, furnished opportunities rare and delightful for the embryo poetess, when, the younger ones all laid at rest, the little Julia, relieved from her cares, could sit at her mother's feet, and listen to her gentle and refined tones, as she read aloud some pleasant tale or exciting historic incident to the blind husband, now so hopelessly dependent.

But the season of darkness went by, and light again revisited the eyes of the blind father, bringing joy to the whole household, and a world of grateful delight to the heart of the loving little Julia. Her cares were at once lightened. She commenced going to school; and here she distinguished herself by a progress that enabled her soon to outstrip most of her little companions. With a thirst for knowledge that was well-nigh a passion, she learned, seemingly by intuition, what with others required long and assiduous application to master. Yet, remarkable as were the ease and quickness with which she acquired knowledge, her grasp of memory in retaining it was not less so, rarely forgetting what she had once learned.

It is to be regretted that the facilities for acquiring a

thorough education in most of the rural districts, out of New England, were at that period, and even now are, so insufficient; six months in a year in a district school being then all that was allowed for the education of the young of either sex, and, with a portion, only half that period.

Young as she was, Julia soon felt this deficiency, and, in an imperfect way, endeavored to supply it by her own solitary and unaided efforts at home. Desultory and ill-directed these efforts, no doubt, often were, yet they nevertheless brought forth fruits; and the mind of the young aspirant grew gradually rich in its varied and ever increasing stores.

But her love of study, great as it was, was never sufficient to cause her to forget the duties devolving upon her as "eldest daughter." Her daily domestic avocations were always faithfully and cheerfully attended to, and her almost maternal care of her younger brothers and sisters still her first thought. In this she was actuated not more by a sense of duty than by a "strong, o'ermastering" impulse; for, to use her father's language, "one trait in Julia's character early developed itself; grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, increasing in depth and intensity to the end of her life;" and that was an ardent love for the young and helpless, and a passion for *petting*. This extended not only to children, but to all young things, especially those of animals. In this there was no affectation, and, above all, no selfishness, leading her to fondle them a little while for her own amusement, and then forget them. It was prompted by a deeply loving and benevolent nature,— an innate desire to make all things happy. Some of the earlier manifestations of this passion are thus touchingly and amusingly set forth by Miss Edgarton.

"If there was a frozen brood of chickens, or a sick lamb, an old sheep, or a calf, suffering or in need, she never failed to feed, nurse and resuscitate it; and it was no uncommon thing for her to walk miles, and to get up at dead of night, in a thunder-storm, to go in search of young lambs and bring

them to shelter. Oftentimes, in spring, she quite appropriated the fire-side to these invalid animals; for which little attentions she acquired in the family the pet name of *Doctor Jule.*"

Another little illustration, not only of her all-embracing benevolence and kindness, but of her deep sense of justice, is furnished in the following incident.

Not long after the last war with England, a lawless family, who were supposed to have sustained, during the war, about the same position towards the country as that occupied by the Skinners and Cow-boys of the Revolution, were living, or rather lurking, among the mountains near Sheshequin, and, by repeated marauding descents into the valley, had stirred up the ire of the peaceable citizens against themselves. One morning several young cattle were found to have disappeared during the night, and, sure of the direction which they had taken, several of the citizens issued forth in their pursuit. As may be supposed, however, the depredators were on their guard and fled; but so closely were they pursued that a young son of the ringleader, a lad of some ten or twelve years, fell into their hands, and was brought back bound into the village. A crowd soon collected about him, who bestowed upon him more words and looks of scorn and contempt than of sympathy or pity.

Julia soon heard the tale, and seeing the helpless, forlorn condition of the little prisoner, her whole soul was excited in his behalf. She ran to her father to seek a full explanation, and to endeavor to procure his release.

"Is he the guilty one?" she inquired; "I am sure, father, he cannot be, he looks so young."

"I do not think he is guilty," the father replied, "but they detain him as a decoy for the father, who is the real rogue."

"But is that right, father?"

"I cannot say it is; yet it is perhaps a justifiable artifice to obtain a right."

But the nice sense of justice in the youthful pleader was

not thus easily satisfied. She stood for a few moments thoughtful and perplexed, when all seemed to become clear to her.

"Father," she said, looking fixedly in his face, "something in my heart tells me it is wrong, and it must be wrong; and I cannot bear any longer to see him standing there to be mocked and insulted by the people. Do go and tell them to untie him and let him go."

"I cannot, child; they would not listen to me."

The little form of the young advocate dilated; her soft, dark eyes grew stern and proud, and, turning away,

"Then *I* shall go myself," she exclaimed; "and I will tell them what Father Murray once said: 'Never do a thing merely because you *can* do it, but because it is *right!*'"

Without an instant's shrinking the young pleader penetrated the crowd, and carried her design into execution; and it is delightful to be able to record, that, struck with sudden shame at this keen reproof of a simple child, his keepers unbound their guiltless prisoner, and her little heart was relieved and her sense of justice satisfied by his immediate release.

There are other instances of the singular power possessed over others by this generous and strong-hearted child, that are equally remarkable. One of these, which is still remembered by her mother as among the most beautiful passages of her childhood, we cannot refrain from also recording.

Somewhere among the mountains that shut in the valley of Sheshequin lived a poor woman, who obtained her livelihood, and that of a blind husband and idiot son, by the manufacture of baskets, — a business in which she by degrees acquired great skill and expertness. In this labor she was aided somewhat by both objects of her care; the father peeling the bark from the ash and hickory used in her manufactures, and the son, who was a stout, healthy lad, being employed in lieu of a pack-horse to bear them to market.

Regularly each returning month, the little caravan, led by the careful mother, holding the blind husband by the hand,

and closely followed by the idiot boy laden with fresh, showily stained baskets, made its appearance in the little valley, where it never failed to meet a welcome reception among the adult portion of the community, and to create a general rejoicing among the children, with whom the pretty baskets were in high repute, and who were never wanting in admiration, even though their purses might be empty.

To Julia their advent was always a season of mingled delight and pain; for, while she shared the pleasure of the other children in admiring and handling their pretty wares, deeply did her little heart yearn over the unfortunate trio. All her pocket money was reserved for this occasion, and expended in the purchase of little baskets, to be distributed among the children who, less fortunate than herself, lacked the means of supplying themselves with the much-coveted wares. A small parcel of tea, of which the basket-woman was very fond, slyly slipped by Julia into her pocket, with a sweet smile and some kind word of childish sympathy, generally concluded the transaction.

In these little excursions the idiot boy could never be prevailed upon to enter a dwelling; but, while his mother was engaged in her sales, he would sit quietly down by the road-side, or under some shady tree, and amuse himself with spears of grass, never answering a word that was addressed him, and seeming utterly unconscious of the presence of the curious, half-fearful group of children that usually stood staring at him.

But while he waited by the gate where Julia lived, it was observed that a strange restlessness pervaded his manner, and no effort of his mother could draw him away until Julia appeared, with a large slice of bread and butter in her hand, which, with a smile and a few kind words, she would reach through the fence to the poor idiot, who always received it with a smile and look more like those of intelligence than anything else ever elicited.

For years this strange communion continued. From no

one else in the valley would he ever receive the slightest favor; and though to Julia no word of thanks was ever uttered by the poor imbecile object of her kindness, yet always the same helpless gratitude was in his face; and no inducement could have been sufficient to prevent her from rendering this little service of love to the poor idiot, whose only moments of partial intelligence, and whose only gleam of pleasure, seemed to be awakened by her.

Among the earliest tastes of Julia was a passion for reading, especially the writings of Burns; which, indeed, with the Bible, composed, for some years, her sole library. But, in these two books she possessed an inexhaustible supply of food for both her imagination and her heart, and the former of which she is said to have entirely committed to memory.

No recreation of her childhood was so delightful to her as, her favorite poet in her hand, to seek some wild, secluded mountain haunt, where, undisturbed by aught save the "rustle of the rabbit's tread," and the quick tapping of the woodpecker, she could revel in his treasures of sweetness and beauty, lost to all save the world of imagination he created around her.

Meanwhile, her own poetic powers were not dormant, but were rapidly acquiring form and tangibility, though in a very untutored way. The cradle songs, with which she lulled her infant brothers and sisters to sleep, were, like her tales in their waking hours, improvised for the occasion, and were as striking for their simple grace and beauty as for their originality. The wild fancies with which her little brain was teeming gradually assumed poetic phrase and metrical proportion, and were warbled forth in gay or mournful strains, as the mood of the moment prompted, or "the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts" whispered to her heart.

It does not appear that these earlier poetic flights were ever so reduced to method as to be committed to paper. Indeed, it is questionable whether for a long period the young warbler ever so much as thought of the thing, any more than

does the soaring bird whose gushing melody fills the morning sky. Yet they were listened to and wondered at by her parents, especially by her mother, "who kept these things and pondered them in her heart."

The library of the young improvisatrice now gradually received some additions, among which were the poetic works of Pope, all of which she eagerly read, though not with the deep, abiding pleasure she ever felt when reading the Scottish bard. The old favorite still filled her heart, and occupied her leisure hours. Even then, in the graceful language of Miss Edgarton, "to sit hour after hour poring over its priceless treasures, was not enough to satisfy the cravings of her young heart. There was, if possible, an intenser pleasure in lying upon her pillow at night, with the candlestick resting upon her breast, and the favorite volume open to her eager and brilliant gaze. But, unfortunately for the indulgence in this pleasure, the candlestick was found one morning sitting upon her breast (the candle having burnt quite into the socket and expired), and the young night-student fast asleep! The dangerous practice was forbidden and the candlestick concealed; but 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and it was not long before the *salt mortar* was found to be an excellent substitute for the article prohibited."

Another anecdote, related in the same little volume, that is so indicative not only of a closeness of observation, but of a keenness of satire so far beyond her years as to be truly remarkable, we cannot forbear extracting.

"When Julia was about twelve years old, some neighbors were passing the evening at her father's. A discussion arose between an Arminian and a Calvinist, in which their favorite tenets were strongly urged. Julia was about the house with the rest of the children. No one supposed she was paying any particular attention to what was passing. The next evening, as her father was looking over her writing-book to see what progress she had made, he found the following:—

"Last night, as I slept, unconscious of harm,
And dreamed of the blest and the free,
A spectre arose that created alarm,
And thoughtfully thus said to me:
'Look to thyself, and take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee!'
The spectre withdrew; and, passing away,
A stern, rigid voice cried, 'Stop! and see
To thyself, or see not to thyself,
The self-same thing will be!'"

Whether these crude rhymes were the first of her composition ever committed to paper, cannot now be determined, nor is it at all important. It is certain that she herself had not yet for a moment indulged the suspicion that she was a dawning poet; that those wild cradle-songs and fanciful tales told in her garden bower were the harbingers of a dawn that was to be so fair, and of a day more beautiful still.

But a dawning perception of the rich and beautiful powers, whose incipient outreachings had been long the theme of many a wondering thought with her parents and friends, was soon to awaken in the heart of the young poet.

She, one day, after much mental doubt and sensitive shrinking, confided to a near and dear relative, who loved and appreciated the imaginative girl, the secret that she had something which she very much wished to show her. Even then, it was only after much hesitation and encouragement, that she confessed that it was some verses she had written on her favorite bard.

"Indeed!" replied her aunt, and held out her hand with a smile; but, although the sensitive girl had the lines even then concealed in that favorite receptacle of a young girl's treasures, her bosom, it was more than she could do to give them to her personally, and be present while they were undergoing her kind but critical inspection. Telling her she would send them, she turned and ran home. In an hour the aunt received the article, on the back of which — for we have the original copy at this moment in our hand — is still legible, though faded and

discolored, the following little note, written in the cramped and formal hand of a school-girl.

"Dear Aunt, — According to my promise, I send you this trash; but, were it not for that promise, you never would have seen it. You may read it, and then laugh just as much as you please; but I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am not foolish enough to rank such with poetry; and I am sure you are too kind to make me appear ridiculous by showing it to any one else. Julia."

The poem follows, unaltered from the original copy.

LAMENT FOR ROBERT BURNS.

Beheld ye the grave where the cold minstrel sleeps,
With the sun's feeble beams round his sepulchre glancing?
Where violets grow and the heather-bell weeps,
And the thistle's pure down o'er his bosom is dancing?
The mavis bemoans him along the side-hill;
The owl chants his praise to the dark, foaming rill.;
And oft to the stranger the cottager turns
To whisper the name of the bard, Robert Burns.

And saw ye at night, when the pale moon rose high,
And her radiant form thro' the forest was waning,
How she paused to gaze down on the thornberry dry,
That bent o'er the stone of the poet's engraving?
The cushat arose from the green mossy spray;
The woodlark flew swift thro' the bright starry way;
Unheeded they pass by the mouldering urns,
And tune their last notes to the bard, Robert Burns!

The tempests of winter shall roll o'er his tomb;
The bright summer sun thro' the thorn be seen beaming;
The flowers of the spring in their beauty shall bloom,
And the pale midnight moon thro' the woodland be gleaming;
But as long as old Scotia laments a lost son,
And as long as those orbs round their circuits shall run,
And as long as the earth bears a mortal that mourns,
He shall weep for the fate of the cold Robert Burns!

This poem, so full of melody, so gushing with the love and reverence of the child-heart of its author for the great bard who had been her guide and teacher through so many of her young years, may be considered the first written poem of Julia; and it is needless to say with what mingled pleasure and surprise it was read by the discriminating friend to whom it was confided. She saw, at once, that, whatever might be its imperfections, a poet's heart and fancy had woven its numbers; and that it was, indeed, a remarkable production for an untutored child of thirteen.

She sent for Julia, and learned that the lines had been some time written, and that it was her great desire to know whether they were the least like poetry or not, that had, at last, induced her to show them. Since she had committed the irrevocable act of suffering them to pass under the eye of another, she shrunk from hearing the sentence which might pronounce her vain and pretending. Great, therefore, was her excitement and delight when her aunt pronounced them poetry; with the added opinion that she would, one day, distinguish herself as a poet.

This was the stimulus needed by the sensitive child. Thenceforth her flights in the fields of song were frequent; and, though attended with varied success, became more and more assured and sustained. Her little articles by degrees found their way into the papers of the county, and she soon had the advantage, and, sometimes, the wholesome mortification, of searching criticism. They were, however, everywhere well received, and it was not long before much curiosity was manifested, in various quarters, to discover the true name of the "Juliet" who wrote so sweetly, and her mediums of publication increased. She soon began to appear in the *Philadelphia Casket* and *Saturday Evening Post*, of which periodicals she was, for some years, a frequent and favorite correspondent; writing in both prose and verse.

Continued additions were also being made to her library,

and each new accession was the occasion of a jubilee to her young heart.

Meanwhile, her worship in the halls of nature grew every day more heartfelt and profound. Her rambles abroad, now frequent and long, became sources of unspeakable happiness. And what wonder? Nowhere has nature lovelier haunts to tempt the wandering footsteps of the poet than in Sheshequin. Those embowering mountains, rising so steeply towards the sky, and still clothed with the thick verdure of the primeval forest, over whose rich green the mountain laurel spreads its rosy sheets of magnificent bloom; those deep and quiet dells, carpeted with the purest emerald and enamelled with the loveliest wild flowers; the lordly river, so exquisitely pure and transparent, studded with fairy islands, and fringed with the noblest old elms and sycamores that ever waved in a mountain breeze or laughed in the summer sunshine. It may well be supposed that scenes like these, blended as they were with all sweet sounds, — the low chime of the lapsing river, — the wilder melody of the foaming torrents that, gushing from the jutting crags, leap roaring down the mountain sides, — the whispering of the distant pines, and the quick, spiritual rustle of the birch and poplar, — sounds that ever fill the deep and narrow valley, should have for the young, enthusiastic poet an inexpressible and ever-varying charm. Constant allusions to them are made in her writings, and the descriptive portions of many of her finest poems are but reflections of that which was smiling all around her in that "Mountain Home," which she thus lovingly apostrophizes:—

"My mountain home! my mountain home!
Where wild waves o'er the rude rocks foam;
Where subterranean echoes wake
The wizard spell o'er fern and brake.
My mountain home, where tall trees toss
Their shadows o'er the dark gray moss;
Where flowers their dewy foreheads bare
To catch the sunbeams soft and rare;

Where fox-grapes clasp mischievously
Their fingers round each sapless tree,
And where the eagle stoops to lave
His plumage in the flashing wave.
My mountain home! 'mid cliff and dell,
My home, I love thee passing well!

"My mountain home! spring never threw
Her gifts 'neath skies of lovelier hue;
Ne'er waved sweet summer's rosy plume
O'er spot of more unsullied bloom;
And ne'er did autumn's purple ray
'Mid scenes of loftier grandeur stray.
My mountain home! rude nature's hand,
Unaided, all thy beauties planned;
Hill, glen and stream, and hearts, whose key
Is nature's own sincerity;
Hearts, which, though least of love they boast,
Still closest cling, and feel the most.
My mountain home! 'mid cliff and dell,
My home, I love thee passing well!"

There were two or three favorite haunts where Julia was wont to linger, and where the muses seemed ever most fondly to smile upon her. The one was a bower on the mountain side, sheltered by the overhanging branches of the walnut and boxwood, and made charming by its mossy seats, its close, caressing vines, and wide and glorious prospect. This seems to have been her best loved retreat, and is oftenest apostrophized in her poems. "My Wildwood Bower" is a gushing memory of that cherished spot, and the "Evening Walk in S.," one of the finest descriptive pieces that ever glided from her pen, melodiously describes it.

Another spot, dear to the poet-maiden, was a lovely isle in the Susquehanna, and near her father's house. To this island she was wont to row, and, mooring her barque by the shore, to seek the shelter of its most secluded depths, there to linger absorbed in the pages of some delightful book, or throwing off stanza after stanza of the sweetest, most heart-felt poetry,

until the gathering twilight warned her to return. It is this beautiful isle, of which, under the title of the "Isle of the Susquehanna," she has made so lovely and true a picture. It is this isle which her much-loved friend, Mrs. Edgarton Mayo, in her "Memory's Picture Gallery," thus sweetly sketches: —

"What scene is this? A fairy isle,
Upon a bright, blue mountain river;
The sunlit waves around it smile,
The aspens o'er it droop and shiver.

"A little barque is moored thereby;
O, fair and soft the hands that row it!
And dark as midnight is the eye
Of sweet Sheshequin's gentle poet.

"Her barque 'neath flowery shadows floats,
Its sails a broad and starry banner;
While softly to the rower's notes
Chimes in the low-voiced Susquehanna."

Among the peculiar traits of Julia's character, and closely connected with her enthusiasm, was a constitutional bravery; which, on occasions when her kindlier sympathies were called into action, no difficulties could subdue, no dangers could daunt. This was exhibited in her early childhood, in the midnight rambles to bring the suffering lamb to shelter; and, later, in the lonely mountain walk, to carry succor to a miserable and lawless family, whose only recommendation to her favor was their utter destitution, and the fear and hatred with which they were regarded by all save herself. But never was it more strikingly manifested than on the occasion of a sudden fire which occurred, when she was about fifteen years old, near Sheshequin, and which indirectly nearly cost her her life.

A thunder-storm had come down over the valley. The evening was dark, and the storm accompanied by such vivid and incessant flashes of lightning, as greatly to terrify the

inhabitants, though nowhere are they accustomed to more appalling thunder-storms than there. Shut in among high mountains, the loud artillery reverberated among the cliffs and echoed from mountain to mountain with an uproar magnified tenfold by the position of the valley. On this occasion all nature seemed to be in a tumult. The terrified cattle fled wildly in all directions, and men everywhere sought the nearest shelter.

At this juncture a barn, filled with new hay, at a distance of two or three miles up the valley, was struck with lightning, and instantly in flames. Julia saw the reflection, and, supposing it to be a dwelling, was in an agony of apprehension for the unfortunate inmates. She entreated that some one would go to their relief. But the rain was pouring a flood, and the more experienced father deciding, from the appearance of the fire, that it was some building more combustible than a dwelling-house, no one could be found disposed to buffet such a storm and venture out. But this did not satisfy Julia. Her anxiety redoubled, and she came to the resolution to go out and satisfy herself on the subject. At a moment when she perceived the attention of the family withdrawn from herself, she quietly stole out, and, guided by the lightning, ran to the village-church, against which — it being not yet completed — a ladder was still leaning. Catching sight of this object, her resolution was instantly formed, and, in another minute, she had reached the eaves. Here her groping hand encountering a rope left for the purpose of aiding the workmen in ascending to the ridge-pole, she instantly availed herself of it, and crept up the steep and slippery roof to its peak, and along the ridge-pole to the little belfry at the other end. Here she stood safely leaning, and, quite unappalled by the darkness and the storm, made her observations, until even she was satisfied that the burning building was not a dwelling.

The great apprehension for others was lifted from her mind, and, then, for the first moment, a little startled at the dangers

of her own position, she turned to descend. But, as may be imagined, this was a much more difficult operation than she had anticipated. Fortunately, she still retained her grasp of the rope, and, committing herself to its uncertain guidance, had already commenced her return, when her progress was suddenly arrested by the thought that she was ignorant of the exact position of the ladder. The flashes of lightning had now become less frequent, and, in the intense darkness, not an object around her could be discerned; but, with the old habit, she stood still to think. The pitch of the roof was very steep, and slippery with wet, and a single false step might be death. At that moment she was intensely conscious that her only chance for preservation was in the most perfect self-possession. With a nerve that might have done credit to a philosopher, she absolutely commanded the beatings of her heart, while she waited until another flash should reveal the two slender points which, barely overtopping the eaves, denoted the object on which her life depended. It came, giving her a momentary glimpse of the all-important object, and just in a line below her; when, commending herself to God, she commenced the dangerous descent. Fortunately her foot struck the ladder just as she reached the eaves, when, with rapidly-failing strength, she attained a position on its upper rung, clutched the sides with a convulsive grasp, and, half-dead with terror and excitement, reached the ground she knew not how, and instantly fainted. Here she was soon found by her alarmed friends, who, missing her, and knowing her errant nature, had sallied out in search of her.

Previous to this period, which was about 1825, Julia had already written considerably, and often in a vein of the gayest and most delightful humor. For in those young days her health was not as it afterwards became, but buoyant and elastic, her spirits often rising to a degree of contagious gayety that would scarcely be credited by those who knew her only through the sweet, low echo of her published poems. This

gayety was accompanied by a refined humor and penetrating wit that made her society especially delightful.

The little article, written about this time, called the "Ghost of the Narrows," is an illustration of her humor even at this early age; a humor, however, far more frequently displayed in her conversation than in her writings.

Her signatures at this time were various, which circumstance has much increased the difficulty of collecting her earlier writings. Articles over the various signatures of "Blanche," "Emma," "Juliet," and her initials in both their true and reversed positions, are in our hands, and we have recently heard of others which we fear it will not be in our power to obtain.

During the two succeeding years little occurred to vary the Arcadian quiet of Julia's life. The little community of Sheshequin went on in their simple and monotonous way, very seldom interrupted by the appearance of strangers in their secluded valley, and caring little for the busy world beyond their mountain barriers.

Meanwhile, Julia continued to write with great but varying success, and with a constantly increasing reputation. Her poems graced the "poet's corner" of a large number of periodicals, until the name of the Sheshequin poet was a household word, a dear and familiar sound by many a pleasant hearthstone.

Dear as this must have been to her young and aspiring mind, it was not all she needed. The stimulus of society was a necessity that she was beginning sensibly to feel. Contact with fresh minds was required to give a new impulse to a nature growing morbidly sensitive by seclusion. To the young poet her monotonous life was sometimes irksome to an almost insupportable degree; and, dearly as she loved nature, she pined for the society of congenial spirits and for the excitement of sometimes a new face. In a letter to an absent brother she thus speaks:—

"What can I write you? I have literally nothing to communicate. All is perfectly flat around me. Like the good lady, 'I write because I have nothing to do, and quit because I have nothing to say.' Matters go on much after the old fashion here. I see no one; hear nothing; have nothing to contemplate but my own sins, which I do until they look like mountains to me. I protest I would give a thousand worlds to fly somewhere else; and I do in reality as much calculate on going to Connecticut in the spring as I do on living. O, if I am disappointed in that, what shall I do? Can you tell? I do seriously think I shall be tempted to 'make my quietus with a bare bodkin.'

"Dear brother, I am, to tell the truth, quite disheartened. I am nothing but a cipher. Poetry! I wish I had never written a line. How provoking it is to realize oneself an idiot, and know that everybody has found it out! And yet they constantly flatter me; and I, O, how I despise myself for being pleased with it!"

But save this and a few other expressions indicative of a morbid condition of mind, all things show that Julia still clung to her old love of nature, whose ministrations are ever so healthy and invigorating. Her devotion to poetry, too, against which her temporary disgust seems soon to have subsided, grew more and more ardent. The mountain and valley still offered new and delightful themes for her young mind, which she seized with all a lover's avidity. Poems on these fresh themes were sometimes interspersed with songs of love, and sea-rovers, and kindred subjects, such as are wont to charm the girlish fancy and always claim more or less tribute from the youthful poet. Some of these little effusions are peculiarly sweet and pretty; and, even at the hazard of proving our young poetess a mere mortal, we subjoin one or two of them, premising that they were written at about the age of fifteen.

"I love him, but I would not tell
His name; ye winds, O, ask it not!
Upon my lip there is a spell,
But O, within my heart a thought:
List, winds! his name is surely dear,
But, O, ye cannot, must not hear!

"I 'll tell ye, though, when first I saw
His face ; 't was where the chosen meet
O'er mortal joys a veil to draw,
And kneel at a Redeemer's feet.
I saw him there with half-raised eye
Imploring mercy from on high.

"That look I never shall forget,
It was so fraught with holy love !
So pure, it seemed some angel met
Each thought to speed it safe above.
His name so dear I 'll ne'er reveal,
Upon my lip there is a seal."

The following, written somewhat before the age of fifteen, has something of the poet's own daring spirit, and opens with the description of a scene often witnessed in Sheshequin.

"THE PIRATE'S SONG.

"Upon the high mountain
The pine-tree is bending,
The deer by the fountain
The hazel is rending ;
Over bog, over brae,
O'er hill and o'er valley,
The hounds are at bay,
The huntsmen they rally.

"My love through the willow
A dark glance is throwing ;
She watches the billow,
The home of her Owen ;
She dwells on the past,
She hopes for the future,
But she 's seen for the last
Her gallant freebooter.

"The waves of dishonor
My dark ship are laving ;
The pirate's red banner
My comrades are waving ;

And the still moonlit sky
Can alone mark our way
Where assault is our cry,
And a vessel our prey.

"High over the ocean
Our dark masts are beaming,
And pale in the moonshine
Our broadswords are gleaming.
We sing not of beauty,
We talk not of truth;
To forget, is our duty,
The ways of our youth."

"The Dying Soldier's Farewell," and "Funeral Dirge," both of which have much merit, were written at about the same time as the two preceding ones. Whether any of them were published we cannot say, yet presume they might have been, as Julia was then contributing to several papers.

In January, 1826, a Universalist paper, called the "Candid Examiner," was started in Montrose, Pennsylvania, having an ephemeral existence of two years. For this Julia, then sixteen years old, wrote a few pieces over the signature of "Emma." This was her first introduction to the public of that denomination of which she was ever so true and devoted a member. These articles were marked by earnest and deep thought and strong religious feeling, and gave full promise of the high excellence in that vein, so truly her own, to which she afterwards attained.

At about this time, a prize was offered, by the Philadelphia Casket, for a prose tale; and Julia was persuaded by her friends to become a competitor. The field of prose, if not a wholly untried one to her, was unfamiliar, and she more than doubted the wisdom of making the attempt. She, nevertheless, finally concluded that it could do no harm to try to compose a tale, though without any hope of winning the prize; and, accordingly, after many trials, her first prose tale, called "Queen Easter's Rock," was completed. It is a tale of the

Massacre of Wyoming, and, though betraying an unpractised pen, is indicative of power and talent.

That she should feel some anxiety in relation to the fate of this child of her young brain, even though persuaded that it would not win the prize, was natural; and that she really did so, the following extract from a letter to her brother shows:—

"What will you say when I tell you that I have spent two whole weeks in writing a story for the Casket prize of one hundred and fifty dollars? I really have; in hopes to —— no! not in *hopes* — I know better than to expect. O, folly! The judges have not yet decided, but *I know my fate well enough;* and yet I believe my story has merit. If you should ever read anything called 'Queen Esther's Rock,' *that is it* — a Wyoming concern. But enough. I will try to write something to interest you more."

Her presentiment was realized. She did not obtain the prize for which so many older and more practised pens were competitors; but her article was published with gratifying comment in the paper to which it was offered.

We have heretofore scarcely adverted to the deep interest which Julia ever, from the period when she may be said to have reflected at all, felt in the subject of religion. And this was no occasional, spasmodic feeling, awakened by some brief, peculiar period of public excitement, and alternating with long seasons of spiritual lethargy and worldliness; but a deep, abiding, never-sleeping love to God and man, and an earnest desire to do all she could for the improvement of the world. In what way this good was to be done, was, in these early years, not so clear to her young heart; but the longing and the striving were still there, and as her intellect gradually expanded, and that heartfelt love to God and man grew broader and deeper, these longings and strivings found perpetual voice in her ever sweeter, holier, and higher-soaring song, whose echo, though *she* knew it not, penetrated deeply and with most sanctifying power thousands and thousands of

hearts, awakening there the same sweet, undying love which inspired and filled her own.

The doctrinal tenets of her childhood, embracing, as they did, Universal love and faith, found a fitting home in her large and loving heart, and she clung to the denomination, of which she was through her whole life a most beloved and honored member, with an attachment a thousand fold increased by the unmerited scorn and opprobrium which, particularly in that portion of the country where lay her home, were lavishly heaped upon it. The time was now approaching when she was to take her stand as its eloquent and high-souled champion; not in the public debate, the long and elaborate, unfeminine harangue, nor yet as the obtrusive proselyter, hawking her religious views from house to house; but as a minstrel on whose lips the love and the truths of God were ever blending, and as a noble, spotless, intellectual woman, *living* the doctrines she believed, ready on all suitable occasions ably and eloquently to defend them, and proud to yield the united aid of her talents, her voice and her life to their establishment.

In 1831, circumstances occurred to bring the young Julia to the personal acquaintance of the able editor of one of our denominational papers, then exerting a very extensive and continually increasing influence. This acquaintance resulted in a request from him to furnish articles for his paper. It was received, even then, with surprise and grateful timidity; for the modest young poet wondered that her writings could be *sought* by one as gifted as he. An engagement was entered into, which was in a few days followed by two poems, "Deity" and "I became a Sceptic,"—the first articles from her pen which ever appeared in our denominational papers, with the exception of the two or three, before alluded to, published some years before over the signature of "Emma," in the "Candid Examiner," and which were probably scarcely seen beyond her own neighborhood. It was not until now that the denomination became aware how sweet a minstrel was singing, among

the mountains of Pennsylvania, the praises of the Universal Redeemer.

These poems at once attracted attention, and it was felt that they were written by a poet. We well remember the delighted surprise with which we were seized in perusing the "Sceptic," and with what eagerness we rushed down stairs, paper in hand, to inquire of one, who was in many editorial secrets, the ownership of the initials "J. H. K.;" and from that day Julia H. Kinney was looked up to by us with an admiration felt for few other writers. Other poems soon appeared, not only in the paper which first introduced her among us, but in several others; they were widely copied and praised, and the popularity of Julia soon reached an enviable height.

We wish it were in any degree possible to convey a true idea of the impression made by this young, devotional, and devoted poetess upon the public advocates of the cross, and particularly the younger portion of them. But to do this many things must be brought before the reader. At the hazard of seeming too prolix, and of incurring the charge of introducing matter foreign to the subject in hand, we venture to allude to these matters; for in no other way can we so truly show what our young poetess really was.

Those who have read the biography of that apostolic servant of Christ, the lamented Stephen R. Smith, know somewhat of the trials and crosses the minister of Universalism was in his young days called daily to endure. What hardships and toils, what poverty and privations, what insults and persecutions, we of this day can hardly dream. They were what, we trust, few will be called to bear again. Those of a later day even were not exempt. From a letter written by a friend, in reply to a request from us for the loan of Mrs. Scott's letters to him, we make a few extracts peculiarly in point. He had just been reading the Life of Stephen R. Smith, when our note reached him. He says —

"In that I found so much of my own personal history of early ministerial life, that I seemed to be living it all over again. I

felt anew the emotions, the aspirations, the hopes, and incitements interwoven with that period, when the fervor and high-wrought expectations of youth, the enthusiastic zeal for God, and the complete blending of self with the cause espoused, rendered the soul evangelical and indefatigable in its efforts and self-sacrifices for the truth. * * * *

"The history of Brother Smith, in many of the circumstances attending his ministry, is but the history of many of the Western servants of the cross, though some of us, with less ability and attainments, and notoriety, if not of zeal and perseverance, found the *straitness* of the conditions somewhat *intensified;* a state which would seem wonderful in the eye of others at this later day, especially when the denomination has become more extended. * * *

"But I had known them all, and while memory was made to walk through the scenes of earlier days, to witness the reënactments of the stirring events connected with the denominational history of that period, your note came bearing the name of Julia H. Scott, once 'Julia H. Kinney,' and a new train of thoughts and feelings was at once added; and, in connection with them, were awakened again *emotions*, that the cares of the world, and the lulling effects of time and change, had hushed to a peaceful sleep; and, truly, I am again communing with the spirits with whom I was once united in bonds of deep-felt sympathy.

"It was at the season of ministerial trials and privations of which I have spoken, that 'J. H. K.' appeared as a co-worker with the little band of religious reformers, who gave themselves with such untiring devotion to the cause of their crucified Redeemer, as heralds of unlimited salvation. Although the views cherished were so congenial to the heart of woman, and so likely to be embraced with all the fondness and attachment peculiar to the female heart, yet the reproach and calumny that prejudice and persecution at that time threw around the profession of such faith, were highly calculated to deter the gentle and retiring spirit from giving public countenance to doctrines that would involve repudiation from certain classes of society, and limit sociality to a proscribed few of corresponding views.

"Under such circumstances, the noble stand taken by Julia H. Kinney seemed to elevate her above her sex. By the young servants of the Cross, she was regarded as an *angel-helper*, whose

smile of approval would encourage to renewed efforts, and as a moral *heroine* that merited the sympathy and friendliness of all the household of believers. To them, she was like Martha and Mary to our blessed Lord, when he labored, and suffered, and died for a sinful world."

We believe it is scarcely a figure to say that it was in a light like this that Julia was really regarded. An "*angel-helper*" she was indeed, in many respects, to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of true but trembling hearts; and we believe few denominations have presented the spectacle of a young, unpretending girl, exerting such an influence as she.

But, amid all the homage rendered to her, she was still the same humble spirit, doubting her own powers, and shrinking from everything like flattery, into which she often construed merited praise. Yet the thought of being in any way useful to the world with her pen, was still especially dear and coveted. An extract from a letter written about this time to the ministering friend who first introduced her to the Universalist public, and with whom, from that period until approaching death prevented, she ever maintained a frank and friendly correspondence, will best reveal her feelings on this subject. She had been ill, which she offers as an apology for a gap in her correspondence, for which he had playfully reproached her, and continues:—

"At present I am beginning to be *myself* a little more, and you may prepare yourself for a *deluge* of those *small* portions of which you think this beautiful existence so much consists.

"O, there is something peculiar in this expression of yours: 'The whole happiness of this beautiful and glorious existence is made up of small portions, thrown out by individuals, and scattered along life's pathway.' Whether it be strictly original, or not, I cannot say; but to me there was about it a something of newness and beauty, which struck me with uncommon force. To be able, in any way, to benefit, interest, or even amuse, any of the weary beings that toil their way through this 'vale of tears,' whether our efforts are known and appreciated or not, whether we live within the halo of fame, or sink beneath the pall of

obscurity; but to have it in our power to wipe one tear from the cheek of the despondent, to cast one ray of light upon the haggard features of misery, — O, the individual who would not, at this gladdening prospect, feel a deep glow of gratitude for the power, and the warm promptings of ambition to put it in exercise, must possess a heart colder than the misanthrope, an imagination which nothing can rouse! And is this power mine? The bare idea of its possibility has gilded the dark images of life with a glow which they never wore to me before. What would be toil and privation? How would these small considerations sink into insignificance when contrasted with the rich, the ample reward of feeling that our efforts have met with success, and that those efforts were impelled by disinterested benevolence! Should I ever, through the emanations of my yet inexperienced pen, reap this sweet harvest of perseverance, I should then remember a few encouraging words from Brother G. as a powerful, and, I had almost said, *first* stimulus to exertion."

That she appreciated the kindness of intention, while she determinedly rejected what she termed the *flattery* of her friends, the following playful paragraph to the same friend will show: —

"What could that insignificant note of mine have contained so extremely saucy? Why, I had no intention of calling either your judgment or your sincerity in question. I only meant to give you credit for a good deal of complaisance in kindly assisting me to clamber up the steeps of Parnassus; and your reference to other sage editors has not altered my opinion a jot. Look over that article in question, and see what it was that paved its way into the columns of other periodicals. Ay, indeed — *a generous encomium from the pen of the Rev. A. B. G.* I presume you will now yield to my incorrigibility; but of late I must set you down as a flatterer. What! have the audacity to place my poor talents in competition with ——! If that gentleman happens to be possessed of much spirit, I think he will hardly thank you for bringing his genius down to a level with an *uneducated country girl's!*"

This dread of everything which sounded like flattery, was ever a marked characteristic of the poet and the woman, and

was based on that true humility of spirit which was not only natural to her, but was sedulously cultivated by her through her whole life as one of the first of Christian graces, and without which the Christian walk could never be maintained. This is manifest in both her prose and poetical writings, and often appears in her letters to personal friends; most of whom, it is presumed, found it difficult to suppress that just and heart-felt praise of her talents and productions, which ever seemed to sound an alarm to her humility.

"There were some things in my letter," she writes to another friend, "the meaning of which I suspect you must have measurably misunderstood, and you will pardon me if I revert to them.

"The long train of thought, on the subject of flattery, was indeed called forth by some things contained in your letter; but I did not mean its application to yourself, though you might possibly infer that I did from the way I mentioned it, which was perhaps out of place. But, though I have the vanity to believe my own heart pretty well fortified against the stratagems of this wily siren, I have witnessed so much of its deleterious effects upon others, that I always shrink from, and seldom fail to reprove, the slightest approach to it; and very frequently to mention it when I have not the slightest suspicion of even that. I am happy to find that you agree with me in relation to this matter, and sincerely hope that what I said concerning it gave you no offence, as, I do assure you, not the least was intended."

Among the happiest seasons of Julia's life, may be reckoned that which, when she was about eighteen years of age, brought a young stranger to her quiet valley to spend a few months with a mutual friend. She was a young lady of fine intellect, and meek and gentle heart, and Julia soon found in her that rarest of earthly treasures, a truly congenial spirit. The morning and evening rambles along the mountain-side and through the forest dingles — for she came with the summer birds — had now a tenfold charm for Julia, for they were shared by one who worshipped at the shrine of nature as devoutly as herself. They were constantly together, and soon

that sweetest, most disinterested of earthly friendships, — a friendship between two young, ardent, enthusiastic, pure-minded girls, — was closely and forever cemented. Nothing could equal the joy they experienced in their long hours of intercourse, for in feelings, thoughts, opinions, all save *one*, they were as one mind and one heart. But in one important thing — their religious faith — there was a gulf between them wide and deep as could well be fashioned. Almena — for that was the name of the new friend — had been brought up in the "land of steady habits" and after the "straitest sect" of the New England Puritans; and not the most devoted among that self-sacrificing band of pilgrims that first trod the rock of Plymouth, could have been governed by a stronger, more undoubting faith in all the tenets of the stern reformer of Geneva, than she. With this faith, also, was blended, what so often accompanies it, a bitter, unreasonable prejudice against the adherents of the despised and repudiated faith which even with her mother's milk Julia had drunk in; which she loved with a love that had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength; that was "the spirit of her life, the breath she breathed, her hope, her *all*."

Such were the faiths, so opposite, of these two young girls; and it may be a matter of wonder that, being such, the prejudices of one, at least, should have been so far forgotten as to permit the first dawnings of intimacy or affection. Ah! they who wonder thus, think not how far sweeter and more prevailing is the voice of nature, in the true young heart, than the cold utterances of bigotry and spiritual pride. Differing faiths could not here separate those whom nature attracted together; yet, heartfelt and real as they were, it could not be but they should be discussed between them. And they were, until religion grew to be the one all-absorbing theme; yet never for a moment did it jar the sweet fountain of affection that was daily growing deeper and purer in their hearts. Day after day, they would withdraw together to the favorite forest-bower, and, seated or kneeling side by side, hand clasped in

hand, would discuss the great theme of the world's redemption, and pray that they might be guided aright.

The prayer was at length answered, and it was the dearest moment of Julia's life when this friend, so dearly loved and so good and pure, told her that she had prevailed; that her understanding was convinced, her heart satisfied, and that she, too, could now sing the song of Universal redemption.

Dearer and closer, after this hour, grew the communion of these fresh young hearts, and brighter seemed the world and all that it contained.

But the hour of separation, and of Almena's return to her New England home, at length came. How that farewell was spoken, far better than by our weak powers of description, may be learned by a little extract from a poem, entitled "Twilight on the Susquehanna," written years afterwards by the sweet poetess herself.

"Years, many years, have passed
Since in this hallowed spot I bade farewell
To her whose love had been my guiding star—
The glad, warm summer of my darkened life.
She was my friend—my best—my earliest—
The being who had well-nigh drained my heart
Of all its sympathies, and made me pour
The incense of my spirit out before
An idol of the earth! But now 't was time
Our destinies should sever, and we met
To 'look our last' and take our different paths.
Twilight hung o'er us, beautiful as now,
And, save the murmurs of the eddying wave
And the occasional note of night's sad bird,
No sound disturbed the silence of the scene.
Blue clouds hung round the hill's far-towering height,
Like some tall spirit's floating drapery
Inwrought with tints from the fair rainbow's wing;
And, in the distance, like a thing of life,
Arose our fairy Island with its trees,
Its deep embowering trees, whose boughs bent down
To bathe their dark-green tresses in the stream.
O, it was lovely, exquisitely so!

And in that hour of chastened grief we felt
The presence of a high, mysterious power,
Inspiring confidence ; and when our hands
Were clasped in fervent prayer to God, that all
Our after life might be directed by
The wisdom which descendeth from above, —
That all our hopes might centre in that *truth*
Which gives *alone the peace that never fails*,
And that our youthful love might gather strength,
Living through absence, undiminished still,
And be at last perpetuate with all
This beauteous earth's intelligence, — our tears,
Our parting tears, were *hope*, and not *despair !*"

They parted, and whether they ever met again we know not; but their correspondence was long, frequent, and affectionate, going far to recompense them for their separation. It is a matter of much regret to us that this correspondence, pronounced by the sister of Almena an IMPORTANT one, in consequence of frequent and distant removals is now lost, "not a vestige remaining." Many allusions are made, and one or two of Julia's sweetest poems addressed, to her. We regret that we cannot leave this picture while it is still bathed in sunshine; but it has a sequel that to *her* was overshadowed. We find in a letter, written some years later to another friend, the following paragraph: —

"I have lately received news of the apostasy of one of our sisters in the faith, and it has distressed me more than I can tell. She was my most beloved and confidential friend, and a young lady of superior intellect. We became acquainted six or seven years ago, while she was visiting some friends in this neighborhood. She was at the time, though very young, a member of a Calvinistic church of the strictest order, but she became acquainted with the principles of our precious faith, and embraced them — not privately, but openly, boldly; and, from the frequent controversies with her numerous partial friends, she always came off conqueror. Indeed, I supposed her firm as the rock whereon her hope was grounded. You may recollect a couple of articles entitled 'Reveries,' Nos. 1 and 2, in the Messenger. They were

addressed to her, Almena M. P. You may see by them how little fear I entertained of her constancy. O! I can hardly believe my own senses! Her brother has just come from Massachusetts. He says there has been no revival, but that Almena has become convinced of her error by a long and laborious investigation of the Scriptures, and now she publicly renounces her 'hope for humanity.' Well, so it must be! And though I am unable at present to divine the cause of the revolution in sentiment, there undoubtedly exists one, and I am certain that it is anything rather than error in our beloved faith. O! no earthly power will ever shake my confidence in that!"

This was a sad blow to Julia. She loved her friend not the less, but she grieved for her defection; and whenever she spoke of her afterwards, it was with a regretful sigh, and as of one who had *left* her.

Two or three short extracts from the "Reveries" abovementioned may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Well did I love thee at the first,
Almena — though I knew thy creed
Had taught thee to believe accursed
All whose opinions disagreed
With thine, in what thy faith termed truth,
[For puritanic faith was thine.]
I loved thee — and I strove, in sooth,
To guide thee to the holy shrine
Of *true devotion*. Ah! how well
Heaven blessed my efforts, thou dost know,
By the unerring light which fell,
Like rays from sunset's golden bow,
Teaching God's love for *all* below:

* * * * *

"Almena, we are poor in what
The gay and fashionable cherish —
Earth's glittering toys; but have we not
That wealth of soul *ne'er* doomed to perish?
Ours is the *faultless faith*, which gives
A light to cheer the spirit's gloom —

The *hope* which gloriously outlives
The startling terrors of the tomb.

* * * * *

"Dearest, adieu! we may not meet,
Alas! we may not meet again
Till heart and pulse have ceased to beat,
And broken is life's weary chain!"

Before taking leave of this subject, so painful in its sequel, we cannot forbear confiding to the reader a secret, we believe not very generally known. It is, that the original of "Alice Sherwood," the heroine of the Rev. George Rogers' "Tale of the Pennsylvania Valley," was no other than this dear friend of Julia — Almena; and that "Miss J." was Julia herself. We believe that that tale will not be read with less interest for this knowledge.

The "falling away" of this dear friend was not the only grief which Julia experienced in her religious walk. Nowhere was the faith she loved regarded with a more scornful eye than in the interior of Pennsylvania; and though there was a church in Sheshequin, the society was small, and far from being as zealous as it should have been. Frequent and deep was her sorrow that this was so.

"We have much reason," she writes, "to feel ashamed of our backwardness in spiritual affairs. It is a want of gratitude to that Being who hath made us a peculiarly favored people, and a cold return to those ministering spirits who have been among us, and have endeavored with all the arts of persuasion to arouse us from this lethargic indifference. Painful, very painful, it is to speak thus of my own neighborhood; for no being was ever more enthusiastically, perhaps I might say weakly, attached to her native place, than myself; nor is there anything I so ardently desire as to see it built up in the 'most holy faith.' I wish, — if it is not incompatible with your many duties, — that you would give a lecture on 'lukewarmness,' &c. It might suit more cases than ours. We have now no meetings here. An old lady came to me the other day, and said, 'Julia, if you will read some of Mr. G.'s excellent sermons to us, on the Sabbath, or any time,

I will certainly come and hear you if I have to walk every step of the way,'—a distance of five miles;—and I don't know really but I shall do so. It would look odd at first, but what of that?"

The following extract, written in 1832, will show how earnestly her heart was directed to these "matters of the kingdom," and how inefficient the then total want of proper organization in the denomination rendered every effort to promote its progress:—

"You probably," she writes, "as anticipated, attended the Bainbridge Association. I hope you found things and people as agreeable as at H. O, dear!—a mingled feeling of mirth and sadness comes over me when I remember those two days of 'auld lang syne!' It was the first meeting of the kind I ever attended from home, and I of course started with *high expectations*, as is the privilege, you know, in all new undertakings. Well, to find the worst of all possible roads, and, when we arrived, that not a soul even knew that there was to be a meeting in the place, and of course no one ready to see us, was all rather a damper to my enthusiasm. I should, however, notwithstanding all, have enjoyed the preaching very well—for it was with little exception *excellent*—but that I felt that we must have been burdensome to the poor family, all sick as they were, into whose privacy we made such an irruption.

"Poor H! What would become of the people should that threatening scourge, the cholera, get among them? I am sure, I never was in so wretched a place in my life before. I could not help laughing, though, at some of *your sublime friend*, O. A. B—n—n's speeches about the 'ague harvest' there. I wonder what has become of him! I know not that I ever allowed myself to become so much prejudiced against any person, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, as I did against him; and, when Brother D. arose to introduce him, I felt as if I wanted to do as a young lady told me she once did, when introduced to a political notable, turn on my heel and say, 'No, sir, I wish not your acquaintance.' Sympathy, however, is electrical. I saw that the 'high gift of thought' was his, though turned into a forbidden channel; and, much as I despised his course of conduct, I could not, for my life, help pitying him, perhaps the more that he

thought he did not need it. Wherever he is, I am sure he must be miserable, for I fear he has often sold his Lord *for less than thirty pieces of silver.*"

The above estimate of the individual alluded to, and who has since become somewhat notorious, discovers, not only a spirit that may well be termed prophetic, but a power of keen appreciation, not common in one so young and so all-unpractised as Julia; a characteristic often remarkably displayed by her, yet never exercised in a spirit of ill-nature. If she was ever too severe, it was only when she felt the cause, so dear to her heart, to be in peril from "false brethren," — a peril which, in its then infant state, it was so little able to endure.

Thank God that she lived to see a healthier state of religious things in her beloved valley, and to enjoy the stated promulgation of that doctrine so dear to her heart; though, alas! never to feel that that Christian charity, which forms the crown of the religion of Jesus, was yet extended toward it by other and opposing sects. It is reserved, perhaps, for even a later day than ours, to see the spirit of the lowly Redeemer, so pervading the Christian church, as to render it loving and gentle towards all. God grant that it be not too far distant!

In 1833, when she was twenty years old, the long-wished-for visit to her friends in Connecticut was made; and there, as well as in New York where she spent a day or two on her return, a new world was opened to the eager gaze of the young poetess. For the first time in her life, she looked upon the great sea and its white-winged ships, and trod the streets of a great city. It was something of a change for one brought up, as she had been, in the complete solitude of a mountain valley, and she fully appreciated it. She enjoyed, too, the society of friends, who strove in every way to render her visit pleasant; and she returned home full of grateful

memories of their kindness, and cherishing an added world of love to them in her heart.

It was during this brief sojourn in New York that we first met her; and that short but delightful communion, though it did not lead to a particular subsequent intimacy, was long remembered by us with feelings of peculiar pleasure. She seemed full of hope and happiness, yet looked pale and somewhat thin; for even then the shadow of that disease, which ten years afterwards laid her in the grave, was falling around her. We well remember the depth and darkness of those large, soft eyes, so full of thought and feeling, and radiant with that peculiar lustre which is rarely seen, save in those marked for early death. Perhaps, all things considered, at no period of her life was her resemblance to the portrait in this volume so striking.

A slight embarrassment was at first perceptible in her manner, but it soon disappeared, and she conversed with ease and fluency; passing from grave to gay, and from gay to grave, with a charming facility; discussing various subjects of an interesting nature, particularly those connected with her religious faith, with a fine enthusiasm, which was quite inspiring to those who listened, and which brought a beautiful glow to her somewhat pale cheeks. We left her, after an hour thus delightfully spent, with a mingled admiration and regret, which we shall never cease to remember.

In a letter, written soon after her return, to the dear "Cousin Happy," to whom her visit in Norwich had been made, her journey home is thus playfully described: —

"I had a pretty comfortable journey home, after I took the stage. Thanks to your little basket of medicines, it did wonders. Be sure, folks did stare somewhat, when they heard the phials jingle; and they scrutinized the owner pretty closely, to discover, I suppose, where were located the symptoms of the invalid; but I put on a little dignity, and things were all right. I had a good deal of pain in my shoulder, and the Elixir helped it immedi-

ately. 'T is an excellent medicine, and I mean to immortalize it by a poem.

"And how do you all get on, this cold weather? For my part, I am almost turned into an icicle. I keep a great shawl about my shoulders, and draw the curtains over the windows, for I cannot bear to look out into the bleak, stormy north. Tell J. I do not wonder he loves the south.

"How is H.? You must take care of her, for I fear a robber has fastened his eye upon her. What a dear, good girl she is! I shall never forget the endearing attentions she bestowed upon me, while with you. Cousin J. also showed me much kindness, in furnishing me with books, etc.; and I fancy that your father was less lonely for having me to tease him with questions about our ancestry, etc.

"I have written you a dreadful-looking scrawl; but 't is my way, and I seldom do better."

This visit was long remembered, by Julia, with a peculiar pleasure, as her first journey from home; and it is spoken of, in some of her earlier letters, as an event of no small importance.

Meanwhile, she was extending both her acquaintance and her correspondence, while her busy pen still wove, from week to week, the sweet and touching verses with which she was delighting her constantly increasing admirers. In a letter to her true and tried friend, the Rev. Mr. Grosh, written immediately after her return, and inclosing two articles, — "Lines from an Orphan's Diary," and "The Three Dark Hours," — to be inserted in the Magazine and Advocate, which he was still editing, with her usual modest frankness she thus writes: —

"I hope you will like the two articles I send; — the first I feel disposed to give myself some little credit for; not that it contains anything new or very beautiful, but it approaches more nearly to that simplicity of style which I do love above all things. The blank verse I should like to have you improve, if you are disposed to throw away time enough. The subject, you will agree

with me, is sublime. I wish I could have done it greater justice. Take it into consideration, however, and do as you think proper about publishing it. Perhaps I have not done exactly right in varying the circumstances related by the Evangelist, though I think I have succeeded in the descriptive part, as well as I should were I to try again.

"I have a subject in contemplation which haunts me continually, especially in my hours of gloom and despondency, — hours which I acknowledge are more frequent than they ought to be with any *Universalist*. The subject I speak of would involve a long poem, — too long for your paper; and, besides, there would not be much religion in it. I should call it the 'Poet's Death-bed.' The hero, a poor, poverty-stricken wretch, with a broken harp [not heart], naked rafters in the roof, a crust of bread, and a fireless grate. It would be just the thing. I must attempt it, though I have to leave it among my unpublished poems."

In allusion to a description of a tour recently published by himself, she playfully continues: —

"I find your tour very interesting; but I am half-vexed that you should so exhaust your eloquence, in praising those hideous narrows, as to be able to say nothing in favor of poor Sheshequin, except that it has an unfinished church. I have a real Burns' anxiety to 'gar our streams and burnies shine up wi' the best;' and, if I had a little of his inspiration, some valleys that I know of would have to be exalted after a while."

To one, among the many who at this time sought her correspondence, and who has kindly furnished us with her correspondence, she thus charmingly manifests her great unselfishness, and her warm-hearted interest in all things connected with the communion to which she was so truly attached:

"I am really delighted with the prospect you hold forth, of more female advocates for the truth. It is soul-cheering news, and I truly hope your influence, which I doubt not is considerable, will not be wanting to induce many to 'come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' I well remember the article

you mention. It was a most excellent production, and I looked long and anxiously for more from the same source; for I am confident the fair author, if disposed, could do much for our holy faith.

"And so you have lately been in Boston? And are you acquainted with our beloved and venerable father in Israel, Hosea Ballou? O, how it would gladden my heart to be for once permitted to gaze upon his time-worn features! It is a desire that has for years filled my heart, and I cannot bear to give it up. I was last fall within a day's ride of Boston, and I came near going quite there, for the express purpose of seeing Father Ballou; but I reflected, — 'Boston is a world of strangers to me; not one face within its boundaries that I have ever seen, and' — I dismissed the thought. But I now believe that, should I ever be as near again, I should go further.

"I have, since I wrote you, received a few numbers of the Ladies' Repository, and have partly promised to write an occasional article for it. I think the plan of this paper a very good one, and would like to see it extensively circulated, for it appears to me, that, with proper management, it may be made greatly to subserve the interests of our denomination among all ranks and classes. Its tone is mild, but decided, and I think will tend to eradicate the unfavorable and erroneous impressions, entertained by many, in regard to our peculiar tenets, as wanting in that principle of vital piety which they do, in reality, more strictly enjoin than any others."

The following, written to the same friend, is so characteristic of the young, enthusiastic poet, that we give it almost entire. It was written in the month of April, when all nature was full of beauty as her own young heart: —

"You are wondering why I have not written; and I suppose etiquette demands that I should commence this epistle with a labored apology, but I cannot do it, — at least, in the fashionable way.

"The truth is, I have of late felt a wonderful aversion to writing, reading, etc.; for the beautiful spring is here, and my heart is ever at this season with nature. O, how much I have rambled lately! — for I live in the country, you know, far away from the

noisy world, and I hail with transport the dawnings of this delightful season. It lures me to the green hills and the fragrant forests; and, O, I dearly love to clamber among the crags, and listen to the happy streams, rejoicing in their newly-acquired liberty, and to gaze upon the delicate rock-flower, just merging from its cold and flinty bed! I dearly love to bend down my ear to the sweet music of the breeze, as it sighs through the waving pines, and lifts the rustling hemlock from the damp earth; and I feel, O, I do feel that 'the hand of the Lord hath done this;' that the principle of immutable Love is abroad, and pervadeth the air and the earth; and my soul is lifted up, yea, my spirit is steeped in the dews that descend upon the mountains of Zion!

"Does this seem to you mere rhapsody? I had forgotten that I am writing to one recently but a stranger, and suffered my pen to run on in its own enthusiastic way; but why apologize? I *am almost* an enthusiast, and I may as well acknowledge it at the outset; and you will forgive me if I insinuate the suspicion that even you are somewhat spiced with the same weakness. * * *

"Then you have your home in that 'little world of Universalism, Boston,' and you are acquainted with our excellent Father Ballou and family? What a delightful picture you have given me of that little circle! I do wish I lived a little nearer Boston, that I might become acquainted with that interesting family. But I cannot say that I wish my residence were there, for I find that my local prejudices are very, very strong. I could not then look out at my window and see the beautiful Susquehanna, with its proud waves glancing in the early sunlight, and its lucid surface reflecting the high points of the western hills, which rise up like pedestals, for the clouds to rest upon.

"'Home, sweet home!' and so that is your favorite song? It is, indeed, a delightful thing, and, old as it is, I still dearly love it, and sometimes sing it for almost hours together. I never knew a person who could hear this little air sung sweetly, plaintively, without being affected by it. Home, home! O, there is 'a mystic thread,' that is so closely twined around that one dear spot of earth, that every heart must beat responsively when recollection paints it anew. There is a charm in the very sound that entrances every listener. The strains of ambition and glory may plume the wings of the soaring

spirit, may cause the flush of pride to mantle the brow, and a glow of wild satisfaction to light the lip; but these are but as the flashes of an April sky; they disappear and are forgotten. But the still small voice of *home!*—the student hears it, and his books are neglected; the man of business catches the tone, and relaxes his application; and even the rugged sailor, whose soul is all daring, whose heart is all recklessness, even he is unmanned by the word 'home.' His mind goes back to the beautiful season of childhood, to the sweet haunts of early innocence and gayety; he sees the humble cottage, with its trellised arbors and emerald lawn; he hears the murmurs of the silvery streams, and the warblings of the happy birds; sweet household voices are in his ear, and—and—'t is all a dream, and he weeps that he is not a 'child again.' O, home! how soothing, how important are the reflections connected with thee! We look upon the pleasant grave-yard; its green bosom will be a home for our bodies, and we forget not that the home of our spirits is heaven, where we shall all meet in our father's house, an innocent and loving family; where our home will be permanent, and our love undisturbed by discord and sorrow.

"The discussion going on between brothers —— and ——, is interesting, and yet I am pained to perceive what *appears* to be a spirit of personal animosity towards one another. I regret, equally with yourself, that the doctrine of 'future punishment' should be allowed to mar the beauty of our Zion, and slacken the cords of love which have hitherto so sweetly united our little band of laborers. 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind' in relation to it, yet without strife.

"You ask my opinion of Byron. I know not how I can express it fully. Lofty his poetry is, and 'beautiful exceedingly.' Nothing can surpass the glowing brilliancy of his conceptions, or the striking boldness and beauty of his figures; but, in smoothness and pathos, I think Moore excels him. It always seems to me the field of Byron is the *glorious mind*, and that of Moore the *feeling heart*. * * * *

"Poor Byron! How does it sadden the heart to contemplate his brilliant but unfortunate career! How does his life admonish the children of genius to lay up their treasures where the rust of this heartless world cannot corrode and destroy!

"But I must close. You need not fear a scolding from me for

careless writing, for I too well know the fate of those who "live in glass houses."

"As ever, your friend and sister in the faith,

"JULIA."

"A beautiful day," she thus writes to the same friend, "this has been, and the evening is far more beautiful still. O, I do love a quiet Sabbath evening! It wakens warm and grateful aspirations to Him who has sanctified its beauty to our hearts, and written Salvation upon the banner of that hope which the Sabbath most frequently recalls to our minds.

"I wish we could, in our little neighborhood, be more frequently blessed with the preached word. It is a deprivation I feel very sensibly. We have a pleasant church, but, alas! no pastor. But I still live in hopes that the Lord will send us one."

In May, 1834, a change took place in the situation of Julia, on the occasion of her removal to Towanda, — a beautiful village, some ten miles distant from Sheshequin, but lying on the same "river of her heart," the beautiful Susquehanna, — to become a teacher.

"It is about six weeks, dear friend," she writes, "since I became a resident of this pleasant village, — formerly an Indian town, as you perceive by its name, *Towanda*, — and the time has flown by rapidly, as it always does to me when engaged in school; and yet my *patience* — that standing virtue with a teacher, you know — gets sometimes most sorely tested. I have some eighteen or twenty rude girls — some of them nearly of my own age — to manage, and I find it draws sadly on my little stock of forbearance and assumed dignity. But everything gets put to rights once in two weeks, for I am then at *home;* and, in the midst of a happy group of brothers and sisters, I forget the vexations of life, and, like Burns, I hardly care if 'the world gangs tapsalterie.'

"But how goes the world at the East? I hear little from that quarter of late, or indeed any other of the blessed vineyards of our Lord and Master; but, O, my heart is with you all, and my confidence in the *Truth* hourly increases! It is mighty and *must* prevail. It is a mountain that is rapidly filling the whole earth.

Universalism has few advocates in this place; but it would have more if there were some one to proclaim it occasionally from the pulpit. The laborers are certainly few for so great a harvest. A preacher of our order is quite a novelty among the good people of our county; and will you believe me when I tell you that I have heard but one preacher since last winter? Nevertheless, I have no apprehension of departing from my 'first love.' No! The stern and fearful doctrines, which I sometimes permit myself to hear from other pulpits, contrast so strongly with the beautiful images of peace and holiness born of my own dear faith, that the 'still small voice' sinks only the deeper into my heart.

"The description contained in your last interested me more than I can tell. How sad, and yet how joyful! O, it is one of the most glorious features of *our* faith, that, as earth fades away, heaven brightens upon us! I often anticipate that last dark hour, and, even in my best health, I hardly find myself dreading it. I boast of no superior firmness of mind, but so sure am I that the transit must be happy."

To another friend she also writes thus:—

"My dear Rhoda,—I thought, when I bade you 'bood-bye' at your father's gate, that pleasant Sabbath morn, that I should trouble you with a scrawl as soon as I arrived at Towanda; but I have been in such a whirl of dissipation, school-teaching, &c., ever since, that I have had scarcely a moment for thought, much less for writing. Cousins Maria and Helen have lately spent a week here, which gave rise to a series of balls, parties, etc., and, to tell the truth, I am nearly tired of 'gadding,' as the phrase is here, and shall bless the moment that sees me safely landed at the door of my own humble but happy home. 'Home'—commonplace enough is that word, and commonplace the subject, but one to me replete with beautiful though oft-contemplated images. The love which encircles each dear member, making our labor light—the sharing of each other's joys and sorrows—the mutual encouragement and forbearance—the mysterious cord, whose sympathetic fibres link heart to answering heart,—O, Rhoda, what is there in our bleak world like home and its holy affections? What evil would be to us so calamitous as a deprivation of it?"

The residence of Julia in Towanda was destined to exert an influence over her whole future life, little anticipated when she first assumed her position as village teacher. It was during the period in which she sustained this somewhat arduous post that she became acquainted with Dr. D. L. Scott, the gentleman with whom, on the second of May, in the following year, 1835, she was united in marriage — removing with him at once to Towanda.

A new home and new objects of affection were henceforth to fill a large place in her heart; but they were never for a moment, dear as they became, sufficient to wean her from the friends of her childhood and youth. Her heart seems rather to expand and grow warmer as its objects of affection increased; "her love seemed to grow by what it fed on," and it was one of the few causes of disquiet which, in these happy days of early wedded life, crept into her heart, that a possibility existed that in her absence the love of those friends might grow cool. This feeling is very touchingly expressed in the following extract of a letter to a dear friend, written soon after her marriage: —

"My dear Rhoda, — I was in Sheshequin when your last came to hand, and you may be assured I was right glad to get it, for I was in truth somewhat low-spirited; and that little evidence of the remembrance and friendship of one very near my heart was truly gratifying. When I gave up my name, the fear that the love of my friends would depart with it, gave me much uneasiness, for I had seen many instances wherein I thought this change became apparent; and the bare possibility that it might be my fortune distressed me exceedingly. But you, dear R., will be an exception, and I hope not the only one. Certainly *my* affection for my friends, so far from decreasing, waxes stronger and stronger daily; they are all very, *very* dear to me, and if my love is unrequited, I hope they will, at least, keep *me* ignorant thereof. * * * *

"O, if I could only keep my friends forever! Poor Emeline M! My heart aches at thought of her! 'Tis hard to be confined all these long, pleasant days; to see all the world bright and

happy, and ourselves going down with disease and pain to the chambers of darkness. Poor Emeline! May the Father of Love give her strength and patience to bear it all!"

That this love for her friends, so affectingly expressed in the preceding extracts, was a deep, warm, true, ever-living, ever-increasing principle of her nature, a thousand little touching expressions, involuntarily penned, in even her shortest letters, affectingly attest. The ill-health, for many years so apparent, imperceptibly but steadily increased after her marriage, often rendering her going abroad a difficult matter. Yet her clinging affection still demanded frequent communion with her friends, while her modest, lowly estimate of her own worth ever led her to feel every testimonial of affection on the part of those friends as a favor for which she could never be too gratefully obliged.

"My dear R.," she earnestly inquires, "are you really offended that you have not written me one little line? But my letters are so uninteresting, and yours so excellent and good. Yet, I do so want to hear from and see you. Beloved R., you surely will come down and see me before the sleighing is gone. I know your last visit was enough to discourage you; but, believe me, 't will not always be thus, and I have so many things to say to you. I fear I shall hardly be able to visit you before warm weather. Yet I am sure I know you too well to suppose that you will for an instant doubt my warm, earnest wish to go to you. No, you will not now stay away from me on account of it.

"Julia."

"O, how can I be reconciled," she writes another, "to giving up your visit next summer? That is the 'unkindest cut of all.' I really, as the patriarch expresses it, 'yearn to see you.'"

To another and distant friend, at a later day, she thus pours out her heart: —

"I fear you, by this time, consider me the most negligent, ungrateful creature in existence. Ah! my dear, *dear* friend, if you knew but half the pleasure I take in reviewing the sweet hours I

enjoyed with you last fall, you would not have a momentary suspicion of the depth and fervor of my love for you; and you do not, I am sure. My weak actions must have told you with what difficulty I tore myself away, and what bitterness was in my heart when the dreadful thought came over me, that I should see your face no more."

Yet, with all her fond reverting to old friends and old scenes, in her new home the young wife found a thousand fresh sources of pleasure, and a new world of objects to draw out her warm affections. A pleasant cottage, surrounded by a wilderness of beautiful flowers and shrubs, and festooned with clasping vines of the most delicate varieties, which her tasteful hand delighted to train and nurse, and to which she was continually adding new varieties, was her happy home. An affectionate and appreciating husband blest her hours of retirement and privacy, while a constantly widening circle of admiring friends and acquaintances added zest and pleasure to many a social season.

The following passages found in a letter, written somewhat more than a year after her marriage, to a brother-in-law, are so illustrative of the innocent gayety of her heart before sorrow had ever deeply touched it, and are, withal, so full of good-natured sarcasm, that we cannot refrain from copying them: —

"Your letter to G. was an intellectual feast to all of us — to me particularly; for, besides the deep satisfaction of hearing of your safe arrival at Thomasville, I was delighted with the description of your voyage and of your present *locale*. I had hitherto been wholly and marvellously ignorant of the south, but had somehow associated it with ideas of Italian softness and splendor; and in these associations were not only mixed up the air, the sky, the climate, but the inhabitants and their habitations, particularly the latter. With the south always came up the pictures of verandahs, moon-lit arbors, sparkling fountains (artificial, of course), and magnificent edifices. Pshaw! — how stupid I have been! And so the south is really no better than

the north, except in climate? I don't more than half believe your stories.

"I never knew more delightful weather than we are having with us now; the sweetest sunshine and the softest air. The ladies of the village have seemed to enjoy it well—especially the Misses ——. They are a couple of very humane young ladies. They have not the hearts to add to the distress of the many young men who are dying of their charms, by total seclusion—not they. They are hourly to be seen in the streets. G. and I to-day quarrelled about them. He insists on their having a certain kind of sense, without a particle of *common* sense for superstructure. Yes, although they last evening seriously told him that there were never any gloves brought into Towanda *small* enough for their delicate hands, still he talks of *some kind of sense*. Towanda is getting a very sensible place. The march of mind is not confined to the Misses ——, by any means. —— and —— are 'so happy!' There have been tremendous displays since their return. Such bridal wreaths, such waving plumes, such—such—George calls them, 'flare-ups.' I don't know where he got the phrase, nor what it means, but I suppose something about dignity, and elegance, and tender regards.

"Do you know we have had some cousins visiting us? I am much pleased with them. Real sensible, fine people; such as one is glad to meet among the many *would-bes*. They have been at Mr. B.'s some time. Uncle D. has told them all about the S.'s—their large hands and bristling hair; L.'s 'pursing eyes,' and M.'s being courted by the priest. In fact, their seeing Uncle D. one hour was equivalent to their extreme intimacy with the whole tribe, for they were all unravelled. And what kind of eulogy do you think he was pleased to pass upon your humble servant? You would never guess; so, if you will spare my blushes, I will tell you. 'She is a splendid—a very splendid woman!' Think you I feel grieved any longer, because I was not invited to the wedding? Not I! He did n't say so because somebody was by who would tell me—not he; and so I shall go on curling my hair, and getting new dresses. *I begin to know myself.*"

Relapsing into her usual genial, affectionate tone,—

"Our good mother," she goes on, "and the children are well. R. has been to me one of the kindest of sisters, and I shall always

love her in remembrance of the past. D. goes down there every day, making fences and digging about. W., he says, works like a hero; but Lawrence he calls lazy. I don't believe that. I am greatly attached to Lawrence,—the good, warm-hearted boy! I shall be his true friend, through evil report and through good report."

How delightfully genial the feelings and relations of the young wife towards "our good mother," and the brothers and sisters-in-law, and especially the "good, warm-hearted Lawrence;" and how charmingly the excellent, loving, unselfish woman is there mirrored! It was these peculiarly genial qualities, combined with her brilliant intellect, which made her so lovable and beloved, wherever she made her abode.

It is but justice to Julia, to remark that the whirl of gayety and pleasure in which, as a resident of so gay a village as Towanda, she was for a time necessarily involved, although its novelty for a time interested, and the adulation she there received captivated her, was, after all, little congenial with her true nature. That nature was essentially devotional, loving rather the communion with her own soul and with God, than the frivolities of society. She had, besides, an earnest desire so to cultivate her rare gifts of intellect, as to be able, not alone to make a temporary impression on society, but to extend her sphere of true usefulness while she lived, and leave a worthy memorial of her genius behind her. That the gay life she then led was far from being calculated to promote this result she often most deeply felt, and it was not long ere a deep and abiding desire grew up in her heart for a return to that nature which. in her girlish days, she had so fondly loved.

"I can do nothing," she exclaims, "in this *visiting* life., I long for a home far away in the green fields, where there would be nothing to interrupt my thoughts. The excitement of company completely unfits my mind for any protracted effort, and I can never attempt the execution of an elaborate poem till I am free to fetter my soul down to steadfast meditation. A nice lit-

tle farm, on the banks of the Susquehanna, would be just the spot to dream, and study, and create, — and some day it will be ours, so hope promises."

"But," in the touching language of Miss Edgarton, "hope promised what death did not allow to become realized; and the only home the banks of the Susquehanna now afford to one who loved them so well, is the silent home that permits no thought, with the long repose that brings no dreams."

Two years went by in her wedded home, and a new joy, and yet another, were added, to fill to overflowing the sweet cup of her silent happiness. The one was a dear and beautiful babe, "whose sunshiny tresses, and eyes like mountain violets, were mirrored brightly, day and night, in the deep tides of her over-loving heart." The other was a new friend, whose friendship soon became to her one of the dearest things of life; and which, ere long, ripened into a love tender and true as was that of David and Jonathan, and destined to continue as long as the life beat in those two loving hearts, and, we trust, to live on in the better world, increasing in depth and purity forever and ever.

This new friendship was that with Sarah C. Edgarton. It filled a void in the heart of Mrs. Scott, which, perhaps, nothing else could have done. She had not been destitute of literary friends, for she found a number of such in Towanda to admire, and warmly to appreciate herself. But sincerely as she came to love some of these, they yet lacked one element necessary to a perfect sympathy. They were not of her faith. This, with many, would seem but an unimportant circumstance; yet, with her, it was not so. Her religious views were the light of her life; the great theme of her daily thought; and to meet sympathy here was her great desire, and well-nigh her utmost need.

It was, therefore, with unalloyed delight, when circumstances offered a way to an intimate intercourse with Sarah C. Edgarton, then a timid young poetess, but rapidly acquir-

ing fame and winning general love in our denomination, that she accepted the communion.

"My dear Miss Edgarton," she writes, "I have seldom, I assure you, been more agreeably surprised than in the reception of your most sisterly epistle. It is so delightful to be remembered and cared for by the young and happy; and your letter came to hand in a season of peculiarly low spirits. I thank you, beloved sister, from my heart I thank you, for your words have been sweet to my soul. Yet, I am not sure that, had you waited a week or two longer, you would have had the pleasure of first setting the good example of writing. I have long had my eye upon you; and ever since you came before the public, my heart — as the patriarchs would have expressed it — has yearned over you, and longed to embrace you with its many beloved ones. And often have I determined, and re-determined, to address you at all hazards. But an entire ignorance of you, except from your writings, together with procrastination, that commonest fault of lazy and sick people, had, until quite recently, made me falter. But now all obstacles are removed, and let me again thank you. The ice of formality is broken; we are at length acquaintances, we are friends, we are *sisters*.

"And now, Sarah dear, let me talk with you as with the friend of my youth. Let me talk with you as though time had made no difference in our years; for though, in connection with sickness, he has bowed and wasted my form, he has touched lightly my heart. *That* is still warm as at sunny eighteen. It has lost nothing but earthly hope; it has grown old but in experience. My heart is still young. * * *

"I am pleased to learn that you have another work in press. 'Ellen Clifford' sounds quite pretty. I am very anxious to see it. The Palfreys gave me much pleasure, and I have reperused it since your letter came, as was quite natural, you know, that I should. I shall think much of it for my little Marian, when she gets old. The precious child! — how I shall rejoice to see her young heart warm and expand beneath such pious teachings!

"I regret for your own sake, but for the sake of the denomination rejoice, that you are obliged to depend on your literary efforts for a competence. The path is a toilsome one, but the

difficulties to be encountered will ofttimes call up those latent energies which, under easier circumstances, would perish in inaction. Thus doth our Heavenly Father ever extract good from evil, and this is the most glorious principle of His government. Be reconciled, therefore, dear sister, nor believe that lot a hard one which can give so much happiness to thousands, and produce ultimately so much satisfaction to yourself. Be reconciled. Be glad. You are not the first one who has labored by the sweat of the brow, ay, and with a far less reward, — even the bread that perisheth, — while you are rewarded with the bread of life. But, because I talk to you thus, do not suppose me destitute of sympathetic feelings. I sincerely sympathize with you, and well I may! I know what it is to grapple with iron-handed poverty. I know what it is to have the heart crushed, the energies cramped by its icy restrictions. I was once poor, and, alas! worse, — I was proud. I thought my lot hard. God has shown me my folly. He has been pleased to place me in easy circumstances, but he has taken away my health and spirits; and, alas! how often do I find myself sighing for health and poverty! Believe me, my sweet friend, our Father only knoweth what is best for us."

Meanwhile, during the two years elapsing between the marriage of Julia and the commencement of her acquaintance with that friend, ever after so dear, her pen had been exceedingly busy, — many of her sweetest poems having been written during that period. Her contributions to the New Yorker, Christian Messenger, Evangelical Advocate, and some other papers, were regular and frequent. "The Island Grave," "Autumn Roses," "A Domestic Picture," "Marie," "The Fair Captive," and others equally beautiful, were among them; and her fame, as an authoress, was every day increasing.

Perhaps this period, also, may be said to have been the happiest of her life. A brighter sunshine was over all the world, and her song was more cheerful than ever before. Yet it cannot be denied that a low, deep undertone of sadness, often mingled, even at this time, with the gayer strains,

and a vague presentiment of grief seemed breathing from her lay. If "coming events" do, indeed, "cast their shadows before," the shadow of that great sorrow, which was so soon to overtake her, perhaps even then lay along her pathway. That sorrow came only all too soon. A sudden and fatal illness seized the babe of her bosom, the lovely little Marian, and, before her father, who was at the time some distance from home, could be even apprized of her danger, she was dead. The anguish of the bereaved parents cannot be described. It was such as only they who have suffered similar bereavements can know.

Among the first to tender that true and deep sympathy which, save *one* other and holier thing, is the only balm for wounds like these, was the new, but already endeared friend, Sarah Edgarton; and in her own affectionate and loving way, she ministered to the stricken and sorrowing heart of the bereaved mother. Among the many tributes of affection and sympathy offered to the bereaved parents at this trying season, few would be read with more interest and pleasure than the following sweet

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

BY MISS FRAZER.

Died, July 31st, Marian Almena, only child of Dr. David L. and Mrs. Julia H. Scott, aged 13 months and 11 days.

And couldst thou die, fair child?
Light of the eyes that fondly gazed on thee!
How could they follow to the tomb and see
Dust on thy fair brow piled?

Thou, the bright, worshipped one,
Whose morn gave promise of a fairer day!
How would their yearning hearts have bid thee stay!
But the dread work is done.

Sweet one! ere thou didst soar,
Was it an angel's whisper in thine ear,
That bade thee murmur names of those most dear,
Untaught, unlisped before?

The grave — the silent grave
Hath won thee from the hearts that loved so well;
Death hath dissolved a bright, a dazzling spell,
Not love itself could save!

Sweet be thy dreamless sleep!
Thou hast not known the fitful, feverish strife
Of hopes and fears, that deepen with our life,
And gather tears to weep.

Then sleep! — thou wert but given
As a rich perfume, briefly to repose
Upon the bosom of the parent rose,
And be exhaled to heaven!

How precious such sympathy was to that mother's heart, may be learned from the following most affecting letter, written in answer to Miss Edgarton's, just one month after the death of the dear idol, and when the first bitterness of grief had, in a measure, subsided: —

"How shall I express my gratitude, dear sister, for your very feeling letter? It was so kind of you to write so soon; and yet the favor was not wholly unexpected. I knew that your deep, warm heart would overflow for me, and I have waited anxiously, each returning mail, for those breathings of sympathizing love, which have this day fallen so soothingly upon my lacerated heart. Believe me, beloved Sarah, the bread you have cast upon the troubled waters of grief will some day return to you doubled fourfold. May God, in his infinite mercy, bless you again and again, for the angel act; and may He keep ever far from you that wisdom of 'sorrow's lore,' which you have seemed so much to covet, nor ever, *ever* make yours that desolate lot,

"'Where grief sits mantling up her head,
Loathing the beauty and proud pomp of day;'

but give you, what He dispenses to few, a gentle and showerless voyage adown life's eddying stream, with sweet and *faithful* spirits to accompany you. Amen.

"I trust, sweet sister, that I am at present, through the all-pervading influence of a Saviour's love, in a great measure reconciled to the loss of the dear idol, although the shock was at first so great as to prostrate me to the brink of the grave; and I have ever since, until within a few days, been unable to inhale the fresh, out-door air, or gaze upon the decorations of nature's temple once so very dear to me. And will you wonder? The disease of the little sufferer was that most dreadful one called cholera infantum; and my husband was absent all of the time, and could not get home until within a very few hours before her burial. The disease was not understood by the attending physician, — though *I* more than suspected its nature, — consequently the medicine administered only tended to aggravate the violence of the most distressing symptoms imaginable, until nature, wearied with the scene of torture, calmly resigned the innocent lamb to her perpetual sleep. O, Sarah! it is such reflections as these that embitter the cup which my Father has given me to drink! To feel that all we did to alleviate, only sharpened the pangs of distress; to believe, — as I most solemnly do, — that, had her father been here, the little arms might still be clasping my neck; the rosy lips still be pressed in clinging fondness to mine, and the soft blue eyes throwing down a world of light and gladness to my heart! O, can I live? — *Can I live?* Yes, I can. Even now my health is improving, my spirits are rallying. Although the dying picture still hangs between me and the blessed sunlight, — although, through all my feverish sleep, I am clasping the cold, corrupted — but O, *how* dear! — clay to my throbbing bosom, trying to reanimate it with the consuming fire within, while the sweet eyes but open to smile upon me, and again fade and die, — I can still live; for I know that my Redeemer liveth, and, by this, I also know that Marian lives. God be praised for the invaluable knowledge! All else were now vain, and, but for this, the grave would long since have closed over me. *God be praised!* HALLELUJAH!

"But I will dwell no longer on this agonizing theme, though I am sure you will forgive me; for your tender nature has undoubtedly long since taught you the melancholy joy of weeping on the

bosom of a congenial friend — a joy the more highly prized by such as we, from so few opportunities occurring in this jostling world for its indulgence. Let me now turn to a happier subject.

"Do you know, dear Sarah, that I anticipate seeing you soon! Ah! you would hardly guess how, at first; but it is really the case. I have every expectation — health permitting so *great* an undertaking — of attending the General Convention in Boston. How my pulse bounds at the thought! I shall behold you, and O, such a host of known and unknown beloved ones! Do you wonder that my spirits rise! — that my heart grows buoyant! — that my pen wavers with anticipated joy? I shall *try* to leave all my heaviness of soul in Towanda, and do nothing but smile and be happy the dear few hours I am there. Ah, I fear I am anticipating too much! But let me hope. Meanwhile, believe me ever Affectionately yours,

"JULIA."

The anticipations so ardently indulged were not disappointed, and the following month saw Mrs. Scott on her way to Boston. Personal ill-health prevented our joining her on this excursion; but we again had the happiness of receiving her in our own house in New York. But what a change a few short years, and, above all, grief had wrought in her! The girlish gayety of former years was all vanished, and such a world of calm but settled sorrow looked out from her dark, prophetic eyes, as was painful to behold. The "impressions" of Miss Edgarton, in relation to her appearance, are so accurate, so true to life, that we copy them as embodying nearly everything that could, at that time, be said in describing it: —

"We had heard her appearance," she writes, "described as 'majestic;' and in younger and healthier days this term would have been singularly appropriate; but at the time of our first meeting with her, sickness and sorrow had made melancholy ravages both upon her face and form; her figure, which was strikingly tall, was bowed and emaciated, her cheeks hollow, and her eyes languid and full of touching sorrow. But there was something in the very droop of her figure, which seemed to us eminently graceful, and her countenance, with its fitful color, that

came and went with every transition of thought and feeling, and its glorious black eyes, that were one moment radiant with spiritual joy, and the next drooping with the intensest melancholy, was one of the most striking and intellectual that *our* eyes had ever rested upon."

Her visit in Boston was all, and more than she had anticipated. Her circle of acquaintance, among both ministers and lay-people in the Universalist communion, was very widely extended; every one being eager to take her by the hand as the "bright particular star" towards which all looked. It did her much good, while the rare enjoyment of the religious services of the occasion combined to heal and gladden her sorrowing heart.

But more than all else, perhaps, the meeting and mingling with "her soul's loved sister" tended to bring back joy and brightness to her darkened heart. This was the medicine she needed, and of this she herself was deeply sensible; a conviction which she afterwards touchingly and beautifully illustrated in her sweet article entitled the "Power of Sympathy."

On her return from Boston, she again visited her dear friends in Norwich, Connecticut, remaining with them two or three weeks, and afterwards making a brief sojourn of as many days in New York, where, for the third and last time in this world, we again met her. Her spirits were visibly improved, but the same drooping appearance remained, and the same startling depth of the eye; and it was felt by her friends that they probably saw her for the last time.

The following extracts from her diary, written on the last day of her stay in New York, will interest the reader: —

"COURTLANDT STREET — *Hotel.*

"Arose this morning at break of day, and commenced toilet with all the bustle and eagerness of a homesick person actually about experiencing the realization of the warmest anticipations; had bonnet, shawl, and gloves all on, when husband returned to tell me I should have the inexpressible pleasure of spending another day in the great city, as no boat would leave until even-

ing. Did not scold, nor cry, nor even give 'a look,' but merely remarked, with what I conceived an unprecedented exhibition of mildness, 'I don't care,' and fell to reading the —— *Directory*, the only thing come-at-able.

"I believe there is nothing in this world irredeemably bad. I found, in this horrible old Directory, some very good Italian proverbs; among which I selected, as particularly original and no less true, the saying, 'He who would not have trouble in this world, must not be born in it.' Alas! alas! I fear that few have ever doubted the veracity of this all-attending monitor. I found, besides, a very fine piece of Lieutenant Patten's poetry. Wonder if *I* shall ever write anything good enough for a Directory?

"Saw at the breakfast-table Col. ——, and Mr. ——, from Bradford. Ah, dear, enchanting Bradford! Are you ever to be a forbidden word to me? How doth my heart yearn for your green hills and silver streams! How wildly, for weeks, have I dreamed of your islands and trees, and richly-colored autumn flowers! Have two months changed thee, my Bradford? Thy forests are crimsoned o'er; thy streams have assumed a melancholy voice; thy flowers, mayhap, are pale, for King Frost has been there; but the warm hearts are still warm — the loving eyes still bright! Ay, love, immaculate love, endureth forever!

"Thou hast a grave among thy dim recesses, my Bradford — a little, a blessed grave. Is it still green? Is the rose still fresh upon its rounded bosom? Ah, melancholy time, why thus slow! Quicken thy sluggish pace. I would hasten *there* — to the home of my Marian — the home of my heart — for the fountain of tears has risen high, and would pour out its restless waters alone, at that dear spot!

"*Noon.* — Still raining, and quite hard. How gloomy! I could at this moment almost consent to see our fair land watered after the Egyptian process, even by the inundation of rivers. Husband up town, looking out old schoolday friends; would have gone with him, but thought sobbing out a second farewell rather awkward business. Therefore staid behind to look out of the window, and have a reckoning with conscience and imagination, after several weeks' debt and credit. Find the former presenting

many claims — hope the horrors of this day will cancel them. Am relieved from any embarrassment by the latter — no charges.

"How sorrowful the poor horses look as they pass! Their spirits, like the other denizens of the city, are evidently depressed, although I have seen among them several sorry attempts to arch the neck and elevate the ear, as in more auspicious weather; but it is in vain; and the portrait of the celebrated Dr. Syntax's horse would answer well for most of them.

"There goes a little, barefooted urchin, with his arms folded, and hat turned back, in stern defiance of wind and weather. Speed thee on, my little philosopher! thou mayst be President yet, and be scolded about as hard as is poor Matty V.

"But yonder comes one whose indifference to the weather I cannot so much admire. Borrow an umbrella, good woman, if thou canst not buy, or else cover thy baby with thy shawl. Hold not up the little innocent, thus uncovered, to 'bide the peltings of the pitiless storm.' Woman! woman! thou hast never laid thy first-born in the grave, or thou couldst not do thus! Now, may God have mercy upon thee, helpless one, for truly thou hast a heartless protector!

"What a fine flock of sheep, undoubtedly on their way to the slaughter-house! Meek and harmless creatures, my heart bleeds for you. Happy are ye in your ignorance of the bloody destiny that awaits you. But He whose meek and innocent character your harmlessness has been made to typify, went not thus ignorantly. He knew the bitterness of each pang he would be made to suffer. He knew every drop of blood which should be wrung from his quivering heart. But He hesitated not. He went up the rugged hill as cheerfully as ye now pass, little lambs, and the smile of forgiveness sat upon his dying lips. Oh! Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of this cruel world, shall we, thy redeemed ones, forget thy great example? Shall we falter in the midst of our light afflictions? Shall we refuse to love and serve thee, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same? Thy all-pervading spirit forbid! Thou hast bought us *all* with a price. Take thou, O Lord, our undivided hearts; we are thine, and only thine!

"Beloved New York! I must leave thee! The hour has at length arrived, and, much as I have desired to give thee the parting hand, there is a little lurking sensibility at my heart, and I am loath to say FAREWELL. But I go hence, and we may meet no more forever! Peace be within thy walls, for thou enclosest many noble and many dear hearts! Peace be within thy walls, great queen of our great world! May they speedily become the walls of Zion, and thy gates the gates of praise!

"*Oct. 24th.* — I had a very melancholy journey to New York," — she, after her return home, thus writes the dear cousin in Connecticut, — "which, as I had no acquaintance on board, was only relieved by the beautiful scenery of the Thames. Many a sweet spot along that delightful river is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that, were I a skilful artist, I should long ere this have transferred many beautiful and I presume exact pictures to canvas.

"I neither heard anything from or about my husband, all the six weeks I was gone, until the Monday morning after I left you; when, just as I had, in spite of all persuasion, made up my mind to start home alone, I heard his voice at the door. There was quite a scene, I assure you. It turned out that we had all along been writing each other at cross purposes. My letters were near three weeks in getting to Towanda, and his, although sent by both public and private conveyance, did not reach me at all; thus causing a world of anxiety and misunderstanding.

"On Wednesday evening, we took the boat for Newburgh, thence crossing the country by private conveyance. Our journey home was quite tedious, owing to bad roads and unsettled weather; but we were travelling *home*, and therefore contrived to make November seem 'as pleasant as May;' there is such magic in that word *home*, even though deprived of its best-loved inmate."

A world of cares which met her on her return home, though perplexing and fatiguing, was no doubt of most essential benefit to her mind; luring it from its sorrows, and promoting a healthful diversion of thought, that had been too long concentrated upon one sad theme.

"Since our return," she writes her friend, Miss Edgarton, "we have been the busiest people in existence, tearing down old

walls, and replacing them with new ones. I with company all the while, and no help, although poor husband spent half his time in scouring the county in search of such commodity. In addition to these vexations, I have been racked with a three-weeks' toothache, caused by newly-plastered walls, and have had to rack my brains daily for a month in search of apologies for the non-attendance of parties and the like, — things which I do hereafter and forever entirely eschew, — and have, besides, been constantly pestered for descriptions of my journey, by such as could not possibly appreciate its interest, if it possessed any. 'O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,' with just a dozen I could name!

"Your letter was peculiarly welcome to me, for it assured me that our few hours' intercourse did not entirely do away any favorable impression its writer may have conceived of me before our meeting. O, it is so pleasant to be loved by those we love!

"How like a dream does that sweet meeting now seem to me! — dim and shadowy, and yet thrilling. Not one countenance there, that for an instant caught my eye, but is indelibly pictured in memory. I shall remember them all a hundred years hence in heaven. But the streets, the scenery, all else have become almost as though they were not. I shall ever rejoice that I was there. I have been happier since, and the tie of brotherly and sisterly affection has been widened and strengthened; and I feel that even the slight personal acquaintance enjoyed with you quite rewarded my 'perils by sea and land.'"

The literary labors of Mrs. Scott were, in these days, for a time, nearly suspended; but the occasion so enthusiastically alluded to in the preceding extract, called forth the following glowing stanzas from her pen: —

"THE LAST CONFERENCE.

"I saw a glorious multitude
Bow down in worship there;
While lips, at heaven's own altar fired,
Sent up the glowing prayer;
And hymns of lofty praise were sung,
In the stirring airs of old;
While love's white banner waved aloft,
In many a silken fold.

"I saw the eye, grown dim with years,
Flash forth unearthly light;
The mourner's care-wreathed brow become
With heavenly visions bright;
And loveliness seemed lovelier there,
In the blessed garb of youth,
And lisping infancy more wise
In the golden lore of truth.

"It was a glorious jubilee —
A high-wrought happiness —
And tears, warm, heart-felt tears alone,
Could tell of its excess.
O! many an eye was moist, that ne'er
Had wept for joy before,
And many a callous heart grew soft,
Ere that blessed eve was o'er!

"Was not our Master in the midst,
Ye cross-tried soldiers, say?
Did not his Holy Spirit breathe
In every burning lay?
Did not his melting voice supply
Those hallowed words, that fell,
Like manna from the hand of God,
To fainting Israel?

"Yes, in our midst that form beloved
Stood as in days gone by;
We knew it by the deep-drawn breath
And the uplifted eye.
We knew it by the love, which linked
So close each fervent heart,
Yet gave us strength with smiles of hop
In the last sad hour to part.

"O! never more, in earthly halls,
Shall meet that happy band;
Already some have travelled home
To the glorious Fatherland.
And, one by one, we're following on
To a Conference above,
Where ALL may break and eat the
Of everlasting love."

"O, how I wish you were only a hundred miles from here!" she soon afterward writes her friend; "I should coax very hard for your company the rest of the winter, and I am sure you could not have the heart to deny me. O, we would do wonders in the literary way if we could be together, in contriving plans, etc.! For my part, I need a great deal of stimulus and encouragement to help me on. My inspiration is below zero, and there is no thought at present so dreadful to me as that of composition of any species; and I can make no promise for your Annual, until the mood changes; of which, at present, there is little prospect."

The winter, however, seems to have been passed by her with far more physical comfort than her friends had, for a long time, felt to be possible.

"I am in good health and spirits," she writes her cousin. "Indeed, I enjoy better health this winter than I ever did in my life before; thanks to the journey and the visit, and thanks to your father, and the oysters and clams!

"Tell uncle that his letter to grandfather was a world of comfort to the old gentleman; he laughed and wept alternately while reading it. How glad he would be to see you and your father, dear H! O, how should we all rejoice in a visit from you! Do, *do*, beloved cousin, try and visit us ere long, before that dear old man goes the way of all the earth. It would do his yearning heart so much good to look upon one of whom he has heard so much, and of whom he so often speaks. Indeed, I cannot help anticipating seeing you the ensuing summer; and O, what a joyful sight it will be!"

How the deep, true affection of the warm, loving heart ever speaks out! Who will say that love was not the life of that heart?

But the happiness of this, to Julia, so bright winter, could not long continue. Clouds were in the distance, and their shadows were already falling around her.

"I should have answered your letter, dear R.," she writes, "but the Dr. was sent for suddenly to visit my dear mother;

and I, of course, accompanied him. We found her better, but very miserable. She was affected with severe spasmodic pains in her chest, and the doctor suspects a *remediless* affection of the heart. You may easily imagine the deep anxiety we labor under on her account."

Soon, also, the old anguish of her spirit was renewed by the sudden bereavement of an early and dear friend.

"My dear friend," she writes her, "I could not avoid writing you a few lines, to tell you how my heart overflows for you in your afflictions. Ah, my dear friend, God has called on you also to drink the bitter cup, and none knew better than your friend Julia, how to feel for you in your affliction. I did not hear of the dear child's death until the day of her burial, and then I lived over again the funeral day of my Marian. O what a melancholy day it was to me, and how I longed to be with you, that I might, at least, give you the consolation of my tears! But I could not possibly do it,—I could only think of, and weep for, you.

"I have little to say to you, as yet, dear Matilda, by way of consolation, because I know that the wounds of a bereaved mother's heart can never be healed by human words; but I would beg of you to withdraw your thoughts, as much as possible, from the grave of the beloved little one, and to think of her, as she now is, a happy angel in the arms of her loving Saviour. Ah, Matilda, our two precious ones are not lost—are not dead! Methinks I see them now, straying, hand in hand, through the sweet bowers of Paradise; their young voices going up in hymns of praise to their God, and their happy hearts blessing Him, that he called them so soon away from this cruel and wicked world.

"Let not such thoughts depart from you, dear friend. Think thus of your child, until you feel that she is just as certainly living as when following your footsteps about the house; and, O, so much happier! Think of her thus, and pray often and fervently to your Redeemer, for strength to bear your sorrowful lot, and though 't will be long before you can think of her loss without a bitter pang at your heart, such as you never felt before,

still, peace will come at last, and you will say, in submission and thankfulness, 'Our Saviour hath done all things well!'

"In great haste,

"Yours most affectionately,

"JULIA."

Spring came at last, with its buds and flowers, its carolling birds and singing brooks; and with it, also, came another beautiful babe, a little son, to fill up that void in her heart occasioned by the departure of the little Marian. Yet she writes: —

"I am in an extremely weak and nervous state, and though my boy (a great, fine, laughing fellow) is more than six weeks old, I am but just beginning to walk about my room. I have tried and tried to write the article you wished, but, after half-finishing and crying over a dozen different pieces, and then throwing them aside, I have completed one; and that, I suppose, because 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I fear it is unsuitable, but I send it."

This article was that most sweet, touching, heart-full poem, "My Child," than which nothing could be more replete with the outgushing love and anguish of a bereaved mother's heart.

Several months went by, marked by vacillating health in both mother and child, when her friend, Sarah, was alarmed by a letter from Julia, bearing most sad and threatening intelligence: —

"I snatch a hasty moment," she writes, "to let you know, dear Sarah, that I am still among the living, although, since I wrote you last, I have been much of the time upon the threshold of death. I was attacked in April with a fever, from which I am now but slowly recovering. Your late very dear letter (May 9) found me in an almost unconscious state; but husband read it to me, and I at length comprehended its contents. A thousand thanks for the sweet things it contained. I will not distress your feeling heart with a detail of my suffering during

the severe part of my illness. The recollection of those horrid, suffocating hours is terrible, and I seldom, on my own account, dwell upon them. It is enough that I am better now. The spectre, consumption, is still stalking at no great distance from me, but my friends think I may for some time escape his importunities, by a change of air; and we shall, therefore, probably remove south or west as soon as my strength will permit. So much for myself. And would I could stop here; but O, my baby! Would, dear sister, that you were with me, that I might put my arms around your neck, and sob out the grief that oppresses me, upon your bosom. The dear little one is still with us, but the eye of the destroying angel is upon him, and I fear few days will pass ere we shall lay him by the side of Marian. During my sickness, from one of the healthiest children in the world, he has changed to a mere skeleton. O, Sarah! is not the hand of the Lord laid heavily upon me? All the day long, the little dear lies moaning in his cradle, wringing his skeleton fingers, and singing, during intervals of ease, a monotonous, melancholy tone, that sounds to me like his death-requiem; — and, through the long, feverish nights, we carry him from bed to cradle, and from cradle to his wagon, but still he writhes and suffers, while I can only weep and exclaim, 'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' Sarah! Sarah! I sometimes think my afflictions are greater than I can bear, and that my poor brain must give way after a while. Job's were great, but people came and *told* him that HIS children were *dead;* he did not *witness* the torturing pangs of dissolution. *There* lies the sting of death to a *mother*. But God may, after all, be merciful, and spare this one lovely blossom; and to this end, dear sister, do thou pray for thy broken-hearted friend. Plead with the Saviour for me, Sarah, and surely if the prayers of the pure in heart avail with him, thine will not pass unheeded."

On the last page of the same letter is the following note, showing the ruling passion, the almost holy love of flowers, as it were, still strong in death: —

"The little Clatonia you sent, has lost but little of its beauty. It sleeps sweetly, in our large Bible, upon the leaf that chronicles the death of my sainted Marian."

God was merciful to that bereaved and pious heart, and spared her babe. Its recovery was, however, but tardy and long-deferred, as the following letter, so full of humble hope and faith, will show. It was written more than two months later than the preceding one.

"DEAR BROTHER G. — Although poorly situated to write, I cannot longer defer expressing my deep gratitude for your very kind and consoling letter. It reached me on a day of peculiar bitterness and grief; a day in which it was thought my poor, suffering babe could not survive; and He only who readeth the heart could know the melancholy joy its perusal gave me. Ah, my dear, kind brother! may Heaven reward you fourfold for the sympathy so grateful to a lonely and bereaved heart.

"As this letter is intended to be a short one, I will hasten to answer your inquiries respecting my health. It has been gradually improving during the last two months, until within a week of the present time. I feel now quite miserable, owing to the protracted anxieties and watchings with my sick child. My complaint is chronic inflammation of the lungs, assuming the acute form from colds and over-exercise. I look no more for *good* health in this world; but my husband hopes by extreme prudence on my part, and a western air, to keep my ever-highly irritable lungs from actual disease for a length of time. What will be the result I know not, but I feel that my hold on life is very frail. But, with Divine help, I trust my few remaining days may not be, as may have hitherto been the case, wholly useless to the world. I hope still to be able to go about doing a little good, to the sick and afflicted at least, if my present severe test of strength does not entirely overcome me. Ah! Brother G.! the hand of the Lord is upon me! Just a year ago, we laid a *too* precious daughter in the grave under very trying circumstances; and now another, and, if possible, still more promising one, is going from us to the 'land of shadows,' and no earthly power seems sufficient to detain him. He became ill during the severe and unconscious part of my illness, and has never been well since. Many are the long weeks since we have watched by his side day and night, and he still holds out, though apparently enduring sufficient pain, each day, to finish the struggle of nature.

"O, my dear, dear brother and sister, may the kind Father preserve you from this bitterest of trials, and make you fully sensible of your high domestic privileges. I could not help shedding tears over the picture of your fireside, for next winter. Ah, if I were an envious person, how I should envy you! May nothing occur to mar your anticipations. I dare not hazard a calculation about *our* winter fireside. My husband is not well; my little George——. Well, everything is in the hands of a merciful God! He will do for us as he sees best, and, I think, at all events, I shall not doubt his goodness and wisdom. I feel that these light afflictions are working out for me already a 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;' for I have learned to feel that there are no riches like the unsearchable riches of Christ."

It was not until the following mid-winter, nearly a year after the commencement of his illness, that the little George fully recovered. Meanwhile, her own health had been gradually improving, and the poet's mind again, after a long recess, reverted to literary matters. Fresh, cheerful thoughts once more arise in her heart, and she chats most delightfully with her friend, and sometimes, too, a little at random, as the bird, that has been long imprisoned, darts hither and thither in the joyous sunshine, rioting in excess of liberty.

"I like your sketch of character," she writes of a certain article, "but I cannot agree with you in believing poverty the nurse of love. I consider it almost the parent of crime.

"Your letters to Annie are most sweetly interesting, and the extracts valuable. That little conceit of Uhland, of the 'spirits twain,' has also haunted me for months with its exceeding beauty. Are not our tastes a little in unison? I showed the expression to quite a discriminating literary friend, who pronounced it '*flat*.' I then began to suspect my judgment; but since you agree with me, I will stand up for the 'spirits twain.' * * * *

"I hope you have not for a moment supposed, dear Sarah, that a want of feeling or sense to appreciate the very beautiful and pathetic, has prevented my alluding to the dear poem about the child you know so 'well by her snowy cheeks,' and 'the gentle

name that the Saviour speaks.' No, beloved friend, I never could master my emotion to speak of it as I wished. But now, when long indulged tears have washed away the ashes of bitterness from my heart, I may tell you how precious, how exceedingly precious, those lines are to me. I have shed over them tears of the deepest anguish and purest joy these eyes have ever known; anguish for my loss, joy for my beloved one's happiness; a reality made more visibly apparent to my heart by those lines than I supposed ever could be, — except by the Saviour's direct interposition, — and I know that his spirit inspired you. Ever, ever, Sarah, shall my soul prize you for that tribute to the memory of one, alas! still too dear! Much more have I to bless you for, my kind sister — more than I will here mention. But I trust you will not suppose that the delicate praise of my humble talents, — occasionally bestowed by the now distinguished S. C. E., — is ever thrown away upon a stony heart. Ah, no! I have felt a pleasure in reading these little testimonials of friendship, which, whatever the world might say about gratified vanity, you know, and I know, to be of the purest kind, — the pleasure of knowing ourselves beloved and admired by those we admire and love. * * * *

"I do not think I can write for you, and, to speak seriously, Sarah, I intend publishing no more. I will state briefly *some* of my reasons. My domestic cares are a bar to that full outpouring of feeling which is necessary to supply what I feel to be a deficiency of talent. I do not ask fame, and if I did there is no road open to me. I cannot reform the age; it takes *genius* for that. I can do no more than give occasional satisfaction to a very few friends, who would find other sources of pleasure in my absence, and many of whom, I know, have already ceased to miss me; such is the instability of our natures. Daily am I learning lessons of the fickleness and selfishness of mankind, and some, I am sorry to say, do I have to gather from my own heart. I hear in society the most opposite opinions expressed of various productions, by persons of equal taste and judgment, and am often confounded by severe and heartless criticisms, by near and dear friends of the writer of articles criticized. I saw a case of this kind the other day that decided me. 'I will never write again,' said I; 'or, if I do, nobody shall recognize me.' Such is still my determination."

In the preceding extracts, we know not which most to admire, the warm, gushing, grateful, unselfish love, so evident and so sincere, or the lowliness of heart manifested in the very mistaken estimate of her own powers. No one who reads the writings of Julia, whether of prose or poetry, can, for a moment, doubt that a substratum of great talent was present. That the power she possessed of throwing her whole ardent, gushing soul into her words, gave intensity to that talent, there is not the shadow of a question; but that this was her sole merit as a writer, was undeniably a mistaken impression. If acute perception, far-reaching thought, nice judgment, and ardent feelings, combined with a power of expression rare as it was delightful, indicate the possession of talent, then certainly Julia possessed it in no ordinary degree; and it is delightful to know that by no one but herself was this fact ever disputed.

The long confinement of Julia was now over, and she began to breathe the breath of nature once more.

"Our little village is quite lively this winter, excellent sleighing, and a plenty of party-going people to enjoy it. I must plead guilty to a little worldly amusement myself. I do not much relish it, but they drag me out, on the plea of my long confinement at home, and the necessity of a little fresh air for health. I occasionally meet, however, with those I very much esteem; and have three or four literary acquaintances here who possess a very good degree of talent."

The improvement in her health continued, and her physical and intellectual systems both gradually attained a buoyancy they had not for a long time experienced. The sweet, warm, genial nature again breathed forth, and the heavy clouds seem quite to have passed away from her spirit. In this mood she again thus writes her friend, S. C. E., to whom, indeed, most of the remaining letters in our possession are addressed: —

"TOWANDA, *Feb.* 8, 1840.

"MY DEAR SARAH,—I cannot, for a moment, defer answering your most joyfully-received letter. I had become so utterly hopeless of ever hearing from you again, that the certainty of your good health and abiding affection for me was, I assure you, no slight relief to my anxious forebodings. It is strange it never occurred to me that you might be in the dark as to my whereabouts. But we, so soon after I wrote you, gave up the idea of the West or South. I had forgotten having given you such an intimation.

"Thank God! my sweet friend, none of your questions have given me a moment's uneasiness. I feel, except in warm days, quite well indeed; and the little bird of my bosom is doing very well. His soft cheeks are getting quite rosy and fat; and his laughing black eyes are 'bright as the shield of my father's.' I cannot express the happiness I enjoy with him. O, how I wish you were here to help me romp with him. Shall we never meet and mingle? Shall our personal acquaintance never be extended in this world? I feel as if it will. Do, beloved friend, *determine* to visit me. Did I not take that same long journey almost entirely to see you? I *must* be allowed to anticipate, however short of the reality I may come. Next September is the general Convention, and, either to or from it, you must visit me. O, there are many sweet spots here to visit; many delightful prospects to survey; many dear ones, whose society you would relish; many, many——O, how I wish you were within arm's reach! You will not wait till fall—you will come this spring. My heart bounds so rapturously at the thought of dear, *dear* spring! O, if, with all her flowers, she might bring you, the dearest!"

The key-note of her nature once awakened, how sweetly accordant are all its harmonies with that sound! She goes on—

"Your 'Moss-Rose,' dearest,—speaking of flowers has reminded me of that. It is one of the sweetest things I ever read. It is indeed the beauty of holiness! Ah! it is this subdued spirit and trustfulness which most attaches me to your writings and yourself. Would God I were like you!—my heart as pure, as unsophisticated, as trustful;—then might I indeed see God;

for the pure in heart only see Him. Sarah, forgive me! for I speak in the fulness of a sorrowing but sincere heart.

"Have you the charming flower from which that sweet article was named? And could you not send me a slip in the folds of a newspaper? How I should value it coming from *you!* If you have not the rose, why then the jasmine, or any little choice thing, or even some rare seeds dropped in your next letter; anything that I can look at and think of the donor. I have a little flower-yard, all to myself, and I am trying to stock it with rarities, I do so love the sweet flowers! I am a perfect child about them. I will write you a poem for every favor of the kind.

"You have interested me exceedingly in Mrs. C. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than a letter from her, and I could raise no possible objections to a correspondence, except the exceeding *meagreness* of my epistolary talent. Now, don't undertake, — by your too soothing flat—— praise, I mean, — to convince me to the contrary; neither fire nor flattery can ever melt that knowledge out of me. If Mrs. C. will — with the full knowledge of my dulness — enter upon a correspondence with me, I shall be most happy to hear from her the first opportunity.

"How much I think of Mrs. T.'s death; she was so lovely, so intelligent. I have her beautiful face fully impressed upon the tablets of memory. How does her husband bear it? O, that I could give him a word of real consolation! But everything has been said that can be, and the Saviour alone can give him comfort. * * * *

"I have reserved the last page for a couple of little child's tales. They are simplicity simplified, that I concocted for my little George — Heaven bless him! — to learn when he gets old enough. If you think them of any consequence, I might furnish one for every number. I give but a few moments to their composition; speak plainly. It is a good way to send altogether invaluable articles, and these perhaps are so. I meant to have sent you something before of more consequence, but will try to make up hereafter, if you will at this late hour accept.

"Do answer soon if you love me. In haste and love,

"J. H. S."

Mrs. Scott was again, during the latter part of this winter, busy with her pen, writing for two or three papers, and sev-

eral articles for the "Rose of Sharon," then being prepared for its second year, and in which, for her friend's sake, she took a strong interest; as she did in all things that concerned her.

"Tell me all about your plans for it," she writes, "without reserve. I am so anxious for your success, I will do all I can; and, health permitting, think I may promise two poems and a sketch."

In a few weeks a large sheet full of poems — "The Bride's Return," "Tale of the Mountain Stream," "The Tolling Bell," "The Hour of Success," — one of her finest poems, — and "The Forest Ramblers," — was sent.

"I hasten to inform you," she writes, "dear Sarah, that I do not expect you to put all that long string of verse into the 'Rose.' I send you so much only to give you a chance to select; and you will laugh when I tell you I have still another piece, called the 'Prairie Cottage,' that I could not get in. Verily, you are in danger of being killed with kindness!

"I regret, deeply, that I could not send you the prose sketch. It was all beautifully planned in my head; but O, if I could see you and tell you all my feelings, you would readily understand and forgive me, I am sure! I am not at all satisfied with what I do send. I have not done justice to myself or the 'Rose.' You will find many defects, and, I pray you, take all liberty in altering, where you can, for the better. They sound to me (worst of all sounds) *common-place*. I suppose the "Mountain Stream" best, but that is defective. I shall never write anything of value while residing in the centre of a visiting village like this. My time is very little my own, and, although such a life is very pleasant in some respects, it is crushing to a poetic temperament — or rather to poetry itself.

"O, the dear little bridal roses! they are all dead — woe 's me! I did my best with them; but I think the life was gone out of them ere they reached me, the weather was so cold. I regretted it the more, as the kind is unknown here, while I find the moss-rose is in the garden of one or two of my friends. But

I thank you very much for your kind endeavors. I shall take every pains with the clematis.

"I like your flower fancy much, and send you a few flowers of the polyanthus. I know not their language; but from *me* let them speak the language of love. I send you, also, a few seeds of the cypress vine, a southern thing, for your arbor. It is said to be very beautiful. Accept my thanks for your kind offer of flower-seeds, and believe me ever

"Yours, JULIA."

In the autumn of 1840, the cherished wish of Julia's heart was accomplished, and her beloved friend, Miss Edgarton, made her the visit for which she had so long pleaded. We give the account of her visit in Miss Edgarton's own language: —

"It was the delicious Indian summer, — everywhere beautiful, but thrice glorious when resting down upon the mountains and river scenery of Pennsylvania.

"We found Mrs. Scott much changed, even from the wasted appearance she presented two years before. Her health was quite poor; sometimes confining her to the house, and, at the best, subtracting much from the enjoyment of her rides and rambles. Nevertheless, we were much abroad, visiting her favorite haunts, riding on the rough mountain roads, exploring the sweet islands upon the bosom of the river, and realizing in full the dreams of previous years. We visited together the home of her childhood; and, as we stood by the banks of the Susquehanna, and looked up at the rugged Alleganies, that wall in that beautiful valley on either hand, or cast our eyes around upon the lovely islands, the swift mountain-streams, and the emerald meadows asleep in the bosom of the hills, she related in her glowing, piquant manner, the adventures, the gipseyings, and romantic dreams of her girlhood. These sylvan communings had a charm in them, never to be forgotten. They were held with the divinity at her own shrine, and before her own incense-breathing altars; for, to modify slightly the words of another —

'Her pen had linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some poet-dream.'

"We found all that was lovely in the poet, beautifully illustrated in the daily life of the woman. Genius was, with her, no glittering mirage, hovering over a barren and arid life; it was like the rainbow mist, uplifting itself from the bosom of a pure and fertilizing stream, and soaring up to heaven, in incense-wreaths too sweet to be wasted on an earthly shrine.

"We rambled with her through the mountain-passes, and bathed our brow in the silvery waters of her native valley; we stood with her by the bed of the dying, where, on her own sweet voice, the departing spirit was wafted up in triumph and rejoicing to the throne of the Father; we sat at her side through the simple family devotions that were wont to ascend from her own fireside; and, in all these varied scenes and acts, it is sufficient to say of her, that the POET and the WOMAN were scarcely different phases of the same pure, gentle, yet lofty and fervent SOUL; that the priestess wore into the Holy of Holies the same Urim and Thummim that dazzled the eyes of those who saw her only in the outer court of the Temple; and that, as of the Master she loved, so might it be said of this faithful servitor, that—

'In every act, in every thought,
She *lived* the precepts that she taught.'

"On our return to Massachusetts, we besought Mrs. Scott's company as far as Utica, New York, the residence of a mutual friend, in whose family we purposed visiting. Although very unwell, she was prevailed upon, by our entreaties, to undertake the journey. The route was delightful, through the villages of Athens, Owego, Ithica, across the Cayuga lake, by steamboat and by railroad from Auburn to Utica. We arrived safely; but the second day of our visit, Mrs. Scott was taken ill, and, for nearly a week, confined to her chamber. As soon as her strength would allow, we returned together to Pennsylvania; and, though fitter for her couch than for the confusion and fatigue of public travelling, her perception and enjoyment of the ludicrous were never more active than through the various adventures of this comfortless journey."

The following letter to Mr. and Mrs. G., written a few days after her arrival home, is full of the grateful love and care which Julia ever entertained toward her friends:—

"TOWANDA, *Oct.* 30, 1840.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER G.,—I have barely time, before the mail closes, to say to you that I arrived home safely, after a short but rather fatiguing journey, which, I trust, I bore with Christian fortitude. I found the house locked up, and husband on his way to Utica, which made me quite fidgety for a while; he returned, however, next day, having learned my passage at Owego. He missed me by taking the eastern side of the river, while I came down on the west. I have been quite sick, since my return, of irritation of lungs; but, by care and prudence, husband thinks I may be comfortable through the winter. These frailties, however, admonish me to work while the day lasts, for the night evidently draweth nigh.

"Dear Sarah left with brother Wilson, last Monday, for Owego, whence, he says, she started next morning on her way, in good health and spirits. Heaven bless her! She will visit you ere long, while I shall probably never see her again. Certain it is, I shall never look upon her *like* again.

"Are yourselves and all the dear children well,—I would give much to know,—and Dr. N. and family? How I love that good man. It was always my destiny to love doctors, and certainly good doctors deserve to be loved. I would give much for B.'s paintings this morning. I bear excitement much better than I did while with you.

"Well, time is getting limited to a few minutes. I am sure, my dear, kind friends, that I need not repeat to you how truly, gratefully, deeply, "I am yours,

"J. H. SCOTT.

"P. S.—You will certainly write me early,—do."

Her next letter is to Miss Edgarton, and is every way characteristic. It has, as usual, its tale of sickness and cares, but is full of genial affection, and betokens a nearer return to the old, glad, cheerful, almost gay spirit, than anything that had for a long time fallen from her pen. But the letter will speak for itself:—

"*December*, 1840.

"MY DEAR SARAH,—It seems we misunderstood each other relative to the order of writing. I expected to hear from you

immediately on your arrival in Clinton, and to *answer* your letter so that you should receive it in Utica. You can scarcely imagine how much trouble I had about you before I heard from you; I was so impressed with the certainty of your writing as soon as you reached Clinton. I felt quite certain you were sick, and of course through my means. The doctor ran and ran to the post-office day after day, and I fretted myself into fidgets; and had I not fortunately been taken quite sick again, so as to be frightened about myself, I know not what would have become of me. After you left me, I had no sort of help for four days, except David and Georgy, and was scarcely able to walk across the room. After that we got a girl from Sheshequin, and soon after her arrival I took to my bed for two weeks, and began to think I should never get out; but I grew so furious at being starved and frozen to death, — my girl used to look in upon me only once a day, — that I 'ran violently' down stairs one day, and have kept here ever since. I am really pretty well, now, for me, but am quite worn out with nursing George, who has been sick a week. We think he is out of danger now, as he has begun tearing the house down again. I am nearly through the sick list — have patience. The doctor is complaining of the worst cold he ever had; but he thinks he will muster courage enough to scribble a word in this sheet. You will understand it as a mark of *peculiar* esteem, for I do not think I have another correspondent for whom he would make the wonderful effort. The truth is, I am a little jealous of you. I hope you will marry before my decease, for I do not believe my threatening to haunt him afterwards would prevent his *trying* to 'seize and carry you off.'

"What a dreary jaunt you must have had of it to Madison! Ludicrous as was your account of it, I could not laugh, for I could not forget that I was the cause. Wilson was very sorry, he said, when he found how the election went, that he had not continued on to Utica. He inquires for you every time he comes here, and he is not the only one, by several. * * * * A great stag has been roasted on the green in celebration of the Tip. victory. I think I must send you W 's account of it, under the head of Harrisonalia, in the last Banner. I seldom read such things, but I really think that is rather keen; it is certainly true.

"Then you had a very pleasant visit at Clinton. So pleasant,

I fear it has erased all memory of the little enjoyment you had while here. Well, I can only hope to do better when you come again. And how did your visit end at brother G.'s? Did you have an opportunity to present the *sugar* to C.? I am sorry I had you obliterate the 'sap,' since I learned what a May-pole he thinks me.

"Have you pleasant weather yet? This is a most lovely day, here. I ought to go and examine Mr. Kittle's portraits. I talk of sitting; so, when you get ready to bring out my poems, you can send your engravers on for a resemblance of the *remarkable woman*.

"Did you find everything right at home? I shall be very anxious to hear, and am sure you cannot have the heart to procrastinate. I think this letter will remind you of Malibran's Memoirs — you will have to read over a great many 'final scenes!' Did C. accompany you? or did the gizzard peelings cure him, so that he resumed his pastoral charge? I cannot help laughing, when I think what a lugubrious look he gave the disgusting medicine. Did L. still wear the union ring? I am suspicious one of H.'s deep, sparkling, long-winded yarns will beguile him of it as Delilah's caresses did the secret from Samson. Nevertheless, I never did a foolish thing with which I was better pleased in my life. Did you see Dr. N. again? I have a great deal of his medicine on hand yet, and intend taking it all, out of pure affection for the man, much as I hate medicine.

"What a sweet spot you have made of the Isle of the Susquehanna. Ah! we are very grateful to you for it. D. was quite in ecstasies at your allusion to him; he tried to look indifferent while reading it, knowing I was watching him; but pleasure would streak down the corners of his mouth in spite of everything, and, of all the talented persons in the world, he thinks you are the most talent*ful*, as R. has it. *My* article he does not deign to notice. I told him that he and *Mrs. B.* agreed perfectly. * * * *

"If you should see a little article in the Union about the Fairy Isle, I beg you will not take a close peep at it. It sounded so unharmonious after reading yours, although suggested by it, that I had half a mind to suppress it. Indeed, I must practise a little, or I shall lose sight of you.

"Georgy sends you a world of love. I read him a bit of your

letter every day, and the little rogue laughs till his eyes go out of sight. It is where you say 'Give my love to little Georgy;' and I always add, 'Kiss little Georgy for me.' He is growing handsome fast, and I begin to think him quite a little Cupid, in his jockey-cap. Well, I don't know but I shall run on forever, and it will not do, for your room must be put to rights for Clara. Ah! it makes me quite melancholy to go to your room, I miss you so very much, my dear friend. God grant this letter may find you well and happy, though not quite forgetful of some affectionate friends, 'far awa'.' God forever bless you, dear, and bring us together once more on earth. Farewell.

"JULIA."

Alas! the gay sunshine soon passed away forever; a dangerous illness again intervened, and a gap of many weeks occurs in the correspondence. But amid all the sadness and sufferings of now permanent prostration, the bright wings of that sweet "angel of light," Religion, ever hovered smilingly, soothingly over her. But her own words tell the tale far better: —

"*January*, 1841.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter was very gladly received, although I was not permitted to read it. The doctor, however, made known to me the contents, which interested me deeply, for I knew not before whether you had reached home. I have the old story to tell of sickness. Have been confined ever since New-Year's to my bed, until within three or four days. Sit up a little, but am very weak. Took a severe cold — settled on my lungs — attended with fever, and the greatest nervous derangement I ever knew. In a word, I have been *very* sick, much worse than when in Utica; and have about done looking for even comfortable health in this sickly world more. Everything has a bilious, consumptive look to me, except religion. No shadows, thank God! can ever darken the face of that angel of light. Her smiles are ever upon us.

"I regret to tell you that my mind is wearing out with my body. I think I must give up mental efforts entirely for a time, I feel so very languid. I enjoy reading well as ever, when they will let me use my eyes; but the thought of originating, myself, is exceedingly annoying. What, you will say, then, is to be done

with your leaf in the 'Rose?' Ah! my dear, I know not. You will, I fear, have to let me off entirely, or at least give me some months, unless a change comes over me soon. I have attempted several pencil sketches in bed, but my ideas seemed but a curdled and colorless mass, and I gave over. I had written some dozen articles for various papers, but my nerves were even then so prostrated, that my sketches read very stupid.

"'My days are in the yellow leaf.' That reminds me that my friend, E. W. M., made me a New-Year's present of Halleck's splendid Byron. I am deeply in love with the noble bard's deep, dark eyes; but what business has Guiccioli in it? I think I shall tear her out. His 'Detached Thoughts' have interested me deeply. I think Byron much more entitled to the world's admiration than Napoleon. The latter I have learned almost to detest, and I am satisfied the twenty-second century will class him with Nero. What do you think of 'Byron' for the name of an article for the 'Rose,' if I am able to write anything? I should hardly dare be enthusiastic in praise of the author of 'Don Juan,' and yet it seems as if I could almost be eloquent in admiration of his poetical sublimity. O, is not he great? I feel like the veriest insect, when reading Mazeppa and Childe Harold. The former absolutely makes me dizzy; the latter crushes me into the meanest insignificance.

"I have, this evening, received a pretty letter from Mrs. C., which I shall try soon to answer. I am very much obliged to *you*, for I am sure your kindness must have obtained for me this favor.

"I see, by brother G.'s paper, that you have dedicated your beautiful stories to me. Thank you, my dear, a thousand times. Be assured that I feel the kindness and honor deeply. 'I am not all forgot.' I shall try very hard to obtain the work. I hope it is prettily got up; the Minister's Wife should be done in gold. How I wish I could write stories like you! but my ink will not turn to pearls! it *will* run on, a muddy pool, spite of all I can do. Your journey I find interests everybody, as it should do. Do you think Mrs. S. will really publish her poetry? — and you advise me to do the same. Sarah, Sarah! don't advise me to a foolish thing. Our booksellers' shelves are already loaded with *mediocre* poetry, and never, — till I have written something that will do me more credit than anything I have *yet* written, — shall

my scribblings go into a book. If I should die before this happens, I should hope there would be those who cared enough for me to get my scraps together and send out a small edition, enough for my particular friends. I have very few things in my possession — no MSS., and my health will not warrant me in collecting, copying, revising, etc.; and, indeed, I don't know that I should care to do it under any circumstances. Were I sure Georgy would grow up, perhaps ——. He is very well, but don't talk yet. The little rogue! how I love him! I think he will make a great man. — don't you? I wish I had called him Washington, or Lafayette.

"Mr. Kittle has given the doctor a capital portrait. Mine is still in *dishabille*. He has thrown one aside, and is in doubt whether the second will be anything of a likeness. The poor man does me the honor to say that I have a most extraordinary face — quite chameleon-like — and sums up the whole by declaring that I *wear too much soul* to be painted; just like Henry Clay! Is n't that good? People shall not see me without a fee after this!

"I did not think to make this letter half as long; but I have run on, and all about myself, I guess. I durst not look back. I made myself entirely down writing to —— yesterday. We have formed a little church in Sheshequin, and several are opposed to it. I have had a world of trouble about it. As I helped the matter on, they are displeased with me; but that I should not care for, if they could be brought into the measure at last. O, if some influential brother at the East could be persuaded to write some strong articles in favor of church-organization and the Eucharist, and would send me the papers containing them, that I might show them to these people, how happy should I be. If you were with them, I would beg you to get Father Ballou, or H. Ballou, 2d, to do it. This trouble lies at my heart's core. I cannot tell you all. Adieu. Your own

"JULIA."

Happy was it indeed for Mrs. Scott that, amid all her trials and sufferings, the comforter was still near, on her right hand and on her left; never once forsaking her, and making even her narrow couch and lonely fireside brighter to her than are the halls of mirth to the healthful and the gay.

"The young people are very gay about town this winter," she writes; "they are sleighing almost continually. I am glad to see them so happy, but do not envy them. I also have sources of happiness which they dream not of. My joy and trust are in *One* who doeth all things well. The Lord will do as he sees fit; and, whether I live or die, I feel that I am his. How could I bear all that I have to, if I did not thus feel!"

Her love for literature still remained, and some of her finest, most elevated productions were composed during this winter and the brief period of perpetual illness intervening between that and her death. She had formed plans for other works also, which were, alas! never to be carried into execution. Her interest in her friends and their successes seemed to grow warmer and more earnest as life slowly ebbed away.

"I hope you are contributing many good things for Sarah's 'Rose.' Poor girl! she has a world of cares on her hands, but she has her reward. I have a few things in reserve for her, in case she *can't* do better; but they do not suit me at all. I never was in a more miserable vein for writing; and, to add to the difficulty, I have lately reperused Byron from beginning to end, and it makes me feel so perfectly insignificant, so insect-like, that I shall not, for some time, have the courage to attempt anything.

"Sarah has written," she writes Mr. G., "forbidding me to send an article on Byron as I proposed to, saying she expected one from you about Burns, and she is afraid the 'unco gude' will cavil at seeing two such bad characters eulogized in her book. She is probably right; but you see it is paying you a very pretty compliment to reject mine instead of yours. I am not sorry, however, for I had only two verses written, which I will give you as an offset to your Album piece, which is really beautiful. For the *angelic* compliment it contains, I sincerely thank you, both for Sarah and myself. But here is

"BYRON.

"Byron! what name doth thrill
Poetic hearts like thine? thou crowned king
Of the eternal hill,

On whose bright top Fame folds her weary wing,
And gazes from those glittering peaks of snow
On the pale thousands toiling up below!

"Thy realm 's the human mind;
Through whose dark void thy pen's 'live thunder leaps,'
Making th' unused eye blind
With its quick flashes, till it starts and weeps,
And owns thee sovereign of each secret thought,
And master of a harp before untaught!"

"There, is it not a pity such a smart thing should be nipped in the bud? I really did intend to make it what those who patter French would call my *chef-d'œuvre;* but I shall now probably never finish it."

Writing of almost all kinds was at this time found to be so extremely prejudicial to her health, as to receive a positive interdiction from her husband.

"I had written the first page of a letter to you," she writes another friend in March, "when my husband came in, and *commanded* me to desist. Don't you pity me, my dear Mrs. C., for being under the control of such an arbitrary being? Perhaps you will not when I tell you the cause of such an 'abuse of power.' I was just beginning to sit up a very little for the first time since New-Year's, and, such was my nervous excitement, that my husband felt satisfied, he said, that to write *you* a letter, at such a time, would undo me. But he quieted me by saying I might go to bed and solace myself with the composition of one of my 'baby stories;' the name by which he dignifies my scraps in the Union, over 'Juliet.' Indeed, the composition of these, and similar articles, has been nearly my entire resource for amusement this long sick winter. I am absolutely forbidden to entertain for a moment a sensible or exciting thought, much less to fatigue myself by transferring them to paper. So, my dear Mrs. C., if you should hear any of my friends speak of my lucubrations as particularly flat, pray inform them that Mrs. Scott is not permitted to write as smartly as she can; like Mr. Holmes, of mirth-moving memory, who, after he had killed his servant with laughter, never dared to write again 'as funny as he could.'"

The powers of life once more rallied for a little while, and she attempted a prose article, — a tale, for the "Rose," — but was never able to complete it. She writes her friend: —

"*April*, 1841.

"Dear Sarah, — I was intending to finish, nearly, to-day, the prose article I promised you; but the doctor has forbidden my touching it. The truth is, I am strangely threatened with some brain difficulty. I thought, last night, what little sense I have was fast leaving me; and, as I won't have the nape of my neck blistered, he can only revenge himself by trying to keep me stupid — an unnecessary caution, one would think. But it does not require effort to write you, you are so kind in letting me scrawl off things in my own heedless way. All my scribbling has now to be done in my lap, with George to give the pauses. So do exert your usual lenity, for my side obliges me to sit upright, and my head can't be bent at all. But a truce to complaints.

"I am afraid the prose I have for you will be too long. I have taken some pains with it so far, and shall, if able, re-copy it; but it may be some time first, judging from my present situation. 'Tis not really a story — but intended to illustrate, by a kind of biography, the falseness of the doctrine of hereditary obtuseness; also the insufficiency of everything to produce happiness, save Christianity. The first part is somewhat humorous, by way of variety; the latter intended to be elevated, according to the simple sublimities of the Gospel. Nothing new, you see. I have christened it, 'The Dweller Apart,' and the heroine is Kate Scranton. I see you are horrified at the name; but, remember, she is of a wretched family. Write soon, and tell me whether you *really* want an article of this character and length. *Always*, dear Sarah, *deal frankly* with me in these things. I shall love you the better. I think *I* shall like it, after copying it again, but cannot answer for others.

"I had a letter from A. B. G. the other day. He strongly urges the immediate publication of nearly all I have ever written; and says he will edit the work himself, if I can get no one else. I hardly know what to think. I am afraid you and he together will make me do a foolish thing. I can hardly resist you combined — separate, I think I might. If you were only near, with your advice and assistance, I don't know but I might undertake it. 'T will be a task to get my scraps together, and

correct them. O, that you lived near! I should have so much advice to beg about what to publish and what to suppress. I know there is much G. would be for publishing, that I, and perhaps *you*, would suppress. If, after I get them in publishing form, you could look them over; but I see no possible way. Well, let it go now. The book would be as new to me as to any one, for I really know not what I have written, but fear little that any save friendship would care to preserve. * * * As usual, I have neglected saying much I wished to, — Transcendentalism, — "The Future," — etc. etc. Good-by, — good-by.

"JULIA."

We now approach a delicate subject; which, were it not for a most grave and widely extended misapprehension abroad in the minds of our denomination, and one, too, that has deeply wounded some of the kindest and gentlest hearts that beat in human bosoms, we would not advert to. It is, that the story of Kate Scranton is but the disguised personal history of its author. This impression was, probably, produced by a paragraph contained in the preface to the fourth volume of the Rose of Sharon, the volume in which the story alluded to was published. The paragraph is as follows: —

"We regret the unavoidable omission of an editorial article entitled 'KATE SCRANTON AND HER ORIGINAL,' the design of which was to point out the strong points of likeness in the characters of 'The Dweller Apart' and the lamented author. We believe it would have thrown an increased interest around the latest work of her pen to have been told what a truthful and beautiful portraiture of her own nature is given in the history of poor Kate."

Never, we venture most solemnly to declare, did Miss Edgarton for a moment so much as dream that any one would ever extort from this passage the idea that the story was a *history* of its author, as nothing could have been further from her intention than to make an assertion of that kind, and, we add, nothing could have been more false in fact. It was the

likeness between the *characters* of Kate Scranton and her author that she intended to point out, *not* between their *personal histories;* a likeness, no doubt, intentionally given by the author, and one that most certainly existed. But, between the coarse, vulgar, ignorant mother of Kate, and the refined, lady-like, intelligent mother of Julia, is a *dis*similarity, wide as could well be imagined. The haunts of the childhood of each were the same, for Julia, in her story, described what long years of familiarity had forever painted upon her memory; but beyond this no similarity exists.

Had the article by Miss Edgarton, explanatory of these things, been, as was designed, inserted in the "Rose," this misapprehension could never have arisen; for in it the author, after pointing out the various similarities of character and scenery, distinctly says, "But, beyond these resemblances, let no one trace out history in poor Kate's life. Mrs. Scott was, fortunately, an exempt from the social miseries that fell so darkly upon the lot of the 'Dweller Apart.' Her early home was one of neatness, kindness and comfort, — her later one brightened by the most devoted and unwavering love, the gentlest and most affectionate sympathy." In her memoir of Mrs. Scott, also, she speaks of both her parents as being "fully capable of understanding 'the vision and faculty divine.'" To this we would add, that while Kate did not look like any of her family, Julia bore a very marked and striking resemblance to her mother; a resemblance even now strikingly apparent in that venerable parent, whose large, dark eyes still look out from her refined, sweet face with the same mournful tenderness of expression so peculiarly characteristic of Julia's. She is, indeed, one whom you could not see for an hour without the feeling that you could take her to your heart forever.

We trust we have now said enough to remove forever the erroneous impression, so inadvertently given, and to convince all that the parents of Julia are as remarkable for native

refinement, intelligence and kindness, as were those of Kate for vulgarity, ignorance and brutality.

* * * * * *

Through all the seasons of sickness and suffering, now almost constant, the progress of Julia in the Christian walk was steady and marked. Of this she herself was humbly conscious, as is evident from the last entry ever made in her journal by her own hand: —

"It is now nearly a year since my last entry was made, and it may be that length of time before I make another.

"For the past year I have had much poor health, and consequent low spirits; have taken one journey in the time, and enjoyed much happiness at home; think I have made some advances in religion — I mean that of the heart; think really I am some better than I was a year ago, though still led astray; can control my passions better, and am better guarded against besetting sins. God be blest!"

The following letter, written not many weeks later than the preceding extract, is a very sacred memento; not only as the last thing ever penned by that hand, which had, for so many years, been active in the utterance of all that is true and noble in woman's heart, but as containing her last, dearest, most affecting expression of love to her friend, and her last solemn injunction. Tremulous and feeble, and often scarcely legible, how precious must have been every little line to that friend!

"Dear Sarah, — Although forbidden to write *anything*, I cannot forbear scribbling a few words to tell you how very, *very* happy I was in the receipt of your kind letter. But that I knew you were busy, I should have wondered at your silence; your letter, however, was good enough to make amends for the time. This, of course, cannot be a reply to it, as I take advantage of my husband's absence to write. He watches me like a kite. I have not written a word since I wrote you except a pencil line to P. P. I think you have guessed by this time that I am pretty

nearly sick. I am, indeed, miserable enough; have thrown aside every kind of employment, even reading to a great extent. I have had a physician from abroad, to visit me once, in whom I have considerable confidence. He holds out to me a faint prospect of health after a six months' course of medicine, though I am informed that he has told some of my friends that he considers my case almost hopeless. My husband, however, is much more sanguine, and will not hear me say a word about dying — which is natural, you know. I wish to have no will but the Lord's.

"While on the subject of my health let me say a few things which I may never be able to say to you again. I care very little, at present, about the publication of my writings. But, should I go hence without accomplishing that object, I would be glad that you should get them together in a suitable form, and, after defraying the expenses of publication, and remunerating yourself for the great trouble it will be to you, from the proceeds of the sale, [should it be so fortunate as to sell,] to appropriate the remainder to the education of my dear child; in case of his death, to the advancement of the cause of Impartial Grace, in any way which yourself, Brs. T., G. and P. shall think proper. To you alone do I delegate the power of arranging, altering, suppressing my articles, with the advice of the others, or of Br. T., if you like. I know your judgment and feeling for me will be a sufficient guide in the matter, and I am not afraid to trust all I have ever written in your hands; knowing that you will let nothing see the light which I should, in a cool moment, disapprove; and I have written many such things.

"When you write to Brothers G., T., T. and Mrs. C., give my warmest, dearest love to them. I could not bear the thought of being forgotten by those persons when I am gone; and you, Sarah! — but I am too selfish, too foolish.

"This has been a season of peculiar gloom in our village, Death has been so busy!

" * * I have so much to say which I must not. My story! I am so sorry, — 't is about half finished. There is but one way. If you can get nothing in its place, and think it will be easier to finish this than to write another, I will try and sketch the remainder of the plan, and send it on for you to fill. If you can get along without it, however, I think you had better, for I am

afraid it will not answer your expectations. Indeed, I feel quite sure, I was so nervous when I wrote it. I will try and have D. get M. to illustrate your 'Highlands' — he has lived at West Point. I anticipate a great treat when that book comes out, if I live. I have lent the last volume until it is nearly worn out. Your articles are unusually admired, at which I am not surprised. * * I am greatly pleased with the 'Christian Graces' — they, also, will come out in book-form, will they not?

"My message to those brethren, Sarah; perhaps it may appear a little too warm; yet, the thought of death makes it seem as if no language could be too strong to express my feelings towards those whom I love. You may remember me to them as you think proper. If you have not yet written to Br. G., please state to him my situation as an excuse for not answering his last dear, warm-hearted letter, for which, tell him, he has my deepest gratitude. Another thought, — I have sometimes thought you a little jealous of his influence over me. That should not be, dearest, for, though I love him very much, I assure you, — it is too foolish to write it, — 'thou knowest that I love *thee*'!

"But I am exhausted. You will not neglect to write me, dearest friend! If I get *a great deal worse*, D. shall inform you; if better, I will write myself. Love to your whole family. Farewell. May God forever bless you.

"Your affectionate

"JULIA."

There is little more to be learned of the inner life of Julia, for this letter was the last effort of her pen. The few remaining records of her life must be gathered from the hand of others. As she grew weaker in body the old feelings of her youth seemed to revive, and a yearning, strong as death, came over her to visit the old romantic haunts of those young days once more. She talked of it incessantly, and with an earnestness almost painful to hear. The last poem from her pen, called "Sick-Bed Fancies," written just previous to her last letter, is full of these yearning desires, and is a rich, full echo of that harp whose strings were so soon to be broken. She herself spoke of it as an "expression of the half-delirious fancies of an invalid." "It re-

calls," so writes her friend Rhoda, "painfully to the minds of some of her near friends the sentiments she had expressed to them; the desires, the longings she felt to go forth where she might be amid the wildness of Nature; to go forth in freedom among the wildwoods and upon the mountains, and to wander along the banks of her 'native river.' Perhaps it may interest you," she continues, "to know that she often expressed these longing, intense desires to me. I spent a few days with her, in the early part of May, before her journey into Virginia, — whither her husband proposed to carry her, in the fond hope that a summer spent at one of its mineral springs would restore her to health, — and, while I was with her, she talked a great deal about it. It seemed as if her soul thirsted for this free communion with Nature. She was at this time very feeble, but she went out once into her flower-garden. Her steps were faltering, and, I think, she had to lean on her husband for support, to accomplish this little effort."

Her longings to retrace the paths of her early rambles were never answered, but the projected visit to Virginia was made. An account of this journey, and of the few remaining months of her life, as well as of her death, is gathered from her husband's letters to Miss Edgarton and Mr. Grosh. The following, dated Towanda, Jan., 1842, is to Miss Edgarton, and we copy it entire from her book: —

"Julia suffered much, very much, during last winter. She was some better in the first of the summer — able to ride out some, — but still her throat and lungs were very much irritated. A treatise on the medicinal properties of the Red Sulphur Springs of Virginia fell into my hands. I found that, if true, it would meet her case fully. The water is celebrated for its control over the arterial and nervous systems; reducing the force and frequency of the former, in many cases, in an astonishing degree, and quieting the latter, so that you would, in the language of one who spoke from experience, 'sleep like a log.' We started in the early part of July, with Mrs. S., in a carriage,

and, after a drive of fifteen days, reached our place of destination. Through the lower part of this state we found ripe cherries, and in Virginia, blackberries, in great abundance. Mrs. T., who had been afflicted with scrofula many years, was in the habit of eating fruit as a medicine. Julia had been dieting for months, but, notwithstanding my remonstrances, they both ate to excess. This, together with bad water, deranged their systems, and when we reached the springs they were both sick, and, for a few days, alarmingly so. Julia's system was so much weakened that she has not yet recovered from the effects. I nursed them, and in the course of a week considered them nearly well. Julia's pulse, which had ranged from one hundred and ten to a hundred and twenty, was down to about eighty-five or ninety, and she rested well nights. In this flattering condition I left her, to go back three days' ride to see a favorite and valuable horse, one of a span I had purchased for the journey, which I had been obliged to leave to recover from an injury. * * * When I left I told Julia, if she needed medicine, to call on Dr. ———, to whom I had letters, and who had been in the habit of calling daily. She needed medicine, and the Doctor volunteered to prescribe. She first told him what she could not take, owing to idiosyncrasy, and mentioned opium particularly; but he, being an old practitioner, and somewhat opinionated, persisted, without her knowledge, in giving her opium. She had taken it about a week, and all the while getting rapidly worse; when I returned she was in a wretched state; chills and fever twice in twenty-four hours, — in short, with all the symptoms of confirmed consumption. * * *

"Julia's system was too much unhinged to be benefited by the water. I tried in vain to get her under the influence of it again. In addition to her other difficulties, she had paroxysms of difficulty of breathing in the middle of the day, which were much increased by the great elevation of the springs [some three thousand three hundred feet]. We were between two high parallel mountains, the valley only eight or ten rods wide. The sun shone only in the middle of the day, — morning and evening cool, and very hot at noon-day. Here was another very serious objection; sensitive as her system was, it could not adapt itself to these changes — delightful to some, but injurious to her. I combated the difficulty as long as it was prudent, in hope to get

her system balanced again. After remaining something less than four weeks, we started, with three dozen bottles of the water, for the valley of Virginia, where the elevation is much less, and the temperature more uniform and mild. Julia's health improving some, we diverged, and visited the Natural Bridge. If I had not been reading 'Stephens' Travels,' I should say 'magnificent!' but as he has 'used up' that word, I can give no description, — nor do I think any one can do it justice. It must be seen to be understood. Julia, with my assistance, got down two hundred feet to the bed of the stream, and went under the arch, and got back, with the aid of three persons and a chair. She has a very ludicrous anecdote, connected with that excursion, to tell you when you meet again. From the bridge, or rather from Staunton, we again went out of our route to visit Wyer's Cave, also one of the great natural curiosities of our country. Julia was unable to go into the cave, the entrance being half way up the mountain, and several flights of stairs to ascend and descend in the cave. * * * After we left this place, Julia was anxious to come the nearest and quickest way home. She felt uneasy about George, and was very anxious to see him. We reached home in nineteen days; Julia improved in health, but still unable to take any exercise except in a carriage.

"In October we went to Mr. Shepard's, three miles above Athens, for Julia to sit for her portrait to Mr. Mount, of New York, who was there recruiting his health, and making pencil sketches. He was unwilling to leave his family, and the room and light he was accustomed to, to come here, but was anxious she should go up. Having known her when in health, he thought he could give a good likeness, and he succeeded admirably, not only in the likeness, but he made a beautiful picture. We value it the more, perhaps, from the circumstance that two unsuccessful attempts were made by an artist before we went South. Julia was worn out sitting, and the artist gave up in despair. He said her countenance was constantly changing. He could no sooner get one expression in his mind than another would chase it out.

"Since we returned, Julia has not been out of the house, and I believe not out of her room. For months she has had a distressing cough, with copious expectoration, profuse night-sweats,

hectic fever, — in short, what every one, myself excepted, said was confirmed consumption; with the nervous system in the most sensitive, excitable state imaginable. You will discover that I had something to do. I found that she could not live and see company. She pleaded for a few — for a while they were admitted. At length, I shut her up, and suffered her to see no one but the person who makes her bed. She at length began to improve, with the aid of powerful medicines and my nursing, of course. * * * *

"Julia has a fund of anecdote, incidents, etc., for the Repository, picked up on our journey; but I am in hopes to be able to drive that, together with every thought, wish, etc., out of her head, in order to hasten convalescence. If she had any other mind, or a body capable of resisting the 'wear and tear,' or if I could keep her perfectly imbecile for a month, I should have no fear of the result. As it is, I am obliged to administer powerful narcotics to keep the system sufficiently balanced to be compatible with life."

The winter went nearly by, and a season of hope came — delusive indeed — but one fondly nursed for a time. Julia was evidently improved; her spirits good, her appetite returned, and everything promising a renewal of health; when one day, during the temporary absence from the house of Dr. Scott, a large package of books was received from a friend in Boston, Mr. T. Her sister, who was with her, "ran eagerly and thoughtlessly into the room with them, and, when I returned," — the Dr. continues to another friend, — "they were distributed about the bed, and Julia nearly overcome with excitement and fatigue. Half an hour after, she told me that she had not yet drawn a breath." From that time she failed rapidly; her difficulty of breathing returned with tenfold power, and in four days the last great struggle was over.

"Julia died last evening," he continues, "March 5th, 1842, at 7 o'clock, as she had often wished, easily and quietly, without a struggle or a groan. The most of her time for ten days before her death was spent in communion with her God. She told me yesterday that she had strength given her to pass the preceding

night, and it was passed happily. I am alone in the room with her. She looks calmly, serenely beautiful. * * * *

"During that night, she fancied she saw — and it amounted to a firm conviction with her — her little daughter wading about in a limpid stream with pebbly bottom, with beautiful flowers in her hands. She told me of it in the morning, and it seemed a real, tangible thing to her. O! if I could realize it as she did, I should have no other wish than to arrange my temporal affairs, and go home to her."

The records of that life, so lovely in its morning, its noonday, and its evening, are now closed, and the sweet poet of Sheshequin sleeps.

"She lies buried" — so her well-loved friend beautifully closes her affectionate memoir — "by her own beautiful 'river of the hills,' with murmuring water, and singing birds, and the shifting shadows of spring-time, and summer, and gorgeous autumn over and around her grave. The pretty 'Isle of the Susquehanna,' forever hallowed by the tributes of her genius, lies nearly opposite — a miniature, in its beauty and gracefulness, of the ideal 'islands of the blest.' She hears not the bland winds that play with the long grass and the fallen leaves upon her grave; she knows not that the gay-plumed birds of summer flutter among the evergreen branches over her head; she is unconscious of the wild requiem sung by her native stream. Her black-eyed boy treads gently near her dust, but it feels not *now* the thrill of maternal love; the hand of widowed affection plants the grateful shade, and rears the memorial-stone, but no look of gratitude repays the kindly deed. Oh! it were bitter indeed to rest our reflections *here;* bitter to think that the unconsciousness of the sleeping dust is all that now remains. Thank God! we have faith, in her own beautiful words, that —

'Death is but
A kind and gentle servant, who unlocks
With noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door,
To show us those we love.'

A few words more and our task, so full of interest to us, though so imperfectly performed, is done. We are sure it

will be gratifying to our readers to learn that "Georgy," the child so dear to Mrs. Scott, still lives — a promising boy, now fourteen years of age; tall for his years, but apparently strong and healthy; fair and frank-looking, with the soft, dark eyes of his mother, whom he indeed every way strikingly resembles. May he live long, a blessing to his remaining parent, and an honor to that pious and beloved mother, who watches over him in heaven!

Before closing, we cannot forbear inserting the following affecting paragraph, which we find on the back of the last leaf torn for us from Julia's journal. It was written two or three years since by her mother, now more than seventy years of age. We trust no apology is necessary!

"BELOVED JULIA,—

'Thou art dead, yet speaketh.'

"This short journal, that thou commenced March 7th, 1840, I found at thy once happy dwelling. I have lately visited the dear, old mansion, — after a delay of eight long years, — where thou wert once the happy wife and mother. But I saw — not *thee*, Julia — but O! I saw thy little *son*, the *fac-simile* of thee as thou wert in thy childhood's days, a frail and feeble being, — too frail, I fear, to stay long in this wicked and selfish world. I saw many things in that home thou once didst *love* and cherish. There were musical and happy voices there, but they were not *thine*, Julia! No, but, blessed be God! there are kind and good *hearts* there, that thy dear son doth love. I slept in the same room in which I slept long years ago, when I was wont to visit thee there. My mind was absorbed in melancholy reflections on the past. Still I felt a calm and holy feeling, when I remembered how my prayers had mingled with thine in former times, and that we should meet ere long in that haven of rest, where parting will be no more. I am *talking to thee*, Julia, but thou hearest me not; and now, what time the *Lord* sees fit to let me stay in this cold world, I shall continue this weekly journal, which thou didst commence."

We subjoin two or three, from the many tributes offered to the memory of Mrs. Scott, which, we are sure, will not be

uninteresting to the reader. The first is from the pen of that dear friend who loved her so well in life, and who has since followed her to the "Land of Light."

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

BY SARAH C. EDGARTON.

"Sister, my soul's loved sister,
I have bidden thee farewell." — *Mrs. Scott.*

All things do call for thee!
I hear low breathings 'mid the bright spring-roses,
And tolling murmurs from the harebells blue;
And where the violet on the turf reposes,
Filling its urn-cup with the sparkling dew.
A soft lament, a wild and sweet deploring,
Calls for thy presence here amid the flowers, —
The early flowers, o'er which thy heart, adoring,
Poured forth its gladness in thy brighter hours —
All these do call for thee!

And more than these — ay, more!
Hearts that were linked to thine by strong affection,
Thy child's young voice in many a mournful cry,
They who have named thee, by the soul's election,
The brightest star that shone along our sky —
These call for thee in tones of thrilling sadness,
They woo thee back by many a burning tear —
O, 'midst the music of thy heart's deep gladness,
Canst thou in heaven their wild complainings hear,
Thou, who art past all grief?

Thou wert a priestess here;
In nature's temple, by her flower-wreathed altar,
Long hast thou ministered with gifts divine;
Thy heart hath been thy prayer-book and thy psalter,
And every lone, bright spot a sacred shrine.
Thy hymns — O, were they not, 'mid glen and mountain,
Called from thy heart by some resistless power?
Blending the music of the wildwood fountain
With the pure sweetness of the summer-flower?
Were they not, dearest friend?

Deep sank their fervent tones —
Deep in our heart of hearts, their praise descended,

And stirred up burning thoughts and holy love,
For, in their rich, impassioned strains were blended
A zeal and beauty sent thee from above.
No more to us shall those sweet strains be chanted —
Hushed is thy voice beside life's flowing stream —
Thou, who so long for clearer waters panted,
Hast found at last the beauty of thy dream —
The bright, eternal Fount!

We would not call thee thence —
We would not, bright one, though a dimness lieth
Along those pathways where thy smile hath shone —
For thou art now where beauty never dieth,
And shadows on the heart are never strewn.
Not all of thee, sweet friend, from earth hath perished,
Our *hearts* still keep thee, still they love thee well —
There are thy songs and gentle teachings cherished,
There shall the memory of thy goodness dwell —
For *good* thou wert, and *true!*

MRS. JULIA H. SCOTT.

BY REV. DAY K. LEE.

"Sweet angel, thou art with the ransomed daughters
Of our dear Lord, rejoicing in his sight:
Quenching thy soul's deep thirst in life's clear waters,
Crowned with the wreath whose flowers are bathed in light."
Mrs. Scott.

* * * * "And gentle forms drew near
And welcomed her to heaven." — *Miss Edgarton.*

Another spirit of entrancing song
Lifts holy anthems in our Father's palace!
One seraph more, communing with that throng,
Presses with radiant lips life's sweetest chalice!
The world's attractions, dear and bright to some,
Were dull to her — the skies contained her treasures, —
God's loveliest angel came and bore her home —
She drinketh from the river of his pleasures!

As some bright bird, just broke from wiry cell,
Against whose bars its struggling pinions fretted,
Soars o'er the rainbow's arch with notes that swell
More exquisite, more ravishing than ere 't was netted:

So that tired spirit burst these fleshly bands,
Rested her wings upon her angel's pinions,
Sprung warbling up to greener, sunnier lands,
And breathed her holiest songs in love's dominions.

To say I 'd pressed her hand, 't was ne'er for me —
To share her friendship it was not my gladness ;
'T was ne'er the blessing of these eyes to see
The form whose slumber wakes this note of sadness.
But O ! I weep for those who yet remain,
To know so bright a spirit hath ascended !
Fond of that lyre, enraptured of its strain,
I weep to hear its melodies are ended !

Who that is bathing in the living fire
Of that high faith which ne'er contracts nor wavers —
Who that hath heard the breathings of that lyre,
Which seemed the echoes of cherubic quavers —
Who that hath drunk those melodies that rose
Sweet as the murmur of celestial fountains,
Has not in fancy pictured her with those
Whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains !

Short years ago, in boyhood's rosy morn,
When Aspiration seemed its measure brimming,
Longing for joys that crown the spirit-born,
I heard the lays of life that she was hymning.
My soul was anchored high in courts of day,
I found the spring for which my heart was thirsting —
The veil of death and doubt was rent away,
And beams of heaven came on my vision bursting !

I 've dwelt afar, where western forests blow,
Where bright Elysium opens round the stranger ;
Where flowers of rosiest tint and perfume glow,
And prairie-choristers enchant the ranger ;
There, to that Eden of earth's loveliest things,
That sleeping harp hath sent forth many a number,
Lifting my soul on morn's eternal wings
To bowers where angel-warblings never slumber !

"That sleeping lyre," sang I. But wherefore this ?
Why say it sleeps, and that its sounds are dying ?
That palm-crowned minstrel in her home of bliss

Strikes it to notes of joy — while we are sighing !
She clasped it to her, on that angel's flight
Who bore her up to blessedness immortal ; —
Waking new music as some holier height
Of Zion's hill lifted a brighter portal !

The seraphs all had joy in fuller streams,
When her pure lips their symphonies were swelling ;
They 'll want her there while God's own glory beams,
And while the ransomed keep their starry dwelling,
To hymn the beauty of immortal mind,—
For, of that world, mind is the greatest splendor, —
Lift holier anthems as new bliss they find,
And drink new life as loftier praise they render.

For whom, then, should the warm affections bleed ?
For whom the tears gush from their fountains, burning ;
For us ! — our spirits have not yet been freed —
For us ! — our hearts 'gainst aching bands are yearning.
But hark ! that minstrel's warbling yet I hear,
Melt o'er my soul in sweet reverberation !
The hope she sings of shall my bosom cheer,
Till I have taken heavenly habitation.

TO A DEPARTED POETESS.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Thou art gone from our midst, gentle daughter of song,
And thy heart's thrilling music is o'er ;
We have heard thy last strain, as it floated along
And died on Eternity's shore !

Thou hast left us, sweet minstrel ! in sorrow and tears,
They have smoothed the green turf o'er thy breast,
Where thou, in the beauty and bloom of thy years,
Art laid down in silence to rest.

There 's a seat now left vacant, a dear, missing face,
In the circle around the home-hearth ;
And the dark wing of Sorrow broods over the place,
Once gladdened with innocent mirth !

Yet, say, hath thy lay ceased forever ? O, no !
O'er thy harp still thy spirit is bending :

And the strains which seemed those of an angel below,
With the soft notes of seraphs are blending !

And, oh ! we believe that thou dost not forget
To be round us, though hid from our sight —
That the love of thy spirit is true to us yet,
Though our own may be shrouded in night !

Yet, tell us ! stoop down from that star-lighted way
Which thy feet, ' 'mid the seraphim ' tread,
And say if Earth's ties o'er thy spirit have sway
In the bright land to which thou art fled :

O, come ! through our sleep let thy bright vision gleam,
And our bosoms shall cease to repine ;
While our spirits, entranced in some beautiful dream,
Shall mingle enraptured with thine !

Fare thee well, sweetest minstrel ! there 's many a heart
That pines thy dear image to see ;
There are fond eyes, that wept when they saw thee depart,
Still heavy with weeping for thee !

Fare thee well ! round thy name, which long shall endure,
While the lily and myrtle we twine ;
We will pray that our hearts may be ever as pure,
And our lives ever lovely as thine.

POEMS.

MARIE.

She sits beside a fountain in the midst
Of an unbroken forest. Overhead
The fragrant birch and elm have interlaced
Their sweet green leaves so thickly, that the sun
Turns back abashed. Close at her feet reclines
A shaggy mastiff, whose ungraceful neck
Her playful hand hath bound with forest flowers
And feathery brake, and whose affectionate eye
Watches her every movement with a glance
That seems almost intelligence: And she,
The young enchantress of this sylvan scene —
Is she not very beautiful? Her head
Is small and finely moulded, and her hair,
Released from the dark jewelled coif, falls down
In shining masses. In her fair, mild face,
So cherub-like in its serene repose,
Is that expression which doth make the charm
Of Titian's Madonnas. On her cheek, —
Where eloquent Feeling sometimes sends its waves
Like an o'erflowing river — is a tinge
The faintest and the purest of the race
That blooms but in the forest, and her lips
Wear the deep quiet smile which tells so well
Of happiness within.
Her eye is bent
Meekly but earnestly, upon the page
Of a soiled antique volume, and there is,
At times, a heavy moisture on their lids,

And a deep tremor of those rosy lips,
As she drinks in the words that seem to shake
Her inmost soul.
A little bird has perched
Upon a waving bough above her head,
And tries to woo her with his simple song;
A playful squirrel ventures from the cleft
Of an old broken tree, to rouse the ire
Of the o'er-watchful mastiff. The shrill jay
Breaks out in discord near her, and a fawn
Rushes through a dense thicket, in her sight,
Trailed by a baying hound. Yet heeds she not—
Her sense is lost—her whole soul is absorbed
In the old volume over which she bends.
What is the tale, sweet Marie, that can thus
Enchain thy buoyant spirit? 'Tis, perchance,
Of some frail, hapless maiden, doomed to pine
In unrequited love; or captive knight,
Kept in vile durance on a hostile shore,
Far from his friends and home. Such legends oft
Have wrung salt streams from young, romantic eyes,
And made the aged sigh.
That fair girl weeps
Thick anguished tears; and her bright cheek is blanched
Of an unwonted paleness; and large drops
Stand out amid the snowy pearls which bind
Her radiant brow. Anon, her small, white hands,
Where precious diamonds cast their sparkling glare,
Are clasped in frenzied bitterness, and lo!
Through her closed teeth she whispers hoarsely out—
"O, God! they crucified him!"
Thou mayst weep,
Sweet Jewish Marie! Woman e'er should weep
When she peruseth, in Heaven's holy book,
The story of the Cross. And O! not left
Without a witness is our blessed Lord,
When such pure spirits leave this tempting world
And seek the forest's holy solitude,
To read, to weep, to pray.

1840.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

Again she pressed her trembling lips upon
The cheek of her pale babe, and strove to hush
Its feeble wailings with her mournful voice;
Murmuring in low, soft tones, the holy psalms
Which she had loved so well in happier days —
Days that had left but their sweet memory
To soothe her now. The noonday sun came down,
With its accustomed brightness, through the leaves
Of the tall palm, and lingered on the brow
Of that fair dying child, as if to call
His pure young spirit from its darkened home;
And soft rich odors from the vales below
Came up, with their delicious breath, to cool
His parched and fevered lips.

What brought her there,
That young and lovely Hebrew, so aside
From the glad flowery paths of those whose forms
Were all too delicate to move in bowers
Less lovely than Engeddi's? Sure it was not
That the world's treasure (that which buyeth friends,
And meteth out the giddy cup of bliss,
To those who revel 'mid the dross of earth),
The burnished plate of Ophir had departed,
Leaving the wanderer cursed with poverty?
Ah, no; for her dark hair gleamed brightly forth
With precious stones and radiant pearls and gems,
Bright sparkling gems, of heaven's all-varying hues,
And her white arms were girt about with bands
Dazzling in their deep inwrought workmanship,
And silvery tassels decked her rich dark robe,
After the gorgeous manner of her tribe.

What brought her there, —
Alone, amid the hills of dark Judea,
With her young precious charge, and none to cheer
Her fainting spirits with affection's tone;
No hand to raise the famished sufferer from
Her wearied arms, or cool his raging thirst,

With the pure drops which she could never reach?
Where were the gay, the festive groups, in which
That fair-haired beauty moved, of late a star
Of the first magnitude; and he to whom
Her first pure love, her heart's deep troth was given—
The wedded of her soul, where, where was he?
Had he, too, left her in that trying hour,
To watch with curdling cheek the failing breath
Of her fair first-born son; to see him droop
And fade away, like a young spring flower,
Lacking nourishment, alone to close
His lifeless eyes, when death indeed should come,
And then in her deep hopelessness to bow
Her soul to its dark destiny and die?

A sound is heard,—
A sad, low, mournful sound,—and the dull wind
Is burdened with the rush of dying tones;
The long, shrill clash of sword with glittering sword,
Of sabre meeting sabre, the wild charge
Of raging chariots and the lengthened shout
Of fierce encounter, though so far away,
Break in discordant murmurs on the ear
Of Israel's pale daughter, and she turns
Her tearful eyes towards the red gleaming west,
Where still is seen, though wrapt in flame and smoke,
The far-famed temple of the living God,
Standing unmoved amid the general crash
Of falling towers, as if the spirit, which
Once deigned to dwell between the golden wings
Of the fair cherubims, yet lingered there,
To frown defiance on the unhallowed crew,
Whose hands had dared profane its holy shrine.
A smile is on the gazer's quivering lip,
And her dark eye flashes unwonted fire,
As its quick vision hails the holy site
Of that stern edifice, her nation's boast;
Forgotten now are the protracted ills
Which she hath suffered since her exile lone,
Hunger and thirst and cold, and deep fatigue,

And those dread scenes of blood and cruelty,
Wherewith man proves the love his bosom bears
To those whom God hath formed of dust the same.
Forgotten now the dark terrific hour,
When the shrill trumpet from the walls first gave
The signal of invasion, and there came,
Like an o'erwhelming deluge, hosts of men
In warlike guise, to raze the sacred gates
Of great Jerusalem. Forgotten is
Her beauteous home, in smouldering ruins laid,
Her murdered friends, decaying 'neath the piles
Of burning rubbish. Her young husband, too,
His last fond look, his last impressive words —
All, all have faded from her memory;
Forgot, absorbed in one all-kindling thought,
The thought of that high temple of the skies.
Backward she flings her rich, unbraided locks,
And raising aloft her weak and trembling hands,
The spirit of the chosen band of God
Breaks forth from her deep soul, in words like these:

"Away, ye men of Rome!
Think ye to trample down
The Temple, which our fathers reared,
The mighty of renown?

"Away, for lightnings dwell
Within its sacred vail,
Ay, and a voice, whose tones would make
Hearts of the stoutest quail.

"Desist, fierce men of war!
Nor dare, one moment, dare
Profane with heathen touch that shrine;
For holy things are there.

"Ah! ye may bathe your hands
In choicest Hebrew blood,
And desolate with fire the spot
Where our fair dwellings stood.

"And ye may fling your chain
Around our brave and free,

And lead our weeping daughters forth
To dread captivity.

"But never may ye bring
To earth, our heavenward tower;
Jehovah is its sentinel!
Rash men, ye lack the power.

"Hush, hush, my dying one!
For I would gaze once more
Upon that glorious dome, ere yet
My pilgrimage is o'er.

"How beautiful it stands,
Like a a proud spirit throwing
A lofty radiance o'er the field,
With shields and targets glowing!

"Most beautiful! O, would,
My child, that thy dim eyes
Might see how deeply grand looks down
That pillar of the skies!

"Firm as the moveless hills
My nation's hope, art thou;
Home of our holy statutes, none
Have power to harm thee now."

Exhausted drooped the wanderer's weary head,
Though her wan vision clung tenacious still
To its great idol, thinking some miracle
Would work, as formerly, deliverance sure.
Ay, and it did, but darkened sounds alone
Revealed what that deliverance was. She saw,
The Hebrew saw her last hope fade. She saw
The temple totter, fall, and heard the shriek
Of dying thousands, crushed beneath the weight
Of its red, glowing timbers. Then she thought
On Him who prophesied that not one stone
Should lie unturned in that polluted tower.
She thought on Him, the hated Nazarene;
And the truth flashed on her benighted mind,
That He indeed had been the promised Shiloh,

Her nation's King, and they had murdered him.
O! it was agony! and in despair
She sank beside her lifeless child, and gave
Her spirit to its Maker!

A MORNING THOUGHT.*

And thou hast waked, while all around
Wrapt in forgetfulness have slept;
And thou hast watched while man was found
Unconscious who the vigils kept.
And when my heart, aroused from slumber,
Shall all its dearest thoughts renew,
Among the least, O, shall it number
The praises to thy goodness due?
No, Father! no! my orisons
As grateful incense shall arise;
A song of praise, a soft response,
To the sweet warbler of the skies.
For whence, but from thy bounteous hand,
Have our unnumbered comforts flowed?
Whose but thy goodness strewed the land,
With gifts so rich, so free bestowed?
The earthly parent, mindful till
The midnight tolls its solemn hour,
Droops o'er her charge and sinks at will
And owns of sleep the Lethean power.
But thine 's the eye that never sleeps;
Thy pitying eye that scans the whole,
And thine the hand that kindly keeps,
When dangers press and troubles roll.
A mother's love! — the tender vow
Of gratitude still gilds the name;
But thou, my Heavenly Father, Thou,
My deeper gratitude shalt claim.

1826.

* This and the three succeeding pieces were written between the ages of sixteen and seventeen.

INVOCATION.

Pass'd ye, unseen, to the home of the dead,
When the sun was gone down and the twilight was stealing,
Paused ye to gaze on their "green-curtained bed,"
And to weep? — The sad tribute and offspring of feeling.
Over the green graves the willow boughs sweep,
Through their slight tendrils the night-winds are breaking;
Coldly and darkly the lovely ones sleep —
The still dreamless sleep that is long ere the waking.
Flowers of the spring, ye arise in your brightness,
Tossing your beauty in pride and in lightness,
Ye heed not the lone ones your young buds are steeping
In tear-drops as pure as of evening's own weeping.

Winds of the night, ye retreat with a sigh!
How like your fleetness is man's fading glory!
'T was here in its bloom — it has withered — gone by;
And the trace that it left — but a name or a story.
Forms I have loved, though ye moulder in clay,
In the sweet recollections of childhood I meet you;
Ye of the locks of the silvery gray,
Still in my sleeping and waking I greet you.
Smiling ye seem as when fondly ye pressed me
To climb to the knees where so oft I did rest me,
When I in my recklessness plaited your tresses,
And ye in your kindness returned my caresses.

Hearts of the gay, ye are light in your joys,
Mine, like your own, has throbbed quick to their measure;
But come ye away from the town and its noise,
To the scenes that can soften and chasten our pleasure.
Come, see — where is all which was good and was fair?
Where is wisdom, worth, genius, and mirth's giddy allies?
Save the mound and the marble come trace to me where
They are more than the grass or the clods of the valleys.
Come weep — for the flower of the field is decaying,
The terror of man his proud sceptre is swaying;
But smile in your tears, for from dust and from gloom
Shall beauty arise and exult o'er the tomb.

February, 1827.

SERENADE.

Come in the moonlight hour, my love,
When all are hushed in sleep —
When stars are beaming bright above,
And spirits watch the deep.

I 'll meet thee at the tide-washed strand,
While tides are sinking low;
Our bark shall leave the yielding sand
For ocean's lofty flow.

We 'll ride upon the dusky wave,
And mark the dying light
That rises from the sailor's grave,
Beyond the bounds of sight.

Our boat will rive the foaming spray —
Our ears will catch the song
Of fairies, as, with mystic sway,
They drive the surge along.

And should the winds rush furiously,
And waves run mountains high,
Our magic barque would leave the sea,
And skim along the sky!

O, come! the hour is nigh, my love —
The world is hush'd to sleep;
The stars are clothed in light above,
And spirits watch the deep!

1847.

SONG OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

After the battle of Wyoming, a few of the surviving inhabitants fled northward, and took possession of a small, defenceless Indian village, situated on the east side of the Susquehanna. The few women and children of the place hastily retreated before them, and precipitately crossed the river. Two young girls, only, were seen lingering on the bank! and one of them leaning on the paddle of her canoe, was heard chanting, in the most melancholy voice, a song, the burthen of which is supposed to be the following: —

Father of mighty waters,
Forgettest thou thy daughters?

They of the raven hair,
The sunlit cheek, and eye
Of midnight's darkest dye,
And foot which passes by
Fleet as the mountain air?

The white man's hands are reeking—
Our steps his eye is seeking,
He hates our scattered race.
Our homes he's torn away—
Our forests prostrate lay,
And none are left to say
Where was our former place?

No pleasant morning breaketh,
Nor sky-bird's song awaketh
The brave ones from their sleep
The ball and glittering blade
Our sires and brothers laid
Far in the wildwood shade—
Where wild winds round them sweep.

Father of mighty waters!
Receive thy weeping daughters;
Speed us across thy waves,
Better the lone retreat
Where none but panthers meet,
Than that where haughty feet
Trample our humble graves!

1827.

THE VOW OF FRIENDSHIP.

O, 'T WAS a lovely midnight hour,
When nature's beauties noblest shine;
Dewdrops were glittering on the bower,
And pearly wreaths o'erhung the vine.

Yon towering trees, the loftiest
That waves upon the mountain high,
Shone purple through the gathering mist—
A phantom wrapt in cloudy sky.

And all seemed joy and all seemed love;
With thousand lays the forest rung;
The owlet and the mourning dove
With mingled voice their praises sung.

'T was in that hour, so pure and bright,
I vowed, my friend, a vow to you;
I vowed, by yon pale queen of night,
To love thee ever fond and true.

And think'st thou, when dark years are past,
And grief has prest this youthful brow,—
Think'st thou, though whirled in sorrow's blast,
I 'll then forget my sacred vow?

No! the pale moon may cease to light
The Susquehanna's brilliant wave;—
Yon stars may fall in dusky night
To cold annihilation's grave;

And birds may cease to fill the air;
Yon arch may burst of heavenly blue,
And perish all that's bright and fair,—
Yet still I 'll love thee fond and true.

1828.

FUNERAL DIRGE.

O, DEATH!—grim death!—unbar thy massive gates,
Thy victim waits;
Prepare the narrow, cold, sepulchral bed;
Raise the damp veil that shrouds the pallid head;
Receive thy dead!

Hushed be the wailing voice, unheard the groan,
Silent and lone;
Let noiseless hands the grassy mantle bear,
And nought that whispers to the midnight air,
Say she is there!

Her pilgrimage was sad, uncheered and dark;
Hope's early spark
Fell, like the early leaf, wasted and sear,

Leaving the heart to find its pillow drear
Beneath the bier.

Leave — leave the spot, for darkness veils the sky;
O, let her lie,
E'en as she wished, — unwèpt her early doom,
Unknown the humble mound, unmarked the tomb, —
Leave it in gloom!

Farewell, departed girl! thy memory,
To *one*, shall be
A dear, undying vision from above,
Bearing through death the olive, like the dove,
To realms of love.

1829.

A FRAGMENT.

Her hour had come —
And the long-cherished hope, that she might live,
Gave way before the startling change which crept
Over her wasting form. Scarce audible
Was now the feeble play of her low pulse,
And the short snatching breath gave token that
Her spirit's wings had plumed themselves for heaven!
Ah! how we loved that fair young creature there! —
Yes; fair she was, though Death's remorseless hand
Had scattered far, the morning hues which blend
So gracefully upon the cheek of youth;
And in their place, planted the loathsome
Symbols of the grave! Still she was lovely,
For a placid smile, like the soft moonlight
On some waveless lake, lingered about
Her pale, unmoving lips, as if her soul
Rejoiced that its enfranchisement drew near.
There was no sound in that dark curtained room,
Save the half-stifled sobs of her whose hopes
Were fast decaying with her only child.
Past was the hour when, in the wild agony
Of our despairing hearts, we vainly prayed
To Heaven, for her whose destiny was sealed.

Her last faint kiss had melted from our lips,
And the low farewell tones of her meek voice
Had passed away, like strains which gently fade
On the dull ear from the unechoing harp:
And now we sadly watched the fitful ray
Which gleamed around life's waning lamp, ere yet
'T was quite extinguished — and we strove to bow
Our heads submissive to the chastening hand
Which never smites, save in unerring kindness.

A knock was heard;
And a tall, aged man, with locks of snow,
Came in, and stood beside the shaded couch
Of our young friend. He took her hand and spake
Abruptly of life's closing scene, and asked
The dying girl if she had hopes of bliss.
Slowly her dark fringed lids unclosed, and light,
Pure as the ray that gilds the horizon's verge
At dawn of day, beamed from her speaking eyes.

Wistful she gazed upon his face, but soon,
With a sweet smile of fervent piety,
She raised her hands in confidence to heaven.
It would not do — this *holy* man could not
Behold the triumph of eternal love,
Nor brook the deep, warm gratitude which burst
From the pure altar of a heart which owned
No creed, save God's alone. With bitterest tone
He talked of carnal reason, carnal hopes,
Of man's depravity, of God's revenge,
And pictured scenes of never-ending woe
With earnestness, as if he *hoped* them true.
A flush passed o'er that pale young creature's brow,
And her roused spirit found its way in words: —
"O, hear'st thou this, most righteous God!" she cried,
"This blasphemy against thy holy name?
Yet, Father, yet, forgive his impious words: —
He ne'er has tasted thy redeeming love!
Forgive him —" and her pleading voice grew faint,
And she was numbered with the slumbering dead.

But there was one, the parent of that girl,
In whose lone, cheerless breast the shaft had lodged
In all the rankling hopelessness of grief!
She raved incessantly of death and hell,
And the dread tones of dire insanity
Came, ever after, from her broken heart!

1830.

THE GHOST OF THE NARROWS.

It is but proper to inform the gentle reader, that the events recorded in the follow ing lines may be relied on, as strict, unexaggerated truth — even as they were com municated to the writer; and that they are, also, of recent occurrence. If he be a true descendant of the ever-to-be-remembered New England Puritans, he will need no argument to convince him of supernatural agency. But, should he, peradventure, belong to that obstinate, heretical class of beings, who (we grieve to say) seem quite determined to be neither convinced nor refuted, but are in the daily habit of treating the theory of Ghosts, &c., with indignity, we refer him to Mr. ——, of ——, the redoubtable hero of our story, who will, probably, not only establish him firmly in the belief of their actual existence, but, mayhap, impart that *word of magic* which has hitherto proved such a powerful barrier to their dangerous designs.

'T was dark — and o'er the sleeping world,
Midnight her banner had unfurled;
The howling winds rose wild and high,
And clouds rolled darkling through the sky;
The moon threw down a casual light
Upon the snow-topt mountain height;
And stars flew by with arrow speed,
Like war-horse from the battle freed.

Winding the way, and dark the road
Which Reuben brave that evening trode:
It lay along a mountain rude —
The fairies' gateless solitude,
Where glen and brake, and briny dell
Sheltered the mystic asphodel,
And where in summer season grew,
The spell-bound *plantain*, *birch*, and *yew*.

Bold Reuben heeded not the storm, —
Courage alone could keep him warm, —
Nor cared he for the idle tales
Of gliding spirits 'mid the dales;

His was the heart of truest steel
That scorns in vulgar fears to deal;
His was the bold and dauntless look,
Which mortal eye could scarcely brook.
And it hath been for truth declared,
Our gallant hero would have dared
With nought but staff maintain a fight
'Gainst any haughty belted knight;
E'en he himself confessed it true —
He would have gained the victory too.

But to our tale — That night, in wrath,
Poured snow o'er Reuben's blinded path;
The varying winds moaned hoarsely by,
The stormy spirit's lullaby;
Its naked arms the pine-tree flung,
High in the air like phantoms hung,
The rough, unyielding, black, ribb'd oak
Groaned answer to the raven's croak,
And ominously on the ear
Came up the owlet's notes of fear.

Still sped our traveller fearless on,
To where a gurgling streamlet run —
A little brook which melting snow
Had caused in saucy pride to flow,
And with its boasting voice defy
The foot that fain would pass it by;
But Reuben's step is quick and sound,
He 'll clear the torrent at a bound.

Why starts our hero gaping back?
Why steals the color from his cheek?
Why from his staff his clenched hand slack,
And his pale lips essay to speak?
Why drips the cold sweat from his brow,
Like dew from chilly atmosphere?
Why shakes he like the aspen bough,
As if the bolts of death were near?

O! — ask not why — O! ask not why!
Behold! on yon protruding peak

A livid fire shoots up the sky
Its pale, unearthly, fitful streak!
And in that flame there writhes a form,
And o'er that form there hangs a shroud,
Like misty folds of April storm,
Which gather round the bursting cloud!
And there's a hood upon her head,
Of the deep sumach's crimson dye!
And ay! — her look is like the dead,
That in the ocean mouldering lie!
One foot rests on a dizzy crag,
Which hangs o'er the foaming waters deep,
Whose headlong waves remorseless drag
Their victim to his lasting sleep.
Her robe floats free along the air,
And as she sings her fearful lay,
The winds in murmurs disappear,
Alarmed at such dire melody!

THE GHOST'S SONG.

"Back! — back, base craven! go back to thy den,
Nor set thy foot on my path again!
Go back! — and boast of thy chivalrous deeds,
And eat of the bread on which vanity feeds.
Go back — or the hopes thou hast stored for the morrow
This night shall be scattered with wailing and sorrow!

"I have sailed o'er the lofty pyramid,
Where earth itself seemed nearly hid —
I have hovered o'er steeple, o'er tower and tree —
O'er sandy desert and flowery lea;
I have come o'er the land, I have come o'er the ocean,
In the scallopped air with the whirlwind's motion!

"O! — still is the voice of the wearying blast,
And a pensive shade o'er the world is cast!
O, silently wander the waters along,
Forgotten their murmurs, forgotten their song;
But thou, ere the dawn of another day,
Shalt be more forgetful, more senseless than they!

"Look down to the river, look up to the sky!
Their beauties shall never more gladden thine eye!
Thy farewell to home — give it forth to the air!
The hawk and the blackbird shall carry it there:
For the plans thou hast laid, and thy hopes of the morrow,
This night shall be scattered with wailing and sorrow."

As sinks the bitter threatening taunt,
When hurricanes have spent their breath,
So dies that spirit's maddening chant,
And all is calm and still as death!
The trees hug close their rustling leaves,
The waves cling stilly to the shore,
The tiny reed no longer weaves,
The snow-bird's chattering is o'er;
But O, that form darts swiftly down,
To where pale Reuben trembling lies;
Wild o'er his head her arms are thrown,
While fury sparkles in her eyes!

O, Reuben! — Reuben! — art thou like
The rest of thy exulting race,
Whose tongues alone can aim and strike,
While swords hang idle in their place?
Bear up, bold Reuben — nobly bear!
One thrust will break demoniac spell!
It may not be thy fate is there —
List to that deep, victorious yell.

What means it now? the scene is new —
A light is flashing o'er the water!
With shrieks the phantom downward flew,
Like Arthur's foiled, unfeeling daughter;
And that weird word which Reuben spake —
'T was like the charm by Merlin spoken,
When noble heart's blood steeped the brake,
And rusted on the lances broken!

Brave Reuben is an altered man,
His looks are humble and becoming;
You 'll never hear him boast or ban,
Nor wicked, witch-like sonnets humming.

And that green wood, so scathed for years,
Is blooming like the hills of Sharon!
The songster's nest again appears,
Again the jay and soaring heron.
The Village Clerk need never fear,
These dreadful powers hath Reuben shaken!
One word has closed a dark career,
Which mortal strength can ne'er awaken!

1830.

DEITY.

"And he was seen upon the wings of the wind. And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. And the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the earth were discovered."

He was seen on the wings of the rushing wind,
'Mid the vaults of the burning sky;
He uttered his voice, and the heavens shrunk back,
And the thick clouds hurried by!
He drew up the folding doors of night
With the waters of deepest gloom,
And he spread his pavilion round about,
Like a dark pall o'er a tomb!

The waves of the everlasting deep
With their haughty murmurs fled,
And the eye looked down on the startling depths
Of the ocean's flashing bed!
The earth gave forth, to the wondering sight,
The keys of this boundless sphere,
For the hand which had fashioned their mystery,
In its mightiness drew near!

Our God! our God! thou art terrible—
Thy greatness surpasseth thought!
And thou makest us feel, in our lowliness,
Like the worthless things of nought.
Yet—ah, our Father! how more than great
Must thy quenchless love have been,
When thou gavest thy pure One to redeem
Poor ruined man from sin!

1831.

"AND I BECAME A SCEPTIC."

And I became a sceptic then,
With blight and mildew on my soul—
A scorned, a hated thing of men,
A drug in life's enchanting bowl.
Ay! raise, dread memory, raise the veil
Which curtains up the wretched past;
Let others read the darkened tale
Of one on Error's billows cast!

Months followed months, and still unchanged
I hugged the vampire to my breast;
Still uncontrolled the demon ranged,
And, drop by drop, my heart's blood pressed!
I would have loosed his direful hold,
But that, alas! I had no power;
My flagging pulse waxed low and cold,
A torpor stole, from hour to hour,
Upon my senses; life became
A weary and a tasteless thing—
A funeral light, whose sickly flame
Glared ghastly on Night's ebon wing;
A ghost, 'mid sepulchres I trod,
Without *a hope*, *without a God!*

I placed me on an ancient hill,
Where all was beautifully fair;
I listened to each speaking rill,
And breathed the soft unconscious air.
Again, my earnest gaze I bent
On the sweet garnished face of earth,
And traced each striking lineament,
As I had erst, in days of mirth:
I saw the far-stretched azure peaks
Of caverned mountains, rising high,
As if to catch the gladsome streaks
Of sunlight, as they wandered by;
The beauteous trees were glistening there,
And flowers glanced o'er the streams below,

And ever on the whispering air
Ethereal music seemed to flow.
I turned to man — and then there rose
A deep ungovernable gush
Of passionate feeling. Ah! who knows
The warm heart's anguish, and the rush
Of bitter waters — when is seen
Deep intellect and wondrous thought;
And known, that soon the gifted one
Must perish, and return to nought?
I might have thought there was a God,
But that the voice of other years
Portrayed him with a vengeful rod,
A tyrant, drinking human tears.
I felt it could not, could not be —
There was no future — Death would keep
Its victim 'neath its loathsome key,
In one eternal, dreamless sleep!
And then I would, I *gladly* would
Have bargained lots with Earth's dull brood,
Or reptiles of the wilderness,
So it had brought unconsciousness!

But changed the scene. — My feverish hand
Lay on an icy-seeming brow,
And moonbeams fell, so soft and bland,
Upon my Helen's cheek of snow,
One would have thought some spirit strove
To light again life's wasted lamp,
And cause those marble lips to move.
Alas! their touch was chill and damp!
I saw that Death had set his seal
Upon the only living thing
For which my palsied heart might feel,
And in its latest moments cling.
The only tone that ever flung
Undying love upon my ear,
Had passed away — I knew that none
Cared for the stricken wanderer.

I did not weep — but when they laid
The careless clod upon her breast,
And — as I thought — in mockery prayed,
A sternness seized my heaving chest.
A curse forth from my parched lips went,
A phrensy fired my tortured brain,
Pale Reason from her throne was rent —
I henceforth knew nor joy nor pain!

For years, cold, miserable years,
I shared the maniac's usual lot;
Deriding taunts and brutal jeers
Were mine, although I felt them not.
At last, a soft, sweet ray of light,
Increasing in intensity,
Came o'er my dark bewildered sight,
Like sunshine o'er a boisterous sea.
I gazed around — all, all was new,
But all was beautiful and good;
And o'er my deluged hopes a true
And dove-like spirit seemed to brood.
I yielded to that blessèd spell,
All fraught with gushing tenderness,
And felt my morbid bosom swell
With deep, unutterable bliss.
He spake — *He*, called the Holy One —
He whispered to his erring child,
Not with the despot's angry tone;
No — all was love and mercy mild.
He carved his name in words of fire
Upon the tablets of my heart,
And bade my humble thoughts aspire
To that bright crown unwrought by art.
Nor would I give this priceless gem
For all the treasures earth could bring,
Were every leaf a diadem,
And could I be, of worlds, the king.
I *was* a sceptic — but the name
Hath perished. I am not the same.

1831.

GATHER NOT THE FLOWERS.

Gather ye — gather ye not the flowers
That glitter in pleasure's delusive bowers,
Nor trust to the smiles of the happy and gay —
Like the sunlight on water they vanish away.
They were here — they are gone, and their place is filled up
With a tear-drop, a sigh, and a withered rose-cup.

Place not your faith in the promise of *one*,
Though the tongue should declare in its holiest tone;
The earth is for change — and that vow will not last; —
Thou wilt wake to thyself, when the vision is past,
With thy fondest hope crushed and thy feelings flung back,
As drear and as waste as the Samiel's track.

But when — like myself — thou hast clasped in despair,
Thy last cherished phantom, and found it but air, —
When thy soul is all sadness, thy summer all gloom,
And the brightness of life wears the hue of the tomb, —
When the Angel of Peace seems with bitterness shod,
Give thy prayers *to thy Father*, thy *trust* to thy God!

1831.

THE IRISH EMIGRANTS.

They came o'er the waves of the blue mirrored sea,
To the land where the hearts of a people are free;
They came, for the voice of oppression rose high,
And the cry of the poor seemed to challenge the sky.

They came, the sad husband and wife by his side, —
The unwavering in heart whose affections were tried, —
And the bright rising sun bade them falter adieu
To their last native cliff, as it sunk from their view.

O, say not the soul of green Erin is sear! —
O, say not her eyes never melt with a tear!
'T is the galling of bondage — the strength of her chain —
That make her best feelings in darkness remain.

Our sails fluttered gayly the high masts among,
And the tones of our seamen in ecstasy rung;
Ah, well might our eyes glance with pleasure around,
For we knew the dear port where our vessel was bound.

Our thoughts travelled over the white-crested foam
To the deep welcome voice that would hail us at home,
And our spirits rushed wildly, as fancy portrayed
That bright cherished circle whose welfare we prayed.

But those children of Erin stood sadly the while,
Their eyes bending still towards their own emerald isle,
And that pale one clung close to her husband for stay,
As each bound of the ship bore them farther away.

She spoke not, nor wept — but that desolate look
Told a tale, which from childhood I never could brook,
And the long quivering sigh breathed a language more drear
Than the passion of words or the eloquent tear.

Alas! broken-hearted — how black to thy sight
Seemed the wide-tossing billow so fearfully bright;
How mournful the sound of the murmuring sea,
That left neither home nor a country to thee!

'T was thine to gaze back towards that ivy-crowned hearth,
The covert of childhood, the place of thy birth,
Where a lone aged mother in hopelessness knelt,
And poured forth to Heaven the sorrows she felt.

'T was thine to remember a brother's farewell —
The broken "God bless you," how bitter it fell! —
And to feel on thy lip the last perishing kiss
Of a fair worshipped sister and partner of bliss.

But the thought of thy country, — that heaviest thought,
Of a lofty-souled people to slavery brought, —
No wonder it came like a withering blight,
And spread o'er the future its mantle of night.

Alas, that the ties which are broken in twain,
Can never, on earth, be united again!

Alas, that oppression and tyranny stand
Like merciless vultures, to prey o'er that land!

Alas, that the banner which Liberty rears,
Must bathe its pure folds in a foreigner's tears,
And the arm that is stretched for the exile's relief,
Must wreath o'er his forehead the chaplet of grief!

1831.

TWILIGHT ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Lovely indeed thou art, calm twilight hour,
With thy dim veil of silvery vapor flung
O'er all created things, shrouding alike
The gorgeous temple, and the meek, low flower,
Within thy silent wings. Lovely thou art,
And ever hast thou been to me a time
Of pure refined enjoyment, such as day,
With all its glowing beauties, ne'er could bring.
Dear art thou ever, but in this sweet spot,
This lone wild bower, so hidden from the world,
Thou wearest a charm doubly imperative,
And playest the magician with my woman's heart.
Forms dost thou conjure up, — familiar forms
Recline, as usual, on yon grassy slope,
And hands are busy braiding wild-rose wreaths,
And plaiting blue bells, 'mid the rich dark hair
Which flings its restless curls o'er brows more pure
Than the white snow-flake on Himmaleh's top.
Voices are in mine ear, whose witching tones
Come up, in e'en *discordant harmony*,
Blending the sounds of laughter and complaint,
Of wit, embarrassment, of love and pride,
With the low music of the waves, to give
A softening solo to the unfinished piece.
And is it all unreal? Ah, thou hour —
Thou deep, deluding twilight — thou dost sure
People thy haunted atmosphere with shades,
Clothed in the habiliments of life and light,
To lead astray the trusting fancy, by
Their *ignis fatuus* wanderings!

'T is over now —
The vision has departed, and I leave
The land of dreams, and pay my court alone
To thee, uncertain Memory. And yet
What art thou, tyrant, but the sorcerer's wand
Which calls at will those scenes of long ago,
The same which I supposed had left me now?
And here, again, thou bringest another to
My spell-bound sight.
Yes; many years have passed
Since, in this hallowed spot, I bade farewell
To her whose love had been my guiding star —
The glad, warm summer of my darkened life.
She was my friend — my best — my earliest —
The being who had well-nigh drained my heart
Of all its sympathies, and made me pour
The incense of my spirit out before
A deity of earth! — but now 't was time
Our destinies should sever, and we met
To "look our last" and take our different paths.
Twilight hung o'er us, beautiful as now,
And, save the low murmurs of the eddying wave
And the occasional note of night's sad bird,
No sound disturbed the silence of the scene.
Blue clouds hung round the hill's far towering height,
Like some tall spirit's floating drapery
Inwrought with tints from the fair rainbow's wing;
And in the distance, like a thing of life,
Arose our fairy island, with its trees,
Its deep embowering trees, whose boughs bent down
To bathe their dark-green tresses in the stream.
O, it was lovely, exquisitely so!
And in that hour of chastened grief, we felt
The presence of a high, mysterious power,
Inspiring confidence; and when our hands
Were clasped in fervent prayer to God, that all
Our after life might be directed by
The wisdom which descendeth from above;
That all our hopes might centre in that *truth*
Which gives *alone the peace that never fails;*

And that our youthful love might gather strength,
Living, through absence, undiminished still,
And be at last perpetuate with all
This beauteous earth's intelligence, — our tears
Our parting tears, were *hope* and not *despair*.

1832.

MUSIC ACROSS THE WATER.

Hush! not a breath. A soft low note is stealing
From the wave's murmuring lip. O, comes it from
The spirit of thy precious depths, bright stream!
Warming my heart that I may never leave
Thy loved and honored banks!

Again, again! —
There is a little isle, half hid in mist,
Whereon the smiling moon doth look more kind
Than elsewhere; and the rising strain doth seem
To swell from its wild bowers. 'T is there, 't is there!
A clear, lone bugle-note is trembling on
The stilly air. And now the mellow flute,
The clarinet, the spirit-stirring drum,
And all those soul-touched instruments which thrill
With such wild ecstasy the bounding pulse
And the vibrating nerve — all, all are joined;
And o'er the wave-kissed beach there comes a rush
Of such ecstatic melody, I feel
My heart dissolving in its own warm tears.

Music, immortal music! thou dost lure
The spirit from its home. O! leave me not
With all this darkness round me. Give me wings —
Give me sweet freedom, music, for thy voice
Doth whisper secrets of thy lovelier home,
And I would dwell with thee.

TO C. M. S.

LADY, 't is true "we ne'er have met,"
And true that we may never meet,
For many a weary mile is set
Between us, and our days are fleet;
Yet say not 't is a "worthless" one,
The "offering" which thy hand hath brought,
Since its solacing tones have won
Full many a wild and lonely thought
Of this sad heart to pleasure back,
And roused that all-responsive chord
Which time nor change can ever slack,
So but sweet friendship's voice is heard.

If thine are not "the thoughts that breathe
And words that burn," like those which flow
When genius' frenzied visions wreath
A chaplet of unearthly glow;
Yet, lady, yet not powerless fall
The glances of thy gentle muse,
For light more beautiful we call
When slightly veiled by morning dews —
More beautiful the rays that tinge
With chastened smiles the dawning sky,
Twining amid night's silver fringe,
Ere the fierce sun has risen high;
And dearer are the sounds which steal
In low, soft murmurs on the ear,
Than such as all-o'erwhelming peal
With less of melody than fear.
Nor wilt thou deem it flattery when,
Fair stranger, from my heart, I say,
Faint are these emblems to portray
What thy sweet lyre to me hath been.

And hast thou "seen a beauteous face
In inspiration upward lifted"?
'T is well thou add'st, "a poetess
Is seldom with much beauty gifted."

O! 't were in me most surely wrong
To hint that stern, impartial nature
Had added to the gift of song
Both fairy form and faultless feature;
Nor will I —— few have likened me
To Selim's peerless Nourmahal,
And when beside the ivied tree,
Where my own mountain torrents fall,
I 've caught, with careless eye, the light
Which my reflected image gave,
Much fairer I have thought the sight,
Soft pictured on the purple wave —
The sight of bending trees and flowers,
With golden sunshine flashing through,
Lovely as those which deck the bowers,
Far, far 'mid ocean's depths of blue,
Where sinless beings ever stray
Through fields of never-wasting bloom,
Living that long unclouded day
Which ends not in the darkling tomb.

But this is fancy —— O! and must
Alone wild, wayward fancy tell
Of beings beautiful and just,
Untainted with earth's passions fell?
Alone wild fancy — 't is unfolded,
The destiny of all beneath;
The leaven of sin is early moulded
Into our very thought and breath;
Our spirits catch the shades which mar
The brightness of life's morning dial,
And mournfully truth's brilliant star
Goes down 'mid clouds of tears and trial.
High-sceptred pride becomes the bane,
The poison of our earthly bliss;
She and her dire companions drain
Our cup of holy-heartedness.
Ah! as thou say'st, we weakly cling
To things from time's dark pinion cast,

And find but this their comforting,
They 're worse, "far worse than frail at last."

But peace —— 't were meet a farewell tone
Were echoing from my harp-strings now,
For midnight's sombre hand has thrown
Oblivious dews upon my brow.
The world of jarring sound is lost,
The very waves and winds are still,
And stars no more by dark clouds crossed,
Sleep sweetly on the misty hill;
And on the half-uncurtained pane,
Where the faint moonlight wanders free,
My lamp's pale beams, though on the wane,
Are struggling for the mastery:
Yet, ere I speak that word, so oft
Most fatal to the trusting heart,
Hear this, my wish — May slumber soft
To thee its sweetest dreams impart;
And should kind Heaven allow us e'er
On time's uncertain shores to meet,
O, surely 't were to me most dear,
The bliss a kindred soul to greet:
If not to meet it is decreed,
Still, lady, shall this prayer be mine —
That Providence will ever shed
Its choicest gifts o'er thee and thine.

THE SLAVE.

And canst thou see him toiling there,
Beneath the scorching, noonday sun,
And mark his look of deep despair,
Which says, "My work is scarce begun"! —
Canst thou behold his writhing form
When the inhuman lash is given;
Behold his tears of anguish warm,
And his clasped hands, upraised to heaven, —
Nor say, from thy remorseful heart,
"Slave, thou art free — depart — depart"!

Man, if thou canst, thy soul must be
  Composed of metal yet unknown —
Harder than steel — and thou shouldst flee
  From all of life to dwell alone!
Thy home should be the desert waste —
  Thy nourishment the burning sand —
A galling chain should gird thy waist,
  A manacle thy bloody hand!
Thy drink should be the negro's tears,
  Thy music his expiring sighs —
Thy bitter days should drag like years,
  Thy torturing nights like centuries —
Thy conscience, like a restless snake,
Should keep each cankering thought awake!
The shaft of death should mock thee still,
And thou shouldst live against thy will,
Till thy proud heart could meekly say,
"*Negro, thou art my brother clay!*"

1832.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

They led her through the jeering crowd,
  To where the fagots high were piled,
And mockingly their knees they bowed —
  And tauntingly they smiled.

They tore her sunny locks away,
  And crowned her with the wounding thorn,
Then bade her to their idols pray —
  They spoke in bitter scorn.

For well they knew how powerless still
  Were mortal efforts to subdue
Her soul's high trust — her Master's will
  They knew that she would do.

They had no hearts, those callous men —
  They gazed with cold, unmoistened eye
Upon their lonely victim, when
  They bound her down to die.

They had no hearts — her kindred too
Stood haughtily aloof, and he,
Who swore till death his love was true,
Looked on her carelessly.

O! but one bleeding heart remained
Unchanged and faithful to the last!
One pure, bright soul, with guilt unstained,
Wept as the martyr passed!

Her love came up, in accents wild,
Petitioning those men of strife,
And, on her bended knees, that child
Begged for her sister's life.

'T was vain — but on the martyr's face,
Which all before so calm had seemed,
A gush of feeling found its place,
As if her spirit dreamed.

O! she had left her father's halls,
His spacious courts, and cloud-capped towers,
The far-stretched woods, the water-falls,
Her own soft, smiling flowers,

And all her spring-robed haunts, without
One rebel sigh, and freely given,
From her young sinless heart, devout,
Her all for Christ and heaven.

And she had meekly bent beneath
The scoffer's loud anathema,
And viewed unmoved the flaming death
Prepared her soul to free.

But when that sweet young sister knelt
In all the eloquence of tears,
And breathed in prayer the love she felt,
Unawed by human fears —

Then — then, the tide, the long chilled tide
Of crushed affections found its way,
But words upon her pale lips died,
Death caught their sound away.

O, Jesus! if thy faith can give
To weakness such o'ermastering power,—
Making the heart's seared flowrets live
Fresher in trial's hour,—

How should we cling to that fond hope
Which tells of ties renewed again,
And bears to heaven love's fragments up,
To link life's broken chain!

1832.

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S HYMN TO THE INVISIBLE.

Spirit of sky, of earth, and the deep sea,
Whose breath takes up the mighty forest trees,
Whose voice is heard in grand sublimity,
'Mid the dark clouds, like battle revelries—
Spirit of mystery!
I bow—I bow to thee.

Thou art in the wild rush of boisterous floods,
And in the soft music of floating air;
And awfully, the vast untrodden woods
Say, in their solemn stillness, thou art there!
Spirit of mystery!
I bow—I bow to thee.

Thou walkest unseen through realms of fadeless light,
Making each star a step-stone for thy feet!
Thy suns, thy worlds, and all thy works at night,
Spread to thy gaze in one broad sparkling sheet!
Spirit of mystery!
I bow—I bow to thee.

The farthest depths of ocean's garnished caves
Flash forth the mysteries of a hand unseen—
And the dread tribe that skirt the billowy waves
Raise their huge forms to show where thou has been.
Spirit of mystery!
I bow—I bow to thee.

Thou wakest to life the long forgotten flowers,
And wreathest with rainbow hues their gentle heads;
And thou dost gild the vintage-woven bowers,
With soft beams which early sunlight sheds.
Spirit of mystery!
I bow — I bow to thee.

Nor pausest thou here, Spirit invisible!
I feel thy power within my glowing heart,
In Eden dreams so bland, so beautiful,
So deeply pure, that earth bears not a part.
Spirit of mystery!
I bow — I bow to thee.

1832.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

For the first Sabbath in November, 1832, appointed as a day of general Thanksgiving, for the denomination of Universalists, in the United States of America.

This day, Almighty God, this day
We consecrate alone to thee;
And humbly at thy footstool pray,
That with us thou wilt deign to be.
Not in the pomp of pride we meet,
Decked out with ostentatious art, —
Ah, no, dear Lord! low at thy feet
We pour the incense of the heart.

We come with songs of grateful praise,
Though feebly may our tongues express
How much we feel the kind displays
Of thy unwearied tenderness;
We come, with hearts subdued by love,
To pay deep homage to our King;
And, Father, wilt thou not approve
The spirit of the offering?

Thanks, thanks, unceasing thanks we give
For all the blessings from thy hand,
Thanks, thanks that thou dost let us live
In Freedom's broad unshackled land —

Thanks that thy glorious Gospel light,
So long by priestly craft suppresst,
Hath turned to day our mental night,
And hushed each doubt and fear to rest.

Backward we look, for years have passed
Since but once voice proclaimed abroad,
Unawed by persecution's blast,
The name of an *impartial God;*
One only voice — no answered sound
From Georgia to unsettled Maine —
Was heard to wake the dark profound
With Zion's soul-inspiring strain.

The scene how changed! — where'er we turn,
Our eyes behold the genial rays
Of sparkling truth more brightly burn
As Time flings down his radiant days;
Impartial grace, impartial grace,
The words roll onward through the sky,
Dark Superstition hides her face,
And bigots' missiles harmless fly.

Impartial grace! — and can we faint
With such a motto on our shield?
Shall coward fears our bosoms taint
Before the victory is sealed?
No, brethren, no! on valiantly, —
Love's mission soon will conquer all, —
On, on, like Murray, *faithfully,*
And thanks from *every* tongue shall fall.

1832.

THOUGHTS

Beside the corpse of a young and deeply lamented cousin.

How quiet is thy sleeping,
Loved one! how calm thy rest!
While all around are weeping,
In robes of sadness drest.

O, Mary! there are eyes, whose tears
For thee will never dry;
And hearts, whose grief will last as long
As life, or memory.

How has the garland withered
Which bloomed but yesterday!
The flowers thy young hands gathered,
Have bowed them in decay!
And thou, more pure, more beautiful,
More cherished than they all,
Art laid with all thy budding hopes
Beneath the gloomy pall!

There are days of pleasure coming
For the young, the gay, and fair—
For the young, whose thoughts are roaming
Unfettered as the air;
There are days of sunshine, and of joy
For the happy and the free;
But *some* will breathe the anguished sigh,
When thought returns to *thee!*

When they think of her whose morning
In cloudless splendor woke;
Till death's untimely warning
The sweet illusion broke!
They listen for that deep, low tone,
To friendship's soul so dear,
Then turn with tearful eyes to gaze
Upon thy lonely bier.

Farewell, meek, faded blossom,
A holy rest is thine;
Thy calm unruffled bosom—
O! would its peace were mine!
Farewell—for other hands are near
To fix thy last repose,
And o'er thy dear remains, the dark,
Unyielding grave to close.

They will leave thee in thy dwelling—
Thy cold and narrow bed—
With nought but wild winds swelling
Their dirge above thy head;
And the cypress tree will cast its leaves,
Unnumbered o'er thy tomb,
Forgetting that thy spirit lives
Where tempests never come.

1833.

EGYPT'S LAST PLAGUE.

Exodus xii.

And night was there — deep, solemn night —
And darkness hung o'er Egypt's towers,
Nor was there one dim ray of light
To gild the dew-enamelled flowers.
The moon had ceased, above, her motion,
And made her pillow in the ocean;
The stars shrank back, and dun clouds spread
Their sackcloth pinions overhead.
The lamps, whose beams, of late, were thrown
'Mid dancing groups, were rayless now —
Extinguished all — and sad, and lone,
The fire-fly crept 'neath mossy stone,
And sleep sat on each careless brow.

And all was silence — not a sound
Vibrated on the midnight air —
The winds sank stilly to the ground,
And clung in voiceless slumber there.
The minstrels of the forest's glade
Drooped listless in the woody shade —
Nor all along Nile's tree-bound river
Was heard of leaves the faintest shiver —
It seemed as if earth's common track
Were lost, and that the elements
Had all dissolved to chaos back,
So deathly small, so deeply black,
The spell o'er domes and monuments.

But hark! a strange, unearthly tone
Pierces the wild, sepulchral gloom!
'Tis not the shrill hyena's moan
With which he greets the sodded tomb—
'T is not the sound of distant war—
'T is not the lion's shout afar,
Nor yet the lone cigala's cry
Pealing along the midnight's sky,
More mournful still—it is the wail,
Of Egypt for her dead and dying;
For God hath made the life-tide fail,
And locked in death, all cold and pale,
Are her fair first-born children lying!

There 's not a house her borders through,
E'en to Baal-zephon's lowliest shed,
But streams with death-lights dim and blue,
And sings "wulwullahs" o'er the dead.
The princess with tiara'd brow,
The peasant youth, the high, the low,
All in their last sad sleep recline—
O, Egypt, woe, deep woe, is thine!
Deep woe is thine—no voice may wake
Thy cherished ones to life again;
Alas! that one cold heart should make,
Reckless, a thousand others break,
And wring a world with needless pain!

The iron-hearted king arose,
And threw his jewelled casque aside—
His servants come with ready bows,
And trumpets sounded far and wide.
But 't was not foes of mortal mould
Dark Pharaoh feared; his conscience told
How great the cause his hand had given
To rouse the slumbering wrath of Heaven;
He sent for Moses; "Go," said he,
"Where'er the God of Israel calls—
This moment are your people free,
But let your blessing stay with me
And all within my palace walls."

1832.

AN EVENING WALK IN S**********.

[Imitated from Bishop Heber.]

Come, go with me. The evening star
Is riding in her misty car,
The infant moon, with all her train,
But slightly luminates the plain.
Daughter of tears, she cannot bear
To light a world of sin and care,
But homeward to the tranquil deep
She goes, to rest her eyes in sleep.

There lies our path, round yonder hill,
Though dim, mine eye hath found it still;
For at the winding of the rock
I see returns the farmer's flock;
With cautious eye and stealthy pace
They seek their nightly resting-place.
Step softly now — a rustling tread
Might start the rabbit from his bed;
Sweet innocent! we would not wake
His dream of joy for pleasure's sake,
But onward, through the velvet grass
Avoid his fern-encircled pass.

O, what an hour! I love to gaze
Upon the moon's departing rays,
And watch the last retiring beam
That stoops to kiss the rippling stream,
And in the sunken dells to view
The wild pinks glittering in the dew,
And bowers of darkest emerald green
Arising from the deep ravine,
And mark each bed of daisies white,
As pearls upon the brow of night.
There is a deep, entrancing spell,
The purest language fails to tell,
A mystery of early youth —
When all were garbed in robes of truth,
And words were fair, and every breath
Spoke of fidelity till death;

Though long since vanished, mournful night
Recalls it to our fearful sight.
Here pause we now — our walk is done;
The mountain-side our feet have won,
And sweetly round our mossy seat,
Where walnut boughs and boxwood meet,
Light woodland sounds, in nature's tone,
In wild profusion round are thrown,
Mingling the notes of joy and sorrow
And songs to hail the coming morrow.
Paler the light, and faintly seen
Are boats upon the river sheen, —
Dear Susquehanna, which, of yore,
Received the children from thy shore
In bark canoe, with painted face,
And flowers, their olive brows to grace,
'Mid songs of war, and shouts of glee —
The wildest tones of revelry.
Happy thy voice, thou rapid stream;
Like young life's high, romantic dream,
Thy far-stretched isles, like canvas white,
With gentle waving meets the sight;
The dusky elm and broader beech,
Entwined with ivy, seem to reach
Their arms to clasp each misty wreath
That circles round, above, beneath,
And the thick grapes' entangled bed
Where many a hunted deer hath fled
In fearful speed, nor sinew staid
Until her covert she had made.
Home of my childhood! happy hours
I've spent beneath thy hazel bowers,
Where hope's young sunny smiles were free,
Unmarred by sad reality.

But see, my friend, the gathering gloom —
The darkest hour of night has come.
Thy arm — we will retrace our way,
For we must rise at dawn of day;

But O! with deepest gratitude
Give thanks to Him, so great and good,
Whose hand profusely here hath given
A foretaste of the joys of Heaven.

SPRING-DAY VISIONS.

How beautiful —
How passing beautiful the first bright blush
Of a fair spring-day morn! when earth, and sky,
And sea, and dancing river, all seem born
Into a new existence, and the sound
Of many soothing voices fills the air
With 'witching melody. O, 't is as if
Invisible forms from the ethereal realms
Had wandered back to earth again, to pour
The healing balm of minstrelsy upon
The sick and wounded spirit, and to bathe,
In the soft dews of heaven, the bleeding heart!
Here shall my footsteps pause, for there is not
On earth one place that hath the power to charm,
From memory's dim arcades, the glowing scenes
Of life's unsullied morning, like this rude
Uncultured eminence, where first my thoughts
Ran wild in living fancies, and my soul
Drank in the first inspiring gush of light
From heaven's blue halls of beauty, and the visions
Of my young restless spirit had their birth
In realms of fairy splendor, and came down
To bless my heart like bright realities.
'T is sweet to stand once more upon this spot
Of innocent endearment — here to live,
In thought, a second childhood, and behold,
In fancy's blending mirror, all those wild
And flashing scenes which erst awoke the tone
Of mystic poetry, and caused to sparkle,
Deep in the 'raptured bosom, the high flame
Of ever-glowing romance, and to list
The varying cadence of each rapid season

As it went murmuring on its billowy course,
Like dying winds of eve.
First, Summer came, —
All glorious its skies with roseate hues,
And its proud landscapes decked with gorgeous flowers,
Like the fair bosom of earth's primal Eden.
And Autumn followed on — ah! then I loved
To steal to my accustomed haunt, and give
My heart to sober musings, and to gaze
Upon the checkered livery of the forest,
When twilight flung abroad her dusky mantle,
And there was much of wild, sublime delight,
In witnessing the desolating sweep
Of Winter's angry whirlwinds, when the spirit
Of the fast coming storm howled fearfully
Along the echoing woods his wrathful dirge,
While the sere leaves clung trembling to the ground,
As if to kiss the foot-prints of his ire.
And when the mighty rush of his strong wing
Tore from this ragged rock its mossy vestments,
And even shook it to its very centre,
My warm imagination caught the tones
Of the mad elements, and thrilled intense
With breathing ecstasy.
But it was Spring,
Sweet Spring, with its bland smiles and budding beauty,
Which had alone the power to steep my soul
In dreams of e'en delirious entrancement.
Ah! o'er me now steals the same Spring-day spell
That came in by-gone hours of happiness.
I feel the magic of the slanting sunshine,
As it strays idly o'er my careless brow
Like glances from an angel's beaming eye.
I hear low, melting voices in the breeze,
Communing with the pine's upshooting branches,
And with the lowly violet, as if
To reconcile it to its humble station.
I see upon the river's glassy breast
Bright images most beautifully reflected —
Such as but live 'mid Chivalry's mementoes

And on the page of fancy. — There are halls,
High festooned halls, and battlements, and towers,
And golden canopies, where dark eyes fling
A chastened radiance on each knightly train —
And snowy hands are twining laurel wreaths,
Fresh for the victor's temples. — There are steeds
With princely riders, whose long plumes are waving
Like cherub pinions in the flowing sunlight —
And there 's a circling line of glittering shields,
That sparkle like an assembled host of suns.
I see the unfurling banners, and I hear
The first deep note of the all-startling clarion,
And then the o'erwhelming flood of sounds which burst
From thousand martial instruments with such
Exulting melody! — O, earth! dull earth!

* * * * * *

I am another being — suns, and moons,
And stars are sailing in their liquid channels,
Far, far beneath me — and I bask in light
Which knows no waning, gaze on forms which smile
In fadeless beauty; deep within my heart
Are borne the whispered words of love which fall
From lips of kindred spirits. — All is calm,
And pure, and passionless. The silver streams
Glide noiselessly along, and flowers are bending,
In "beautiful transparency," above
The fount of holiness, and every breath
Goes up in adoration to the Great
Dispenser of all blessings — tears, nor sighs,
Nor aught of this turmoiling ——

* * * * * *

Again on earth? Again weak Frailty's daughter,
Sinful and sorrowful, partaking all
The humbling feelings of our common nature?
O dreams, ye are but golden mockeries —
But taunting aggravations! I will go
And mingle with the gay, unthinking crowd,
With laughter on my lip; although, perchance,
Sweet mournful memories may still survive
Within my soul of sadness. — I will go.

O, when again I view this breathing landscape —
Again ascend the threshold of my heaven —
I may have other feelings — pride, and hate,
And morbid selfishness, with their most dark
And grovelling suggestions, then may be
My odious companions! It may be so —
But, ah! like Syria's king, my trusting heart
Refuseth to believe it.

1833.

HER LAST WORDS.

[From an Orphan's Diary.]

They took us sleeping, from our beds —
My sister Bell, and me —
And carried us into the room
Where our sick mother lay!
They bore us gently to her side,
And raised her drooping head,
That she might bless us once again
Before her spirit fled.

"O, are they here," she faintly cried,
"My beautiful, my own!"
And round my little sister's form
Her arms were wildly thrown;
And sweet and tender were the words
That told her last farewell —
Words that 'll be forgotten ne'er,
By me and sister Bell.

"I leave you now, my precious ones!" —
These were the words she said, —
"But I shall come to you again
When Christ revives the dead.
The hand of time will wear away
Remembrance of your mother;
But ne'er, O, ne'er may ye forget
Your *God* and *one another!*"

Two days passed by, and on the third
Strange faces gathered round, —
They told us they had come to lay
Our mother in the ground, —
They bade us kiss her, for the last,
For she would ne'er awake;
And then we thought, with tears, upon
The dying words she spake.

Like other orphans, we have felt
The cold world's pride and scorn,
And sometimes have we almost wished
We never had been born;
Yet still, amid the griefs and toils
Spread out from day to day,
Those last, fond words have kept us in
The strait and narrow way.

1833.

THE LAST OF THE SIGNERS.

The last, the last frail link is broke, past, glorious age, which kept
A sample of those few brave hearts which long in peace have slept.
Nobly life's taper struggled on through chill and withering blight,
As if time's hand would fain eke out its fair but glimmering light.

The last, the last — we think upon that all-important day,
When stern, resolving spirits sought to quell tyrannic sway.
With firm, yet sorrowing hearts, those men the alien paper drew,
And penned *with tears* the words which reft the loyal bond in two.

Call it not *weakness* — true, they had with fond confiding trust
Leaned on an arm which spurned their love and dashed their hopes to dust;
Parental tenderness had changed to fiendish cruelty,
But still there were some ties to which they clung instinctively.

The struggle past — we see them rise — the weak to meet the strong,
The small devoted handful led against the countless throng;

But theirs were injuries which brought the arm of Heaven to wield
The sword of Justice 'gainst their foes, — Jehovah was their shield.

The days, the peaceful days which came when war's wild blast was o'er,
And Freedom's banner hung like light upon our happy shore,
Still lived they on in usefulness, those signers few, and laid
Our basis broad of *equal rights* — our laws in wisdom made.

The last, the last — one after one those brilliant stars have set,
Till thou, brave Carrol, "last *not least*," hast paid the final debt;
But they have left remembrances which *never can depart*,
While one ennobling thought survives within the patriot heart.
1833.

THE THREE DARK HOURS.

Two hours had passed —
Two dreadful hours of darkness, and the third
Came slowly on — but yet no change appeared.
The air was mute — the sun looked wan and dead —
A few faint stars were seen, like drops of blood,
Sprinkling the blackened heavens, and on the top
Of the proud temple's dusky spire, a cloud
"Slumbered in calm, but terrible repose."
The trees were bent to earth, as if in fear
Of the mad hurricane — the tall grass shivered,
Though no wind was near; and sullenly
The wolf crouched in his den — the eagle sprang,
Affrighted, to her eyry, and the face
Of everything in nature seemed to wear
A wild and lonely aspect!
'T was the day
Of Jesus' crucifixion; and around
The bloody cross were gathered all the stern
And haughty scions of a murderous race;
But they were awed by the alarming spell —
Their brows relaxed — their lips grew white — their eyes
Stared wildly on each other, and even the priest,

The great high priest, bowed down his aged head,
And pressed the loathsome sackcloth to his lip!
At length a voice was heard — clear, loud, and deep,
Yet, O! so full of anguish, that a thrill
Of answering bitterness pervaded all
The assembled multitude. It savored not
Of anger or reproach: but seemed as if
Wrung out, by keenest suffering, from a breast
Unwilling to complain. Its words rang high
Throughout the echoing skies, "*Why, O my God,*
Hast thou forsaken me?"
Up rose the winds
With wild and threatening howl. The thunder rolled —
The lightning wreathed its long and glaring chain
Adown the temple's vail — the hoary rocks
Were rent like flax apart — the earth did quake,
As if a thousand Etnas raged within,
And a loud shriek of sick'ning horror burst
From every quivering lip!
'T was heard again —
That deeply solemn voice! — but now its tones
Were low, and trembling, as if smothered by
A sudden rush of tears. Yet there was such
A depth of love and sorrow — such a sweet,
Beseeching earnestness — in each faint word,
That every ear awoke to intense list'ning:
"*Forgive them, O my Father!*"
All was calm.
The winds were hushed — each ruffled element
Subsided at the sufferer's dying prayer!
The sun broke forth in beauty, and its rays
Played mournfully upon the pallid face
Of God's anointed Son, while those who stood
And saw, from far, the wonders that were done,
Exclaimed, with gushing pity at their hearts,
"THIS TRULY WAS THE CHRIST!"

1833.

TO HARRIET.

They sleep, earth's weary children sleep;
But midnight brings no sleep to me,
For wakeful thoughts their vigils keep,
And winds are high on memory's sea,
And dark remembrances arise
Like spectres from each tossing wave,
And scenes, like clouds on April skies,
Past scenes unveiled before my eyes—
Would they were in oblivion's grave.

For what avails it that the heart,
Whose spring-day visions live no more,
Should let one truant thought depart
To young life's high, romantic shore,
Though e'er so lovely? Were they not,
The smiles, the hopes, of those bright hours,
But heralds of that darksome lot,
Unsunned by one redeeming spot,
A winter in its summer bowers?

I write at random — but I feel,
O, Harriet! that 't is hard to brook
The changes dark which hourly steal
In altered tone and careless look;
Deception, where I had dreamed of naught
But pure, high-souled sincerity;
And selfishness, where I had thought
Heaven's universal spirit taught
Each earthborn interest to flee;

And vanity, and baleful pride,
E'en amid intellectual fires,
Like the dread Upas reared beside
Jerusalem's towering spires;
And ill-concealed hypocrisy,
Masking corruption's vaults within;
And envy, which will never see,
In virtue, truth, humility,
Aught but the serpent-coils of sin.

But peace! I would not dwell too long
On what each softer feeling sears,
Although the elements of song
Are lowering skies and heartfelt tears.
Fond memory gladly turns to view
An Eden, once, *still* all my own,
Where weed of darkness never grew,
Where change ne'er flung her blighting dew,
And pride hath not a golden throne.

Thou, thou, my more than sister, *thou*
Hast proved the star whose gentle light,
Like Heimdaller's, gilds the brow
Of my faint spirit's dreary night.
Our love has lived as by a spell,
Through time and absence undiminished;
No ice between our hearts hath fell—
O, may it ever be as well,
Until our earthly course is finished.

STARS.

Inscribed to HER who will understand.

GLORIOUS and mysterious creatures that they are! how idle the desire to penetrate the phenomenon of their existence! Yet who hath ever gazed upon them gliding in mournful sweetness through the blue vaults of heaven, like diamonds in the chambers of the "vasty deep," and suppressed a wish to raise the veil of their history, and learn the character of the beings with which fancy ever peoples the realms of fairy beauty? But, alas! who may ever know more of them, than that

> "There they shine, and there they have shone,
> In one eternal hour of prime,
> Each rolling burningly alone
> Through boundless space and countless time"?

It is natural for us to attach ourselves to the beautiful, in inanimate as well as animate nature, and I, though I disclaim the appellation of "star-gazer," have nevertheless more nearly worshipped the lights which form the "burning blazonry of God,"

than aught else upon which my eye hath ever rested. I very well remember one lovely evening of my dreaming days — alas! what does youth *ever* but *dream?* — we were straying through our favorite isle, and watching the increasing brilliancy of the stars as they stole down one after another from their dim resting-places, when it was proposed that each of us should select one as our favorite, to which we would ever affectionately cling as to creatures of life and intellect. It was a childish fancy, — as of course it might be expected, for we were children then, — but I remember we chose the brightest, and mine was the brightest of the chosen. It was like that which shines so conspicuously in the girdle of Cassiopea. But it was alone; like a master-spirit of earth it seemed to breathe a separate atmosphere; its pathway lay along the purple fields of the west, and it rolled onward, onward, a world of glorious mystery, till suddenly a dark cloud o'ershadowed its surface, and when I again beheld it, its brilliancy, like the first fond hopes of the poet, had melted down to dim and uncertain glimmerings. Yet to my heart

That one lone star, that one lone star,
Which lingers in the dark blue west,
Like some neglected isle afar
Upon the wild sea's heaving breast;
That one lone star, though faint its ray,
And tearful every glance it gives,
Is dearer than the bright array
Which in fame's glowing circle lives.

That one lone star — O, I have drank
Its twilight beauties, till my eye
From every earthly object shrank,
And heaven seemed bending from the sky;
And forms more beautiful than light
When trembling on the dewy spray,
Came softly on the wings of night,
To steal my soul's deep griefs away.

Thou one lone star — the spell is o'er —
The wing of fancy droopeth now;
And my worn spirit lives no more
To melting voice and angel brow;

Yet do I love thee, child of tears;
For, like the love no change may chill,
Thy beams, assailed by blighting years,
Are gentle and subduing still.

THE REVIVALIST.

He stood by the altar, a being of gloom,
With a visage as wan as a ghost from the tomb,
And he lifted his voice as a messenger sent
To make the unsanctified sinner repent.

But what were his words? were they such as were spoken
'Mid the wilds of Judea, when fetters were broken;
When the poor burthened soul burst its shackles of fear,
And rejoiced that the kingdom of heaven drew near?

Did he preach to his people the gospel of peace;
The message which causes the mourner to cease?
Did he melt the proud heart with the language of love,
With the spirit that breathes from the Changeless above?

Ah, no! — nothing like it. From Sinai's scathed height
He had snatched the last phial of wrath, in his might;
And he hurled forth its contents of vengeance and ire,
Till he made every hope of the wretched expire!

He heaped o'er each vision thick clouds of despair,
Till the frozen heart sunk with its half-uttered prayer;
And then, like Morkanna, he turned him and laughed
When he saw that his victims the poison had quaffed!

Ye — ye, who have listened to preaching like this,
Till ye hung, as it were, o'er the pictured abyss,
Did it never occur, that ye possibly might
Have been led by a teacher deprived of his sight?

Come away — come away from the Samiel's breath,
It bears on its pinions the arrows of death!
It will wreath for your future a chaplet of care;
'T is the whirl of the tempest — the Lord is not there!

Come away! for as well might ye stand on the verge
Of Etna's red crater, unharmed by its surge;
Or as well might you drain the fell dews which distil
From the dark Upas tree, unattended with ill.

Come away to the beautiful gardens that lie
All smiling and bright, 'neath a soft vernal sky—
To the fair promised land where the waters of life
Glide smoothly along, unembittered by strife.

Peace dwells in its borders — the *penitent* one,
Though crimsoned his hands with the deeds they have done,
May find a sure refuge, from guilt and despair,
'Neath the banner of *Truth, for Jehovah is there!*
1829.

JUDAS.

"Then covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly mournful brow,
'No more, there is no more,' he said, 'to lift the sword for now.'"
Bernardo del Carpio.

The morning sun shone brightly down an ancient pillared aisle,
Betraying many a proud lip wreathed with hate's triumphant smile;
And low and vengeful threats were heard, as the Saviour onward passed,
With soldiers watching at his side and chains about him cast.

A mournful smile he gave to those who sought his life's pure stream,
A smile of love to the surging crowd he was yielding to redeem;
Then on to the halls of the Roman judge, like a lamb to the butcher's stall;
But one was there on whom his smile like a withering curse did fall.

A wild form rushed through the startled crowd, and through the unguarded door,
And to the high-raised Rabbi seats o'er the cold resounding floor: —

O, there needed no deep words to tell of the conflict dire within,
Of the burning of remorseful thoughts in the traitor's heart of sin!

He bared his dark, stern brow before those priests of haughty mien,
And the dews of his wrung heart's agony in each deep-drawn line were seen;
And his broad chest heaved, like the troubled sea at the storm-king's earliest breath,
And the hue of his quivering lip and cheek was the livid hue of death.

"Take back," he cried, with a hollow voice, "take back your unrighteous bribe—
'Tis the price of blood more pure than runs in the veins of the Levite tribe;
Take back the coin, it hath scorched my soul, like a brand of that quenchless fire
Which flashes up at Moloch's feet, 'mid Hinnom's vale of ire.

"Take, take it back!—O, men of stone! I see how vain are all
The pleadings of this bursting heart, for the bird is in your thrall;
And ye will quench the brightest flame at virtue's holy shrine,
While I—O, bitterer pang than death!—must *feel the guilt is mine.*"

And the traitor slowly bowed his head, and cast upon the floor
The meed of his cruel treachery, then sought the temple door,
Murmuring, as on the marble tiles his faltering footsteps fell,
"Noblest and best of human hearts, I have murdered thee—farewell!"

And silence sat upon his lip and dimness in his eye,
And the sunshine warmed no more his heart, for the fount of joy was dry;
Sadly the strong man sought his death, by a frenzied grief oppressed;
O, surely such deep grief at last was with forgiveness blest!

1834.

THE BURIAL OF GEORGE PEJEE, THE LAST OF THE ROYAL UNCASES.

Whoever has visited the beautiful and romantic city of Norwich, Conn., will remember the Indian burying-ground, a small hill to the west, finely skirted with majestic oaks. Here repose the ashes of UNCAS, the great friend of the whites, with naught but a gray flag-stone to mark the spot. This, however, bears an inscription, no part of which I can recollect, except the last two lines, which follow: —

"For courage bold, and things *waregan*,
He was the glory of Mohegan."

During the President's tour through Norwich, in June last, the ceremony of laying the corner stone of a monument, to be erected to the memory of Uncas, was performed, and an eloquent address delivered on the occasion, by Gov. CASS. Soon after this I witnessed the burial of GEORGE PEJEE, the last of the royal family; and it gave me a feeling of deep melancholy to gaze upon the degraded train of mourners that followed him, and contrast in my mind their appearance with that of their noble and departed ancestors.

LAST of a noble race — the red sun flings
Its dying splendors o'er thy dusky brow,
And a low murmur from the wild-wood springs,
As if some spirit from the dark oak's bough
Had spread its wings
To bear thee to thy heaven of happy things.

Last of the Uncas — not as formerly
Steal the brave warriors to yon lonely hill,
With flashing arms in stern solemnity,
Bearing their precious burthen slow and still,
And reverently
Placing the loaded rifle at his knee.

O, not as then! — a small and feeble band —
A mockery of that high and gallant race —
Around the dead Mohican idly stand,
Like hunters wearied with the mountain chase;
And not a hand
Grasps now the hilt of trusty forest brand.

Yet in each dark and half-averted eye
A restless spirit lurks, which seems to say —
"Though ye have caused our native pride to die,
Ye whites, and taken our lands and homes away,
There 'll come a day
When MANITAU each injury will repay."

A CLOSING SCENE.

Suggested by perusing a thrillingly interesting passage from the "Diary of a late London Physician."

Still dreamed he on — although an icy hand
Pressed heavily his heart; and breath and pulse
Gave an uncertain answer, and the dews
Of death weighed down his eyelids and displaced
The life-lines of his cheek. — Still dreamed he on,
And from his hollow chest the wild thoughts came
In soft yet earnest murmurs, like the sounds
Which sometimes, when the winds and waves are hushed,
Steal up from ocean's depths, as if to cheat
Our hearts into belief of *heaven below*.

Still dreamed he on. — O, he had always dreamed!
His life had been one wild and frenzied vision: —
An evening 'neath the tropics, where the moon
Bewilders with her beauty till the eye
Forgets the coming darkness, — a dark stream,
Plunging 'mid subterranean rocks, with joy
At the imagined sunbeams on its breast,
And singing gayly down the gloomy vault
Destined to be its grave.

Such was his life —
A magic wand had drawn the fatal ring
In which he proudly stood, and spurned alike
The things of earth and heaven, and shut his heart
'Gainst common hopes and common sympathies.
He heard no voice but from Parnassus' heights;
He spake not but in words of ancient men —
Deep burning words, Æschylus-like — and owned
But one desire — one all-absorbing wish —
To fling his spirit into deathless VERSE,
And write his name upon the glowing stars,
And on the pillars of eternity.

And time passed on, and health and life decayed,
And all life's comforts too, and none was found
To clasp his dying hand, save one, who felt

Some pity, though a stranger. But the words
Of consolation fell as idly as
The whispers of the wind. — Still dreamed he on,
Still lived in his own world — the POET'S WORLD, —
Still basked in Grecia's smiles, and drank the tears
Of heaven-bedewed Italia, and resigned,
At last, his martyred being with the words
Of Euripides trembling on his lips.

THE WANDERER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

He did not mingle with them, but his eye
Gazed earnestly upon each happy face
Assembled underneath the vine-clad eaves
Of a New England cottage, and his head
Assumed a listening attitude, as words
Of unaffected kindness greeted him,
The last one welcomed to the social ring;
And his lip quivered when each gratëful heart
Sent forth its aspirations, in the deep,
Emphatic voice of sacred melody.
Yet stood he still apart, and when the last
Soft fading ray of sunset bade them seek
The comforts of the parlor, he was seen
Gliding with stealthy step along the banks
Of the scarce noted Quinnebaug.

And long did he bathe his fevered brow
In the waves of the dusky stream,
And his eye looked down on the golden path
Of the sun's departing beam;
For his spirit had mounted its lightning wing,
And away in the glowing west
Did he hail once more that spot, of all
On earth he loved the best.

And again did he steal, as in former days,
Unseen through the garden gate,
And he crept o'er the hedge, where with beads and flowers
His youngest sister sate;

He heard the voice of his brother's flute,
With its soft and mellow tone,
And he gazed with a beating heart on each
Familiar tree and stone.

And he bent him forward to catch the sound
That came from the sideling glen,
As the whoop and tossing arms proclaimed
That the welcome one was seen;
He felt in his pockets the ready hand
Of each pilfering little wight,
And he gravely undid the parcel which held
The gifts of Saturday night.

"Here, these are for you, and you," he said;
But the excited tones of his own voice
Roused the lone wanderer from his reverie;
The spell of fancy passed like light away,
And his brow sunk upon his trembling hand,
While mournfully he murmured to himself,
"Alas! I only dreamed, I only dreamed."

THE AGED CONVERT.

The first impressive prayer was o'er, the hymn's last verse was sung,
And solemnly its dying notes along the arch-way rung,
When from his desk the preacher rose, with Heaven's immortal book,
And from among its sacred leaves his holy motto took.

The aged mourner bent above his brave, his youthful dead,
And on his trembling hand reclined his snow-besprinkled head;
A heavy sadness dimmed his brow, his furrowed cheeks were wet,
And mournfully his glances fell upon the pall of jet.

But he listened not, nor heard the words which would have poured
A balm within his wounded soul, and peace and hope restored;
He listened not — for prejudice and blinded bigotry
Had steeled his heart, and made him deem God's truth but heresy.

He listened not — his fancy roved 'mid scenes of happier years,
Ere yet the grave-grass rank had grown beneath his moistening tears;
When infant voices carolled forth a happy roundelay,
And all the gloom of care was chased by love's glad smiles away.

But, ah! a death-tone mingled in each pleasant household sound, —
He saw his cherished ones go forth, in sin's dark fetters bound!
He followed to their dying beds, he heard their parting breath —
All — all changed — alas! their doom he thought was endless death!

O, bitter were the tears which fell upon the coffin-lid,
And deep the unavailing sigh his pride would fain have hid,
And heavy was the old man's heart, that all his hopes were gone,
Garnered and sealed in the pale form of his lamented son!

"And tears from all shall flee away" — the mourner gave an ear;
This was the first of HERESY his pride had deigned to hear;
And though he strove to list no more, he could not help but cling
With fondness to those promises, so deeply comforting.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion's holy hill,
And songs of praise and shouts of joy the heavenly courts shall fill,
And every knee shall bow to God, and every tongue confess
That I, the Lord, their helper am, their strength, their righteousness."

O, sweeter than the welcome sound of streams in Araby
Was the "still small voice" that softly spoke his captive spirit free!
And bright as those pure rays which fell round Israel's shepherd youth,
Appeared salvation's glorious plan arrayed in gospel truth.

A change was o'er the old man's heart, a change his looks bespoke,
And the deep stream of wakened hope from his full bosom broke —
His eyes were raised in thankfulness, his words were strong but brief, —
"O, Lord, I do believe thee now, help thou mine unbelief!"

THE FIFTH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1834; OR, A SPRING DAY IN WINTER.

JUST like a day in spring — as pure the air,
As sweet the gushing waters, and as bright
The laughing sunshine on the purple hills,
E'en like the early spring.

The harsh-voiced wind
Comes now in gentle murmurs. In the west
Are congregated all the beauteous hues
Of a soft April evening, and the buds
Of the encouraged lilac half betray
Their hidden emerald to the friendly sun,
E'en as in early spring.

O, stealeth thus,
At times, upon the winter-shrouded heart
The stinted day of joy!

The angry rush
Of ever-jarring passion dies away
Softly, as doth the tempest, when the wing
Of its great spirit droopeth to the earth
In preparation for a wilder flight.
The sun of HOPE comes smiling up life's sky
With healing in its glances, and the fount
Of human sorrow waxeth dry before
Its summer-searching beams.

Yet who hath e'er,
E'en in these spring-day seasons of delight,
Forgotten that all-chilling voice which tells
Of suns that set in clouds — of smiles that wake
But to conduct the garnered gems of grief,
And morrows that only dawn to show
The cheerless prospect of a rayless sky?

TO A LONG ABSENT FRIEND.

Over hill and over valley,
River deep and forest dark,
Speed my spirit's tireless pinions,
Like the wanderer from the ark —
Seeking thee, my earliest idol,
'Mid the South's voluptuous bowers,
Where thy life-stream floweth brightly,
'Neath a lovelier sky than ours.

Thou art where the proud magnolia
Sunward lifts her starry eye,
And the oleander yieldeth
Incense to the passer-by.
Fairy music floats around thee,
Blue streams murmur at thy feet,
And a rare and grateful homage
Thy uprising merit greets.

Admiration gilds thy morning
With her smiles so bland and free;
Like a bird at noon thou rovest,
But at night thou art with me.
When the moon her silver lustre
Mingles with the dreamer's rest,
Then, as in the past, I meet thee,
And my soul is deeply blest.

Then I clasp thy dear hand tightly,
Press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And with breathless rapture listen
To that thrilling voice of thine.
All thy wild and girlish beauty,
With its later, tenderer hue,
Flash by turns upon my vision,
Like the light through drops of dew.

Sometimes hand in hand we wander
Through that sweet secluded vale,
Where our youthful spirits plighted
Those high vows that ne'er can fail.

All the old wild paths are chosen,
Which of yore we loved so well —
Tangled woods, and mountain passes,
Mossy grot, and laurel dell.

Sometimes by the brooklet's margin
Thy beloved form I see,
With thy newly-braided roses,
Seated on some fallen tree;
Trilling now some ancient ditty,
Chiming in with wild bird's song,
And with peals of merry laughter
Hasting time's dull car along.

Sometimes by that "lonely river,"
Where our parting tears were shed,
When the stars are high, I meet thee,
As the living meet the dead;
Then thy face doth shine upon me,
As the holy Stephen's shone,
And thou speakest like the seraphs
Bowing at the golden throne.

Then we talk of those who left us,
When our hearts were wild with bliss,
And I feel that thou partakest
Their eternal happiness;
And I turn me from my dreaming
To the gay and careless world,
But my spirit's boding pinion
Still refuseth to be furled.

O, beloved! a sad conviction,
Like an ice-drop, chills my heart,
That I ne'er again shall meet thee,
Till life's threads are worn apart!
Still I pray, and still I cherish
Hopes once more to see thee here,
If, indeed, thou 'rt not already
Moving in a holier sphere!

DEVOTIONAL MOMENTS.

These spring-time hours, how sweetly do they glide
Along the surface of time's murmuring stream!
The warm, bright sun diffuseth far and wide
The life-fraught influence of his mellow beam;
Green verdure springs beneath the airy tread,
Fresh odors breathe in every passing gale,
Young violets smile along their mossy beds,
And light-winged birds seek out the quiet vale;
The mountain rill sings gayly on its way,
Kissed by the daisies on its pebbly shore,
And silver clouds along the blue sky stray,
And on the earth baptismal blessings pour.

Lovely, most lovely, nature, art thou now,
Simple, yet queenly, all thy graces are;
For He whose hand so richly gemm'd thy brow,
Of his own spirit gave thyself a share.
Love is thy heart. Love is the fire that warms
The slenderest fibre of thy giant frame, —
The breath that gives the majesty of storms,
Yet quells them with one gently whispered name.
The billowy sea, the strong rock lightning-cleft,
The humble dew-drop, the lone forest-flower,
Each wear the charm by that high spirit left,
To win the wayward by its quickening power.

And is there, Lord, one eye that kindleth not
With holier light while gazing thus abroad?
One heart whose fervent prayer ascendeth not,
With nature's eloquence to nature's God?
Thy grace forbid! The earth is full of thee; —
Make thou each soul, most Holy One, the same;
Bow down in worship every stubborn knee,
Illume our shrines with an undying flame,
Until the law unbroken shall be prest
To every heart as its supremest good,
Thy love become the tenant of each breast,
Thy glorious truth the spirit's daily food.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Away to the prairies! the hour is at hand,
I must fly my sweet home to the paradise land,
Where the flowers are the brightest, the blue skies more clear,
And the wild-wood is thronged with the elk and the deer.

Away to the prairies! Dear father, farewell!
O, dark is that word, as these tear-drops may tell.
Farewell, my lone brother; we part not for long—
We shall soon join again in the hunter's wild song.

Away to the prairies! Sweet sisters, one kiss—
Beloved! may your cups ever sparkle with bliss:
As bright be your lives as your roses, ye blest—
But forget not your brother, whose home is the West.

Away to the prairies! O, bitterest now
Comes the pang to my heart and the ice to my brow:
I kneel, but, my mother, thy lips cannot bless *
Thy heart-stricken child, nor return his caress.

The death-dew is gathering upon thy pale cheek;
To tell thy soul's wishes thy breath is too weak;
Thy dimm'd eyelids droop, yet is written beneath,
"The love of a MOTHER is stronger than death."

Away! dearest mother, we 're passing away,
Like the spring-loving birds from stern winter's decay:
Thy home will be bright, but in *mine* may be tears—
O, gild with thy spirit my desolate years!

Away to the prairies! the parting is o'er;
My steed bounds with joy towards Missouri's far shore—
My dreams are of mountain, of river, and plain;
—Will they bring me my home and my mother again?

* He was *obliged* to leave home at a time when his mother's decease was daily expected.

JUNE TO THE INVALID.

"O, LOVELIEST art thou, month of many flowers,
To this sick pining heart!" Thus sang a child—
A child of ten soft summers, and again
Bared to the freshening breeze her roseless cheek,
Still murmuring as each balmy breath stole by—
"O, loveliest art thou, month of many flowers!

"Thy sunbeams clothe the grass
With a more heavenly garment, and the streams
Whisper, as on they pass,
The spirit-music which so lives in dreams;
Gentle and voiceful are thy evening showers,—
O, loveliest art thou, month of many flowers!

"The lilac's breath comes up
To the high casement purified and bland,
And from the lily's cup
Faint odors by the bees' soft wings are fann'd:
Bright are the birds that seek thy green-leafed bowers,—
O, loveliest art thou, month of many flowers!

"Voices are kinder now,
And higher, holier influences obtain;
Joy sits on each fair brow,
Nor lights sweet love his altar-fires in vain;
No shade of gloom o'er nature's empire lowers,—
O, loveliest art thou, month of many flowers!

"Dearest, I would depart,
While thou dost wreath with smiles the opening grave,
Giving the throbbing heart
That holy quiet which the weary crave:
O, faintly struggle now frail nature's powers!—
Give me my rest, thou month of many flowers!"

And as the snow-drop folds its pure bright leaves
Before the tears of night, so gathered up
With smile and song that frail and beauteous child

Her robe of mortal happiness, and bowed
Her eyes to death's sweet sleep — the loveliest flower
That e'er gave incense to the skies of June.

THE PARENTS' FAREWELL TO THEIR CHILD.

"Fare thee well, our last and fairest" —
Dearest Emma, fare thee well!
There is slumber on thine eyelids
Morning's light can ne'er dispel.
Vainly hath deep knowledge striven
With the conquering angel's power;
Darkness evermore encloseth
Thee, our stricken flower!

O! as through our happy dwelling
Like a sunbeam thou didst stray,
Little did we deem *such* anguish
E'er could make our hearts its prey.
On thy cheek health's rosy lustre
Such far-reaching promise gave,
That our weak, unthinking spirits
Half forgot the grave.

And that rich, unearthly beauty,
Which should ever startle love,
Only drew our fond hearts closer
To our little nestling dove;
And, entranced, we watched the vision,
Growing every day more bright,
Till the death-wind, wildly moaning,
Swept it from our sight.

Tears will flow, yet, ah! how vainly
Gush the troubled founts of woe!
Time alone hath power to soften
Such an overwhelming blow.

Ever-tender recollections
  Press with melting voices round,
And each burst of sorrow leaveth
  Sorrow more profound.

We behold our little angel
  Wheresoe'er our dim eyes turn,
And her young lips' thrilling music
  Each sad hour our bosoms burn;
And we start with joy, and listen
  For her busy steps at play,
Till remembrance wildly pointeth
  To the shrouded clay.

And we feel those dear eyes never
  Shall their pearly lids unclose,
Nor that sweet, pale brow in slumber
  On our yearning hearts repose;
Never those fond arms caress us
  With their warm and loving clasp;
And we fain would turn and welcome
  Death's unfriendly grasp.

Yet why should we vainly linger
  By the dear but soulless clay?
Know we not our loved one wingeth,
  Like a bird, her upward way?
Seeking heaven's young, happy children,
  In their midst a welcome guest—
Even now, perchance, she leaneth
  On the Saviour's breast;—

And her lisping voice doth whisper
  Thanks that he has called her home,
Ere the tempter's wiles had lured her
  From life's narrow path to roam;
Cherished by such love as never
  E'en a mother's heart can know,
Bright and happy as the seraph's,
  Far from our deep woe.

CHRIST'S PARTING WITH HIS DISCIPLES.

As yet 't is scarcely dawn — the gray mist rests
In dim and solemn beauty on the boughs
Which shade the streams of wooded Bethany.
The wild flower rears her cup to catch the tears
Sent down from unseen eyes, and the low voice
Of day's first zephyr whispers 'mid the leaves
Of the bowed olive, like — O ! love, like thee,
When first thou speakest to the yielding heart.

And sleep is on Jerusalem — the dark,
The blood-besprinkled city; but the dreams
Of her unhumbled Pharisees are fraught
With troubled memories — not such as shed
A melancholy radiance around
The couch of suffering innocence, but wild
And bloody reminiscences come up
From guilt's unsleeping fountain, and the words
Of him who sought in mercy to remove
Afar their bitter bondage, greet them now
Like oracles of fate — too late, too late !
And that remorse which righteous Heaven hath made
To follow crime's red footsteps, even as
The shadow doth the substance, glares above
The murderers of Christ.

But who are these,
For whom the ponderous gate thus early breaks
The death-like stillness? and wherefore do they steal
At this dim hour towards Bethany's green hills,
Where yet the wild fawn keeps his dewy bed?
They are not pilgrims, for they bear nor scrip,
Nor staff, nor sallow parchment. Peasants they seem
Few, faint and poor, with thin and tattered garb,
And sandals worn, and bowed, uncovered heads,
And looks which speak bereavement; yet they lift
On high their mellow voices, and their griefs
Seem lessened as they sing: —

" Again, our Father, ere the first
Faint tinge of morn hath left the sky,

Or the sweet forest birds have burst
The sleep which chains their melody—
We of the scorned yet faithful few
Who worship thine anointed Son,
Beseech thee kindly to renew
The spirits which thy love hath won.

"Strengthen us, Father, for the hour
Which breaks our little fold is nigh,
And our loved Shepherd's voice no more
Shall thrill our hearts with ecstasy.
Strengthen us, Father. O! impress
Each mind with thine unerring will,
Else may this grief's deep bitterness
Leave a repining spirit still."

They pause — for through yon dimly opening glade
Steals the faint sound of footsteps, and a voice,
Whose lightest whisper hath the power to charm
The soul to heaven's portals, reaches each
Scarce breathing listener: —

"Children!" It is He,
The dead, the risen, the worshipped — O! to them
The all of heaven and earth; and as they kneel
In silent adoration at his feet,
Their eyes are fed with beauty, such as ne'er
Before blest human vision. 'T is the form
Of Him whose hand waved through chaotic gloom,
And dashed out light from darkness. 'T is the eye
Whose flashes laid bleak Sinai's summit bare,
Yet died away, like sunset's glow, in sweet
And tender glimmerings. 'T is the voice
Which rocked the solid earth, yet grew at last
So still, so small, so touching, that the heart's
Deep streams gushed out in floods of blessed tears.
O! 't is the glorious image of our God,
The Father of our spirits — it is Christ.

"Children" — each *brave* seeks reverently the ground,
And all is hushed in silence, while the last
Deep farewell words are spoken.

"Children, peace be unto you! Ye have done
Wisely, my faithful, to obey the call
Of your true Shepherd — for the setting sun
Shall look on earth and see ye scattered all.
But I will bless you, and my words shall be
As manna to your spirits, and the light
Of their deep truths shall keep ye ever free
From sin's strong bonds, and sorrow's gloomy night.
Blest, O! ye chosen of my soul, be blest
On earth with peace, in heaven with endless rest.

"I send ye forth like sheep 'mid beasts of prey,
To suffer persecution's venomed hate;
But murmur not — a voice from day to day
Shall whisper comfort which can ne'er abate.
Go forth and preach to error-stricken man
The gospel of a Father's changeless love.
So shall ye sweep from earth death's heavy ban,
And o'er the vulture set the peaceful dove;
And blest, O! chosen of my heart, be blest
With peace on earth, in heaven with endless rest.

"Go forth, and let the flame of virtue burn
So purely round you, that each eye may see,
Each heart may feel, each spirit joy to learn,
Children of light, that ye have been with me.
And I will keep you, for your voice must win
To my lone pasture countless numbers back.
Go forth with joy, ye conquerors of sin!
Nations shall haste to follow in your track.
And, O! be blest, ye chosen few, be blest
On earth with peace, in heaven with endless rest.

"And now I leave you, little ones, awhile
To linger 'mid the mansions of decay;
But ye shall come where pleasures ever smile,
And wear the crown which fadeth not away.
I leave you, but the Comforter shall write
Truth's glowing lessons on each waiting heart.
Then fear ye not, but trust — an arm of might
Shall keep ye from temptation's wiles apart.

Farewell, ye chosen of my soul! be blest
On earth with peace, in heaven with endless rest."

'T is lost — that melting voice is lost amid
The strains of waiting angels — and the eyes
Of that pale band, through tears, can but discern
Dim beauteous wings and floating robes of light
Far in the blue sky's distance; yet they rise
With cheerful hope, rejoicing that to them
Are given the words of everlasting life,
With power to speak them to a dying world.

THE DEAD GLADIATOR.

"'What! who would separate the father from the son?'— and Medon clasped the body tightly in his arms, and covered it with passionate kisses.— 'Go!' said he, lifting up his face for one moment, — 'go! we must be alone!'"

Last Days of Pompeii.

'T was a dark cell, and ghastly streamed the half-extinguished lamp
Upon the black, uncovered walls, and the floor with blood made damp;
And ever as the fitful flame an instant's radiance gave,
A father's arms were seen to clasp his young, his fated brave.

No smile was on the sleeper's lip, no beauty in his eye;
But locks of clustering gold shone down his forehead pale and high;
And a velvet softness lingered yet upon the youthful cheek,
And grace was in the folded hands — but the tongue refused to speak.

"He is not dead! it cannot be!" — murmured a deep low tone,
Like the haunting voice of midnight winds 'mid sepulchres of stone;
"He is not dead! his heart yet beats — O, beautiful! to thee
Life's morning flowers will yet unfold — bright days thou yet shalt see.

"He is not dead! did not these eyes behold his stately form
Towering amid those savage men, like the proud oak in the storm?

'T was Love that gave him pride and strength with iron frames
to cope —
Gold for a father's freedom made the Gladiator's hope.

"Dead? no! he sleeps! 't is but a cloud which veils the weary
sun,
'T will pass, and brighter rays will dart when the mystic spell is
done;
Awake! my Lydon, hear'st thou not? thy father calls thee now;
Awake! I cannot kiss away the cold dew from thy brow!

"Thou answerest not — ah! now I know thy sun hath lost its
beams —
The hand of death hath frozen up thy young life's gushing
streams;
Thy love hath murdered thee, poor boy — my crushed, my
blighted flower,
Ages of slavery! what were ye to this o'erwhelming hour?

"Away! intruders — would ye part the father and his child?
Away! — for scenes of other years press mournfully and wild.
Leave us alone! the dying hath communion with the dead,
And visions of unearthly hue are o'er our spirits shed!"

Faint grew each word, and fainter still came the last whispered
prayer,
Which gave a crushed but trusting soul into a Saviour's care;
And the bowed head, with its silvery locks, 'mid the heart's red
streams was pressed; —
On the bosom of his youthful son had the mourner found his rest!
1835.

THE DEATH OF SISERA.

Judges, Chapter iv.

The fugitive paused at the Kenite's tent,
And the blood on his dark cheek came and went
Like the lightning's flash, or the waves of the sea.
When they rush to their caverns tumultuously;
And his breath came quick, and a cold sweat stood
'Neath the glittering clasp of his helmet rude;

And a shade as of death passed over his face,
For he thought of his flight and its deep disgrace.

He drew his bright sword from its iron bed,
And a scalding tear on its surface shed,
Then broke it in twain, and the fragments cast
In a stream which the tent of the Kenite passed.
"So brittle," he cried, "were the hopes of the morn—
So soon was the laurel-wreath trampled and torn—
So perish the honors my prowess had sought!
For the warrior is humbled—the chieftain is naught.'

But the arras is raised, and a fair form stands
In Heber's door-way with beckoning hands,
And a smile so kind, and a voice so sweet,
That the warrior is lured to her dread retreat.
He enters the door, and his parched lips drain
Sweet milk from the flocks of fair Zaanaim's plain,
And he lays down his weary limbs to rest,
With the Kenite's mantle upon his breast.

What bodes, dark Jael, that smile of ire?
And the snake-like gleam from thy eyes of fire?
Why closes thy hand on that long sharp nail?
And the huge hammer rests in thy fingers frail?
Thou wouldst not injure the fallen great?
O, darker than death is their vanquished state!
And Sisera's lord is with thine at peace—
Away! let thy murderous purpose cease!

With a cat-like stealth did the traitress steal
To the prostrate chief, and beside him kneel,
And she raised her hand, but he spake in sleep
Wild words which might make the hardiest weep.
O listen, dark Jael! thou too hast a son,—
Couldst thou spare from thy bosom that darling one?
He speaks of his *mother*—mad woman, away!
But when did the tigress e'er turn from her prey?

She raised her hand, and a crimson stream
Gushed forth to the low tent's rafter beam;
And the chief like a goaded lion rose
And wildly called for his craven foes;

And he felt for his sword — when his dim eye saw
That a *woman* had dealt the treacherous blow!
And he fell with a groan on the blood-stained floor,
And yielded his life at the Kenite's door.

1836.

THE ISLAND GRAVE.

'T is in a sweet and quiet spot,
That humble island grave;
The rock which guards its sacred dust
Pellucid waters lave,
And o'er its green and sloping breast
Unplanted willows wave.

The earliest birds assemble there,
The earliest spring-flowers too;
And there the sun first bathes his lips
In the cool and hallowed dew;
But he leaves a deep and fragrant shade
The sultry noon-day through.

And music floats through that fairy isle
On morn and midnight air;
And 't is said some gentle spirit-band
Hath made its bowers their care;
For ne'er breathed human voice such sounds
Save hers who slumbers there.

She was a daughter of the woods,
With soul of poetic flow;
With a form as light as the springing breeze,
And a cheek of the amber glow;
And an eye as dark as her own bird's wing —
But her heart was white as snow.

She had a dream of the spirit-land,
One morn ere the leaves grew dim;
And sweetly and loudly o'er hill and stream
She chanted her funeral hymn;
But her eyelids drooped and she went away
To sing with the Seraphim.

And slowly and sadly, at moonlight hour,
The chiefs of the wildwood bore
"The Bird of the pine-tree's melting voice"
To the fairy island's shore;
And they buried her there, and clasped their hands
In blessings her relics o'er.

Saying, "We leave thee, our forest's pride,
With the loveliest flowers to dwell;
And ever may voices, as sweet as thine own,
Around thee their music swell;
But never may white-man's reckless foot
Disgrace to this green sod tell."

And never hath it, for light-flamed shrubs
Guard it perpetually;
And birds of a sheen and rainbow wing
Through its fragrant branches stray;
But voices e'er mingle in cadence sweet
With the wild waves' roundelay.

November, 1836.

THE FAIR CAPTIVE.

A Legend of the Colonies.

They took her by stealth from her cradle bed,
And away like the deer of the forests fled
To their own wild haunts, where the branching trees
Chid softly the haste of the perfumed breeze,
Where the red sun sent but a chequered beam
Through the willowed banks of the mountain stream;
Where the long shadows slept on the pearly grass;
Where the moon looked down from her sea of glass.

And they smiled when they saw that her eyes were blue,
And her cheek of the delicate morning's hue;
And they bribed with trinkets her falling tears,
And soothed with kisses her childish fears;

And they bound round her innocent baby brow
Bright feathers and beads of transparent glow;
And they laid on her form the gorgeous dress
Of the richer tribes of the wilderness.

And an old chief took her to be his child,
And she grew with the young fawn fleet and wild;
A creature as light as the fairy down
Which she chased through the glades of the forest brown;
As beautiful, too, as the softest flower
Which peeps from the nook of some secret bower;
With a voice as sweet as her own tame dove,
When he hymned in her presence the notes of love.

She worshipped her father, the aged chief,
And her smile grew sad when he spake of grief;
And she loved his son as a brother dear,
And she loved the stars and the fountains clear —
She loved all things — for she did not know
That her blood had been drained from the "drifted snow;"
She dreamed not that hers was the hated race,
For she thought that the moon-beams had paled her face.

But times were changed, and the flag of peace
Was sent to the woods by the pale "Yengeese;"
And the Indians yielded their captive bands,
With a sullen gloom to the victor's hands;
And among them the beautiful "Spring-Bird" came, —
The chief had assigned her that pleasant name, —
But she brought not her heart from the pine-tree's shade,
And the sunbeams no more in her bright eyes played.

Her parents remembered their long-lost child,
And gazed with joy on her features mild;
And they placed her — a star — in their spacious halls,
And her brow wore fair Learning's coronals;
And a "great one" sought her to be his bride,
And she plighted her troth, though she inly sighed;
For the chieftain had taught her to yield her will
To a father's wish, and her lips were still.

And the bridal morn came, and the guests were there;
But they waited in vain for the "ladye-fair:"
The Spring-Bird had flown, and search was made,
From day to day, through the forest shade;
But made for nought, till, one sunset eve,
When hope from the seekers was taking its leave,
They spied, near the brink of a fountain clear,
The Indian robe of their mistress dear.

But a tall form bent o'er her lifeless clay,
And motioned their hasty steps away;
And they dared not intrude on his sacred grief,
For they knew him the son of the aged chief;
And they turned them homeward, a sorrowing band,
For they loved the sweet flower of the rainbow land;
And they said that she died of a quenchless thirst
For the home where her loveliest thoughts were nursed.

1836.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"She was my idol — night and day to scan
The fine expression of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight." — *Mrs. Sigourney.*

'Tis over now, my lost, my cherished one —
The last confining link of this frail earth
Is severed — and *thy spirit lives in bliss.*
And yet, this truth, deep as the comfort is
Which flows from its conviction, cannot blot
The memory of thy sufferings, my poor babe,
From this wrung, bleeding heart.

O! had'st thou fallen
As others do, or like the young weary buds
Which tire to hang so long upon the boughs,
And droop in gradual decay to earth —
Had thy sweet, cherub form gone down unscathed
To its dim resting-place, with e'en one ray
Of its transcendent beauty — that my thoughts

Might after dwell in sad delicious dreams
Upon the last deep-treasured farewell view
Of my soul's darling — ah! I could — I think
I could have borne it.

But thus to have thee
Always in my imagination pictured out,
With thy fair features blackened and deformed, —
Thy sunny locks scorched by the blasting flame, —
Thy beauteous hazel eyes bleared o'er and dim, —
Thy sweet lip, once so rife with frolic mirth,
Shriveled and seared; and then thy little hands
In an imploring attitude held up,
With thy low, wailing voice asking the help
Which none, alas! could give. O, my poor heart,
This is too much! — break — break, thou surely wilt.

* * * * * * * * *

Peace, peace! 'tis past; —
The almost mortal struggle of despair
At last hath given over, and I feel
A something like to calmness brooding o'er
The intense springs of my mind's agony.
The door of that dread passage now is closed,
And I can look beyond the torturing scene
And think on thee again, my little Ruth,
As thou wert once; and as, indeed, art now:
A fair, young, smiling flower, too deeply pure
To flourish long on this sin-tainted soil;
And hence transplanted by the great Gardener's hand
To bowers where love and beauty never fade.
Stay, stay, sweet vision! ever let me gaze
Upon that sunny aspect. O, my child!
Though I shall weep full many bitter tears
To find thy place unfilled again on earth, —
Though the deep thrill of disappointed hope
Will ever quicken when my eyes behold
Thy silent playthings — thy bright tinsel toys,
And all those cast-off speaking things that wake
The chords which twine round mothers' hearts alone; —
And though the lack of thy soft gleesome voice,

(When others kneel to ask the kiss which none
E'er got before the worshipped of my heart) —
Will seem the loss of the harp's sweetest string —
Still, still the thought that thou dost dwell within
The circle of that changeless love, which said
"Suffer thy little ones to come to me" —
And that the time will soon arrive when thou
Wilt welcome my poor pilgrim spirit home
To the bright realms of blissful purity, —
O, the sweet thought — with hope and faith 'tis given —
That we shall meet, my cherished one, in Heaven.

1836.

THE AUTUMN ROSES.

"My brother had a beautiful Rose-tree standing directly under the window of his study, which he cultivated with great care, and which rewarded him every spring with a large number of the loveliest white roses I ever saw. On the spring, however, preceding his decease, it did not blossom; but in the fall, when everything else was going to decay, how were we surprised to behold this sweet tree drooping beneath an unusual quantity of snow-white flowers! We did not allow one of them to be plucked until my poor brother's death, when we strewed them over his grave."

Gently looked the morning sun
Into a quiet room;
Softly through a broken pane
Stole a sweet perfume;
"Is not that the rose's scent?"
A dying sufferer said;
As a fair one o'er his pillow leant,
And raised his feeble head,
Whispering, the while, a few low words;
But they soothed not the spirit's trembling chords;
For the pallid cheek of the student flushed,
And a flood of tears from his dim eye gushed.

"Roses on my beauteous tree?
Roses, didst thou say?
Roses, when all sights and sounds
Whisper but 'decay'?

Quickly, quickly, sister, dear,
Lead my footsteps where
These untrusting eyes may feast
On a sight so rare."
And they made him a seat by the window's side,
Where the bright flowers clung in their dewy pride,
Smiling above the unburied leaves
Which the frost had cast from the vine-wreathed eaves.

"Wherefore, children of the light,"
Whispered he again,
"Come ye in these gloomy days
Near the couch of pain?
Would ye mock the fading flower
Of a human tree,
Boasting for its deathless root
Immortality?
Would you mock with your purity the heart
Whence sinful passions so wildly start?
Or bring ye the hope of a cleansing power
For the sin-dyed soul in its parting hour?

"Ye are emblems, lovely flowers,
Of unnumbered things —
Emblems of unsullied hopes
With their airy wings —
Emblems of the love which burns
With a hueless ray,
Spreading o'er the lamb-like mind
An eternal day;
Also of hearts where a living faith
Rises up coldly, 'mid fields of scathe,
Startling the eye in a wintry hour
With its healing fruit and its fragrant flower.

"Autumn flowers! ye come to me
As a voice might come
To the wave-tossed mariner
From his mountain-home;

Bringing all sweet summer sounds
From the forests deep,
And the music low which makes his heart
With a mournful joy to weep;
Ye come to me as the star-lit eves
To the exile lone when his spirit grieves,
Kindling a thought, with your tender light,
Which guides me on through the closing night.

"Ye are spirits of the blest,
Gentle, gentle flowers!
Spirits of that sweet-voiced land
Missed in all our bowers;
They who passed like twilight gleams
On a summer sea,
Leaving the wail of a billowy grief
For their homeward minstrelsy!
O, come ye not, with your music breath,
Beautiful ones, to wrest from death
This soul's dim germ and plant it where
It may gather strength from purer air?"

* * * * * * *

Softly shone the morning sun
On a new-made grave;
Slowly o'er a marble fresh
Did a willow wave;
Faintly stole the southern breeze
Through the dewy grass,
Scarcely stirring the tall blades
As its wings did pass;
When a pale and drooping form drew near,
And strewed fresh roses beside the bier;
Murmuring, as each pale offering fell,
"Brother! thou lov'dst them passing well!"

1836.

A FRAGMENT.

And she was seen no more. The low-roofed church,
Half hid by branching elms and locusts green,
Did echo ne'er again the buoyant tread

Of that young fairy creature — and the voice,
That erst did kindle in each wandering heart
A deep and burning fervor, had gone out
From the pale, sorrowing choir, even as doth
The song of a crushed bird, or the sweet tone
Of a torn harp-string touched by careless hands;
And she was seen no more.

What was her fate?
There is a mound beside that low-roofed church,
Unmarked by sculptured stone, but whose young grass
Is softer, greener, sunnier than the rest
Of the broad marbled yard; and there 's a flower
Amid those velvet turfs, — one frail white flower, —
As pure and delicate as are the wreaths
Quivering upon the Andes' wintry heights,
Yet not more pure than was her heart who sleeps
Beneath its tearful gaze.

What was her fate?
They said the night-dews touched her fragile form,
And she bowed down in silence, like the rose
Upon her grassy bed, when evening's pearls
Cling to its tender petals — and, as if
Death were too harsh a word, they said she slept,
And that they made her grave upon the spot
Which she herself desired.

They told not all.
She died as thousands die — could we but read
The heart's unwritten history — because
Earth could no longer minister unto
The wants of one untainted by its thoughts;
And she went back to Heaven to taste the fruits
Which do not turn to ashes on the lips.

1836.

THE YOUNG DREAMER.

'T was Fancy wove the web."

She was a dreamer. This bright world to her
Was but as a gilt souvenir, whose seals

She cared not to unclose. She read alone
The glowing page of fancy. She communed
With few, save those her wild brain conjured up
From halls of fairy beauty; and with these
She held familiar converse day and night.
In truth, she was most whimsical — most strange;
And none could understand her, though by all
Her name was oft repeated, yet with dread,
As of a thing admired, though all unknown.
She had an odd dislike for things which were
To others most delightful. Flowers and birds
And smiling sunshine were passed idly by,
As if mere trivial nothings; and the sweet,
Low, melting streams of music, which so steep
In ecstasy the soul, were sure to make
This wayward child an instant absentee.
She loved the whirling tempest, the wild strife
Of fierce contending elements. She loved
The raging cataract, the cannon's roar,
The dread, resounding thunder, and the winds —
The mocking winds, as they careered abroad
In creaking chariots through the warring skies;
And often was she seen, at evening hour,
'Mid shaggy cliffs which bent their flinty brows
And stony teeth above the boiling ocean;
Her dark hair streaming in the wailing breeze;
Her hands clasped fervently, and her bright eye,
Like a bewildered meteor, glancing o'er
The moaning waste of waters; while her voice,
In its shrill, startling melody, was heard
Above the towering surges, and the words
Of its unearthly roundelay were clear
As is the night-bird's carol: —

"Rouse thee, O, Spirit!
The winds are awaking,
The surges are breaking
And Neptune is shaking
Soft, soft sleep from his eyes.
Rouse thee, O, Spirit!
The sun leaves the billows,

The mermaids their pillows,
And high o'er the willows
The sea-mews arise.

"Soar, O, thou Spirit!
Up where the eagle is veering;
Up where the clouds are careering;
Up where the stars are appearing
Ever unfading and bright!
Soar, O, thou Spirit!
By the deep spell which is o'er thee,
To the blue regions before thee,
Where the pure air will restore thee, —
Soar, O, thou Spirit of light!"

She scorned the name of poetess; although
Her pencil oft betrayed her thoughts, and then
The eye was dewed, the feeling heart was pained
With the deep pathos, — the Promethean fire
Which ran, like lava, through each breathing line.

But time wore on, and *she*, O, she was changed! —
That being of high intellect was changed,
Even in the sudden twinkling of an eye.
A shadow passed before her, and she bowed
Low to the earth her spirit, and gave up
The casket which contained the precious gems
By nature's hand so lavishly bestowed.
Her mind, that golden bowl, was broken, and
Its fragments far were scattered. She became
The very opposite of her first self. Her form
Lost its uprightness, as if "struck with eld;"
The thrilling glance of her dark, restless eye
Gave place to one of indolent repose;
Her voice was low and childish, and her words
Were simple and unmeaning, like the first
Faint warblings of an infant. She would sit
Sometimes from morn till night beside the cage
Of her canary-bird, or idly nurse
Her climbing multiflora. And for hours
She would amuse her with the golden beams

Of sunshine, as they darted through the pane
And strayed amid her long, disordered locks;
And if, perchance, a cloud obscured their light,
She would shed tears of unaffected grief.

* * * * * * * * *

The mind! the glorious mind! O, there is not
In life a thing so beautiful, so bright,
So greatly to be coveted, as is
This soaring principle, whose empire ends
Scarce with the boundless universe.
It rises on the winds; it seeks the stars;
It soars through other realms; but there 's a line
Which, if it once reach, its doom is fixed; —
'T will fall to earth, and, like an unsphered sun,
Its brightness perish there.

1836.

STANZAS.

If thou wouldst wake within thy heart
A music that can never sleep —
Wouldst bid care's shadowy gloom depart,
And smile where erst thou couldst but weep —

Go, clothe the shivering orphan boy,
Who wanders lonely through the streets;
And thou shalt know such depths of joy
As the world's votary rarely meets.

If thou wouldst have thy midnight dreams
More beautiful than dreams by day,
Like perfumed flowers by woodland streams,
Softer in moonlight's trembling ray —

Go, watch the eye of waning health;
Go, whisper words of hope and peace;
And thou shalt have a store of wealth,
Which time shall bounteously increase.

If thou wouldst have thy latest breath
Pass softly as an infant's sigh —
Wouldst fall into the arms of death
As gently as the flowers that die —

Speak pardon to thy kneeling foe,
E'en on *his* head thy blessings pour;
And angels shall their smiles bestow,
And bear thee to their own bright shore.

1836.

CHILDREN RETURNING FROM SCHOOL.

Listen! The school for the day is out —
On the evening breeze comes the merry shout,
And a cloud of dust as, hand in hand,
Down the clayey street trails the happy band.
Come to this window; 't will glad thy heart
To see the gem shine ere it shines by art;
Ere the smile of deceit hath obtained a place
'Mid the hallowed lines of each innocent face.

Come to this window. See those wild boys,
Swinging their hats 'mid the deafening noise;
Their cheeks are as red as the cherry pie
Which at morning they carried so slowly by;
Their clothes are all dust, but they do not care,
They can dance once more in the fresh, free air,
"And ma and school-ma may scold an' please,"
When thoughts of frolic their bosom seize.

Next comes a bevy of tall young girls,
Glancing contempt at those graceless churls;
Their steps are light as the airy fawn
When he daintily trips o'er the daisied lawn.
Lace-frames are dangling from graceful hands,
Curls streaming down from their velvet bands,
While tongues run on with a steam-like power —
Little dream they of an evil hour.

Next comes a hopping and jumping crew,
With torn straw bonnets and aprons blue;
Masters and misses with sparkling eyes,
But some wax grave with a sour surprise;
Now brews a quarrel o'er pilfered fruit,
There 's a threat, a box, and a "rising" foot,

While the passing "school ma'am" in vain essays
With eloquent speeches to mend their ways!

And here, away in the silent rear,
A sweet one clings to her papa dear;
He clasps the young lamb to his swelling heart,
But her fair young brother stands out apart;
Large tears swell in his full blue eyes,
And he scarce can smother the sobs that rise,
While he marvels such partial care to see
Towards one that is younger and *smaller* than he.

O, beautiful childhood! the golden gleam
Which flashes across thy unsullied stream
Brings a warmth to the heart, and the ice-drops there
Dissolve like snows in a southern air.
O! when I gaze down in the clear, deep spring,
Where fresh thoughts like beautiful birds take wing,
I would almost live over dark years of pain,
To be but an innocent child again.

1836.

TRUE RICHES.

Health and simplest fare — if thou hast these,
Accompanied with one single *steadfast* friend —
A conscience which thou dost not fear to bare
To the great Searcher's eye, and that strong hope
Whose wing ne'er tires, e'en o'er the yawning grave —
Go thou thy way — thou art an emperor,
Bearing thy crown e'er with thee; go thy way,
And thank thy God, who hath bestowed on thee
The gold which monarchs covet, but in vain.

1836.

INVOCATION TO POETRY.

"I said to the spirit of poesy, Come back; thou art my comforter."

Come back, come back, sweet spirit!
I miss thee in my dreams;
I miss thee in the laughing bowers
And by the gushing streams.

The sunshine hath no gladness,
The harp no joyous tone, —
O, darkly glide the moments by
Since thy soft light has flown!

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
As in the glorious past,
When the halo of a brighter world
Was round my being cast;
When midnight had no darkness,
When sorrow smiled through tears,
And life's blue sky seemer bowed in love,
To bless the coming years.

Come back, come back, sweet spirit,
Like the glowing flowers of spring,
Ere time hath snatched the last pure wreath
From fancy's glittering wing;
Ere the heart's increasing shadows
Refuse to pass away,
And the silver cord wax thin which binds
To heaven the weary clay.

Come back, thou art my comforter;
What is the world to me?
Its cares that live, its hopes that die,
Its heartless revelry?
Mine, mine, O! blessed spirit,
The inspiring draught be mine,
Though words may ne'er reveal how deep
My worship at thy shrine.

Come back, thou holy spirit,
By the bliss thou may'st impart,
Or by the pain thine absence gives
A deeply stricken heart.
Come back, as comes the sunshine
Upon the sobbing sea,
And every roaming thought shall vow
Allegiance to thee.

COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

O, PLACE not too fondly, my daughter, thy trust
On the treasures that perish, the things which are dust!
For change will o'ershadow thy way with his wing,
And pluck from thy path every blossom of spring.

Pour out thy affections on nothing beneath;
'T is a wasting of feelings, a savor of death;
Few days, and thy dearest shall wither and die,
And thy bright visions vanish like clouds from the sky.

Yet vain are my counsels — the youthful and free,
With their warm kindling hopes, ever reckless will be;
Alas! 't is their nature, unmindful to cast
Scarce a thought to the future, or glance at the past.

Said I 't was their nature? Yes, daughter, but thou,
With youth's brightest bloom on thy radiant brow,
Draw near, while I whisper a thought that will give
Thy young heart a strength every change to outlive.

As sunlight will steal from the roses their hue,
When a blight lurks beneath their fair foldings of dew —
As streams from the mountains unceasingly glide
Till their waters are mingled with ocean's blue tide —

So riseth to heaven life's perishless part,
When decay is at work in the depths of the heart;
So a power, though unseen, ever gathereth on high
The things which, on earth, are too lovely to die.

Then peace, O my daughter! whatever thy lot —
Beams the sunshine of fortune upon thee or not —
Peace, peace, to thy heart, for the dreams of its love
Will be blest with a holy fulfilment above.

THE GRAVES OF CRANDAL AND MARSH.

THEY sweetly slumber, side by side,
Upon the green and pleasant hill,
Where the young morning's sunny tide
First wakes the shadows, dark and still,

And where gray twilight's breeze goes by
Laden with woodland melody,
And Heaven's own tireless watchmen keep
A vigil o'er their slumbers deep.

They sleep together — but their graves
Are marked by no sepulchral stone;
Above their heads no willow waves,
No cypress shade is o'er them thrown:
The only record of their deeds
Is that where silent memory leads,
Their only monument of fame
Is found in each beloved name.

O, theirs was not the course which seals
The favor of a fickle world!
They did not raise the warring steel,
Their hands no bloody flag unfurled;
They came not with a cup of wrath,
To drench with gall life's thorny path,
But, day and night, they strove to win,
By *love*, the palsied soul from sin.

Like two bright stars at eventide,
They shone with undiminished ray;
And though clouds gathered far and wide,
Still held they on their upward way;
And still unheeded swept them by
The threatenings of this lower sky,
For they had built upon the Rock,
Defying tide and tempest's shock.

To them the vanities of life
Were but as bubbles of the sea;
They shunned the boisterous swell of strife;
From pride's low thrall their souls were free.
They only sought by Christ to show
The Father's love for all below;
They only strove through Christ to raise
The wandering mind from error's maze.

But now they sleep — and O, may ne'er
One *careless* footstep press the sod
Where moulder those we held so dear, —
The friends of man, the friends of God!
And let alone warm *feeling* twine
An offering at their lowly shrine;
While all who knew them humbly try
Like them to live, like them to die.

MURRAY AT THE GRAVE OF POTTER.

And is this all, my brother,
That I may see of thee?
This lowly grave, where wind and storm
Hold revel wild and free?
I thought to meet thee at thy gate,
To grasp thy manly hand,
To hear thy kind voice welcome me
Back from a distant land.

I thought to kneel beside thee,
Dear brother of my heart,
And hear once more thy full deep voice
Each warm desire impart.
I thought to feel thy clasped hands pressed
In blessing on my head,
And see thy thankful tears — all this; —
And thou — O, thou art dead!

I thought — but ah! how vainly
Comes each remembrance now! —
Hath human thought e'er warmed the dew
On death's congealing brow?
Hath human power obstructed e'er
The upward spirit's track?
Or strong inquiring love e'er won
Aught but its own tears back?

Yet must my thoughts be with thee,
Thou holy man of God;

Like Enoch's was the perfect way
Thy upright footsteps trod.
Thy love was like thy Father's love, —
As sunlight warm and free;
And poverty and grief had ne'er
A dwelling-place by thee.

Thy love was like thy Father's love, —
It bore upon its wings
An antidote for every draught
From sin's polluting springs.
It won the hardened sinner from
The evil of his way,
And taught the mourning heart to bask
In faith's unclouded ray.

Thou wert the first to rear to God,
In this wild western land,
A temple of impartial grace, —
Ay, with thine *only* hand.
And thou the first to welcome *him*
Whom thy prophetic eye
Knew for that Saviour's advocate
Who wills not man shall die.

Forgive, O, ransomed spirit!
These tears — these falling tears;
This heart, though aged, is not cold,
And bright were former years.
Bright were the years when oft thine eye
Shone from this very spot,
And grief o'ercomes me when again
I look and see thee not.

MY WILDWOOD BOWER.

My wildwood bower! thou art the same
As when in childhood's morn I found thee,
Thy flowers as fresh, thy birds as tame,
And June's first gales are sighing round thee:

No foot hath pressed thy balmy fern,
No hand thy tangled vines unbraided;
Time hath not read his lesson stern
To aught by thy green arch o'ershaded.

The bee still lingers in the rose,
The humming-bird upon the laurel;
And where yon ivy's tendrils close,
The violet still imparts her moral;
No moss has gathered on the spray;
My slight pine seat has ceased to moulder;
The grass is young, the brook as gay —
Alas! am I alone grown older?

My wildwood home! I never seek,
Save in bright June, thy trellised arbor,
When earth's unsaddened voices speak,
And all is joy that thou dost harbor:
So fondly clings the care-worn heart
To its first scenes of bliss and brightness,
In after years it may not part
With aught that breathes of youth and lightness.

WE LOVED.

We met, we loved. A sunset gleam was straying
Amid the dim graves where strangers first we met,
And autumn winds upon their wild harps playing,
'Mid yellow leaves with tears of evening wet.
We met, we loved. O, grief hath power to waken,
With its dark weeds, a tenderness which ne'er
Decays with time! — and we were all forsaken —
The last lone watchers o'er a household bier.

We loved, as orphan sisters, who have broken
Full oft the bread of bitterness and woe;
As isolated beings, who have spoken
A farewell to the world of pride and show.

We loved with that devotedness which buries
All thoughts of others in oblivion's sea —
With that endearing confidence which parries
The shafts of malice and adversity.

We loved. Through every season, one deep feeling,
One joy, one grief, one prayer, one pulse was ours;
Whether stern winter's voice were o'er us pealing,
Or gentle sunshine gilding April showers.
Night ever found us at God's altar bending;
Morn saw our hands, e'en as our hearts, entwined —
Our soaring spirits, as our voices blending
In that sweet union earth can ne'er unbind.

We loved. A tress of silken hair is lying
Within my hand, more precious than the light;
She took it from her angel brow while dying,
And faintly smiled upon the token bright.
O, blessed sister! when dark earth releaseth
Her trusting hearts, so long, so sternly proved,
Will not the eye, which kindred spirit seeketh,
Say, in one deep and thrilling glance — WE LOVED!

CONSCIENCE.

"Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." — *Bible.*

WHY steals he away from the haunts of men,
To the lonely depths of the mountain glen?
Why shuns he the light of the smiling day,
Like the craven owl, or a beast of prey?
Why shrinks he abashed at a single glance,
And his quailing eye looks down askance?
Why deepens the flush of his varying cheek
When his quivering lips essay to speak?
And why, 'mid the solemn hours of night,
Does he wake, like a timorous bird, with fright?
Then cling to his burning pillow again,
And seek for the blessings of sleep in vain?

'T is Conscience — STERN CONSCIENCE, the judge within,
Convicting the soul of its load of sin:

The deeds which his ruthless hand hath wrought,
In their black array, to his sight are brought;
He sees the words on the naked wall,
And he fears that others may read the scroll;
The voices of unrequited ill
Mean over his heart till its blood is chill;
He hears the widow's and orphan's cry
Go loudly up to the threatening sky;
And he shrinks in dismay for the grave to hide
The injured spectres that round him glide.

O, sinner! lost sinner! how long before
Thou wilt seek to enter at Wisdom's door?
How long ere the scales from thy eyes shall fall,
And thy spirit arise from its shameful thrall?
Away, away with the lying thought
That peace and pleasure with crime are bought;
Away with the hope! — like the Dead-sea fruit,
It will crumble to ashes beneath thy foot;
For e'en should the hands of the mighty *join*,
Their strength must yield to the power divine;
And Conscience, though everything else may sleep,
Her tireless watch o'er the soul will keep.

EVENING HYMN.

Air: — "Safely through another week."

Day is gone, and peaceful night
Brings, O Lord, our thoughts to thee —
Thee, from whose all-searching sight
Nothing hidden e'er can be.
Wilt thou, Father, condescend,
While we sing, an ear to lend?

Thou hast safely led us through
Sin and error's thorny way,
And to our enraptured view
Opened truth's unclouded day.
O, may all our actions prove
How we prize thy faithful love!

By that precious blood which sealed
Our unworthy spirits thine,
May we as dear children yield
Honor to the "Living Vine,"
Till we reach that blessed shore,
There to praise thee evermore.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan! Very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman."
2 *Samuel* i. 26.

O, THERE 's a pang of deep distress,
My brother, at this heart for thee!
A wild, a harrowing grief, too strong
For me to bury silently.
These tears, these burning tears may tell
How mighty was the mystic spell
Of love, which all my spirit won,
For thee, my brother Jonathan.

Ay! let me weep, for I have lost
A faithful heart, — the only thing,
Of all earth's beautiful, to which
My fond, unchanging soul did cling.
And such a one! O, I will bow
Low in the dust my aching brow,
And ne'er these sorrows cease to pour,
Since thou, my brother, art no more!

It lives, it lives, it cannot fade,
The memory of those hallowed hours,
When in our hearts' first bliss we strayed
'Mid golden streams and sunny flowers;
And little dreamed we then, that hate,
And pride, and scorn, could desolate
So soon the Eden-wreaths which flung
Their sky-stained hues our hopes among.

Thy father's hand — ah, he is dead!
But yet, 't was he whose hate pursued,
With a stern purpose, one who ne'er
Wished aught to him or his but good.
But this wild furnace-fire has failed
To melt one link of that strong chain,
That spiritual tie which early mailed
Our willing souls, no longer twain.

O! it is wonderful, the love
Which springs in woman's gentle breast;
The deep, undying principle,
The high law, "written above the rest"
By nature's hand, and it will glow
More fervent through time's onward flow;
Yet, strong as woman's love may be,
Stronger was thine, my friend, for me.

How hast thou fallen! O thou, whose form
Was beautiful as light from heaven!
Thy look was power, thy arm was strength;
How hath their mightiness been riven!
The stars of night gleam cold and still
Upon Gilboa's towering hill,
And lonely, 'mid its depths of shade,
Are Israel's brightest glories laid.

Daughters of Jacob! let the dews
Of your hearts' sorrows ceaseless fall!
Weep, Jabesh-Gilead! let the robes
Of mourning clothe thy lovely! All
Weep; for our nation's boast and pride
By unanointed heathen died.
For me, I 'll mourn from sun to sun
Thy loss, my brother Jonathan.

STANZAS.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." — *Psalms.*

Thou, of the young yet shaded brow,
Has sadness flung its mantle o'er thee?

Are all thy cherished hopes laid low,
And gloom and sorrow spread before thee!
Has fate thy soul's best prospects blighted,
Leaving thee weary and benighted —
Broken thy life's last flowering branch,
Like an o'erwhelming avalanche!
Still hope, pale mourner! coming years
Will give thee smiles instead of tears.

Thou, of the tottering step, whose eye
Time's oft-repeated storms have clouded;
The glory of whose summer sky
The charnel's frequent mists have shrouded;
Mourn'st thou that the ties are riven
Which kept thy worshipped ones from heaven?
Falls that tear, thou lonely one,
That thy life's sands so slowly run?
Peace to thee, weeper! endless joy
Will soon these gems of grief destroy.

THE PORTIONLESS.

Fair child of poverty, thy only dower
Is thy transcendent beauty, and the gift
Which nature throws but seldom in a vase
Of such exquisite workmanship — a heart
Pure as the wreath round Apennine's cold brow,
And true, and gentle, as the constant dove.

Thy dress is coarse and simple, and thy hands,
Though small and delicate, are sparkling not
With many costly diamonds. On thy brow
No band of woven brilliants tells the tale
Of lavish partiality. Thy hair,
In its dark flowing richness, boasteth not
Of pearl or ornament, save one wild flower,
Plucked from the sterile borders of a rock;
Fit emblem of thy lowliness and worth.

O! hast thou thought, young sister, on the lot
Of poverty's pale daughters — how they toil

And struggle on beneath the oppressive scorn,
The cold, unfeeling pride of haughty wealth!
Thy looks are sad. Thus early doth thy heart
Bleed 'neath the infliction of deriding power!
Yet cheer thee up! there is an antidote —
Thy *Saviour* mingled with the lowly poor;
Thy *Saviour* wore the peasant's humble garb;
Thy *Saviour* had not where to lay his head;
Yet meekly did he bear the rich one's sneer,
Nor envied he their pompous luxuries.
And when the tempter offered to invest
With princely honors his uncrowned head,
He spurned the subtle sorcerer from his sight,
And gave at last his *life* to bless the *poor*.

Sweet sister! be thy youthful soul like his;
And may he give thee strength to bear, alike,
Temptation's arts and poverty's dark ills,
With heart unbent, unmoved, that thou may'st know
Through life that peace which wealth can never give.

A MORNING WALK IN S*********.

INSCRIBED TO MY ESTEEMED FRIENDS, MRS. S. AND M. SMITH, PA.

"Deemest thou these saddened scenes have pleasure still?
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower withered on the hill,
To listen to the wood's expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?
O, if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain!"
Scott's Lord of the Isles.

'T is early morn — as yet the uprising sun
The glances of his crimson eye confines
To the high western ridge, whose foliage dun
Brightens beneath the yellow kindling lines;
The walnut pale, the warrior-crested pines,
The spreading maple, with its varied hues,

The rugged oak, o'erhung with clustering vines,
The bending sumach, wet with morning dews —
All catch the smiles which heaven's bright beams diffuse.

O! brings it not a sadness to the heart,
A trembling moisture to the heavy eye,
When thus we see earth's lovely things depart,
Gathering fresh beauty when about to die?
As do the forest trees, we heave the sigh;
We pass the dark uncheering gulf of years,
When those, whose dwelling now is in the sky,
Too beautiful for these corrupting spheres,
Arose and left us here, in darkness and in tears.

A truce to this — we have come forth to share
The glowing prospect of the opening day;
To catch the first sweet breath of mountain air,
And listen to the waves' unequal play,
As, eddying round some willow-planted bay,
They scorn to follow in the onward stream;
Or, like a songster weary of his lay,
Forget their murmurs in a voiceless dream,
While others muttering on at first as reckless seem.

O, Susquehanna! river of the hills!
How lovely are thy towering banks to me!
Adown whose jutting crags a thousand rills,
Like chafing chargers, thunder wild and free.
Connecticut and Hudson, true, may be
By gifted poets more renowned in song;
But nature never made them equal thee,
Thou most delightful of the classic throng;
Sublimity and grace alike to thee belong.

A spirit of unearthly nature broods
Above the dark blue surface of thy wave;
A spirit which still haunts the untrodden woods,
And lingers at the red-man's hollow grave,
Chanting a death-dirge for departed brave,
The mourning genius of that lofty race,
Whose floating barks and flashing arms once gave

A martial beauty to the wilderness,
Though now the raised earth shows alone their resting-place.

Here in our path this arrow's pointless head
Is a meet emblem of that scattered band;
A broken thing, whose power to harm has fled,
By haughty foot half-buried in the sand.
This lovely valley, once their hunting land,
Owns now no vestige of their hardy reign;
Wide-spreading orchards rise on either hand,
The far-stretched fields are brown with ripening grain,
And neat though humble dwellings smile along the plain.

Where once the prowling wolf and panther met
To snarl above the newly-murdered deer,
A temple to the Holy One is set,
That every contrite spirit may draw near,
And to truth's message yield the willing ear.
The distant hills are white with grazing sheep,
And "lowing herds," which stray devoid of fear;
And laughing groups a mirthful pastime keep
Upon the school-house green, where sparkling streamlets leap.

Thus time brings change — e'en ye, my friends, o'er whom
Kind nature threw a garland passing fair,
Daily some flattering tints of youthful bloom
Are yielding to the usurping hand of care;
Yet no less dear to this lone heart ye are,
Ye who have shared my pleasures and my tears,
And ministered attentions sweet and rare,
Like angel visitors from holier spheres,
Bearing affection's wreath undimmed by blighting years.

But, see, the mist is falling from the trees
Before the all-absorbing King of day!
A gentle murmur swells the rising breeze,
The world is waking, with hope's visions gay.
O! we will now retrace our "winding way,"
With feelings chastened by reflecting thought;
Happy that He whom warring winds obey,
To us the pleasant paths of duty taught,
And praying that through life we may offend in naught

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." — *John* xiii. 34.

What was the love of which he spake,
As bearing to those chosen men?
Was it the love which time can make
Indifferent, and cold again?

Was it the love whose strength is based
On vanity and worldly pride?
The love which one slight jar may waste,
One evil breath may turn aside?

He bade them love as he had loved, —
With that deep, faithful glow of feeling,
Which lingers on unchanged, unmoved,
'Mid blight and death, its smiles revealing.

O, child of frailty, if within
Thy soul's dark book one leaf remain
Unlettered by the hand of sin,
One bright page free from vicious stain:

There, write these words — *My Saviour, be*
The influence of thy spirit given,
That I may ever love, like thee,
My fellow-travellers to heaven.

INFANT YEARS.

"Our infant years! is it not beautiful,
The light that hovers round them?"
Prentice.

It is depraved (so many say), the nature
Of a sweet, sinless child; that all its thoughts,
Its beautiful, glad thoughts, which fling the rays
Of Heaven's own perfect innocence upon
Features of even seraphic loveliness, —
That these are but the serpent's subtle train,

Coiling within the depths of the young heart,
With an all-poisoning influence, and that
Each avenue of the unpractised soul
Is saturate with the dark flood of sin.
And is it so?. O! thou, whose whitened locks
Bespeak a lengthened life's experience,
I do appeal to thee. Where, where, 'mid all
The varied recollections of the past,
Where rests the ken of thy dim, sorrowing eye
With most of yearning fondness?

"O! upon childhood. There is naught
So linked with every holy thought,
No spot in all life's travels given
So radiant with the smiles of heaven;
No voice that with such freshness comes
From memory's cold and darkened rooms
As that whose tones were bland and free,
The voice of hallowed infancy.

"Pure as the first soft breath of Spring,
Was all my heart's imagining:
I loved the beauteous earth and sky,
The trees and flowers — I scarce knew why; —
I loved the glorious noon-day sun,
I loved each face I looked upon;
And gratefully my bosom glowed
To Him who had such gifts bestowed.

"Time never slacks. Dark years have cast
Their shadows o'er the blissful past;
Dark toiling years of sin and strife
Hang bleakly o'er the tide of life;
Yet flashes up its narrow stream
A ray from childhood's sunny beam,
Like day-springs from the realms of light,
To bless with heaven my longing sight."

Then cease, O, ye perverters of the truth,
Ye, ye who stamp the loveliest of God's works
With hideous depravity — and make

Your Saviour's words* but void, unmeaning things.
Forbear! and when ye kneel to crave a blessing
For your young, precious ones, beseech him not
To change by grace their hard and stubborn nature;
But that his kind and pitying hand will keep
Apart from sin their pure, untarnished spirits.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

Weep not for her — she was too pure
For such a world as this;
No breath of guilt had dared to mar
Her spirit's holiness;
But, sinless as the golden flowers
That yield their breath in tropic bowers,
Or the bright gems that span the sky,
Her few, but joyous years went by.

Weep not for her — her life was like
Long months of polar light,
That glide in fadeless beauty on,
Undarkened by the night.
She lived not to behold the dearth
Of friendship at the social hearth,
Or, with a crushed and baffled heart,
To bid hope's darling dreams depart.

Weep not for her — she did not die
As those who ne'er have known
The bliss communing spirits feel
At a Redeemer's throne.
She clung not to the things of time,
Though prospects dawned for her sublime;
For faith revealed a Father's love,
Preparing deathless joys above.

Weep not for her — she passed away
Like music on the sea,

* "And Jesus said, Suffer *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not, *for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" — *Matt.* xix. 14.

When wave to answering wave imparts
The dying melody;
Like rainbow hues that leave the earth,
To seek the Fount that gave them birth,
Or the sweet cherub forms which bare
Their bright wings to the lower air.

Weep not for her — the glorious bands
Of heaven surround her now;
The wreath of immortality
Sits smiling on her brow.
O, rather give thy tears to those
O'er whom long life its shadows throws,
Whose cares, and griefs, and follies must
Weigh down the spirit to the dust.

THE INDIAN'S LAMENT.

"Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not, and art gone
In bitterness of soul to dwell
Where man must dwell alone!" — *Ivan the Czar.*

The sternness of the aboriginal character is pretty well known. But, notwithstanding its apparent indifference in the family circle, there is doubtless an under-current of deep and thrilling tenderness, wending its way beneath a frigid exterior; which, but for the inveteracy of custom, would at times break forth. The following poem is based upon the supposition. The tradition is, simply, that an aged Indian chief, called Sleepless Panther, was decoyed by an enemy from his home, and in his absence his only child, a beautiful young girl, was murdered.

The autumn wind moaned hoarsely through a dark and ancient wood,
Within whose wild and silent depths a lonely dwelling stood,
And the faint red flush of sunset through the half-closed door found way
Where a form of youthful loveliness in death's deep slumber lay.

Over the still and pallid face an aged warrior bent,
And mournful were the words that from his full, bruised heart found vent; —
A broken arrow at his feet, a bow-string by his side,
Told that by cold and treacherous hands his dark-haired one had died!

"Was it for this," the chieftain said, and winds the echo caught,—
"Was it for this with eagle speed my forest home I sought—
Scorning the deer that crossed my path, the birds that soared above,
And hearing but that voice whose words were ever words of love?

"My child—my child—my last, lone flower!—the spoiler's hand hath swept
The beauty from thy fragrant leaves while the Sleepless Panther slept!
Woe! for the voice that lured me from my vine-clad home away,
Leaving my young and timid lamb to bloody wolves a prey!

"Fairest thou wert—ay, fairest of all our noble race,
And the glory of a brighter land shone ever on thy face;
Thy step was as the morning breeze upon the silver stream,
And the mournful light of thy dark eyes like the moon's departing beam.

"Fairest thou wert—ay, fairest—thy form was like the pine,
That sheds its long and slender leaves where deep spring-waters shine;
Thy voice was as the voice of leaves, when the mystic dewdrops fall;—
Woe, that I call upon thee now, and thou answerest not the call!

"My child—my child—my morning star—the daylight of my path!—
One thought of cruel bitterness pursues me in its wrath;
I never gave thee look of love, nor spoke one word to bless;—
O, for one hour to tell thee all this heart's deep tenderness!

"One little hour—but thou art gone, like the mist-wreath from the hill,
Thou art journeying to the land of dreams, where the moon and stars are still;
Thine ear will drink the voice of birds where deathless flowerets shine,
And catch from other lips the praise that never fell from mine!"

And thus he poured his wailings forth, till the moon had sought
the west,
When he bore with slow and solemn step his treasure to its rest;
Burying with her — his murdered one — life's last remaining joy,
Save the stern hope, ere moons should wane, her murderer to
destroy.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

It was a pleasant scene!
An aged, white-haired man, with tremulous voice,
Had just been reading from the melting book
Of "the beloved disciple." He had closed
The holy leaves, and now they knelt them down,
That grandsire and his numerous family,
In the dim room where none but Heaven could hear,
And raised their souls to God. 'T was Sabbath eve,
Holy, and bright and still. The moon looked through
With trembling glances the vine-curtained panes,
And softly lingered on the long white hairs
Of the bowed patriarch. A shallow brook
Went slowly singing by the half-shut door;
So slowly, that it seemed to linger there
For the accustomed blessing; and a bird,
A sweet, lone, plaintive bird, did add its hymn
Unto the general worship.

In the voice
Of the old man there was a tone which thrilled
To the soul's depths, and from the fount of tears
Drew forth rich streams, and made the suppliant feel
He had a righteous advocate with God.
He prayed for ALL men, that time-stricken one;
And as he dwelt upon the love which would
At some far period bring all wanderers back
Unto their Father's house, his whole frame shook
With strong emotion, and his voice grew faint,
Till he could speak no more.

O! long will live
That hallowed scene in hearts which felt its power

On that blessed eve. Long, long; — when all the glare
And tinsel of this hollow, heartless world
Are numbered with the vanished things that were,
'T will be a picture brightening still with time,
Who ever looketh with a smiling eye
Upon the imperishable things of heaven.

SUMMER.

We welcome, beauteous Summer,
With joyous hearts and free,
The music of thy dancing winds
Through wildwood bower and tree —
Thy golden sunshine 'mid the flowers,
Thy birds so bright and rare,
And the soft, delicious scents which steal
Along thy balmy air.

A charm thou bearest with thee,
Sweet season of delight,
To turn the weeper's tears to smiles,
To glowing day the night.
The school-boy's laugh is merrier now,
Upon the shaven green;
And the wild young girls play brisker far,
Beside the river sheen.

The eye of careful wealth is seen
Relaxing from its gloom,
While gazing on thy far-stretched fields
Of bright and varied bloom;
And the lips of sorrowing age are wreathed
With many a languid smile,
When sunset calls around the door
A noisy, youthful file.

Thou bindest, gentle Summer,
All spirits unto thee;
The farmer 'mid his ripening fields,
The sailor on the sea,

The poet 'mid his moonlight dreams,
The student at his lore,—
All givest thou hopes of coming bliss,
Ere thy sunny days are o'er.

But mostly in the forests,
Sweet Summer, dost thou send
Thy winning ministers, the charms
Of all thy reign to blend;
The whispering leaves, the waterfalls,
The happy bounding deer,
The murmuring bees, the moss-clothed flowers,
The deep streams gliding near;

The wild-grape bower, through which the sun
At mid-day faintly smiles;
The mimic lake, upon whose breast
Sleep fairy-seeming isles;
The rocky cells, where quiet birds
Rejoice the livelong day—
O! season dear to all the earth,
Why wilt thou pass away?

Yea, Summer, beauteous Summer,
Why wilt thou pass so soon,
Leaving the hopes thy beauty raised
To perish in their noon?
Thy lovely things will seek the halls
Of cold and stern decay—
But I know a land where thou dost come,
And *never* pass away.

BLEST ARE THE DEAD.

Blest are the dead—the sickening strife
Which marks earth's closing scene is o'er;
The cares, the ills, the griefs of life
Can rack their bleeding hearts no more.

The clouds which dim our summer sky
Are shadowless as rays of light
When darkness seals the heavy eye,
And wraps the dreary sense in night.

Blest are the dead — the flowers which bend
Like gentle mourners o'er their graves,
And heaven's own choicest glories blend,
Fresh to the heart their memory saves.
They speak, as do the summer birds,
Of beauteous life from dim decay,
And breathe those sweet, mysterious words
Which fright the weeper's tears away.

Blest are the dead — eternity
Showers down its choicest gifts to them ;
They sit beneath life's golden tree,
They wear its starry diadem.
Their light, their life is in the smile
Of Him whose love looks down on all ;
They fear no change in that far isle,
No taint of sin, no funeral-pall.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A LADY BEWAIL THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

I miss thee each lone hour,
Star of my heart!
No other voice hath power
Joy to impart.
I listen for thy hasty step,
Thy kind, sweet tone ;
But sorrowing silence whispers me,
"Thou art alone."

Darkness is on the hearth,
Naught do I say ;
Books are but little worth —
Thou art away.

Voices the true and kind
Strange are to me;
I have lost voice and mind,
Thinking of thee.

O! if one little week
Yieldeth such pain,
Who through long widowed years
Life could sustain?
Father, this mystic love,
Grant it, I pray,
Home in thy courts above,
When we are clay.

INFIDELITY.

Gloomy and dark as the depths of yon ocean,
Whose secrets we know not, and seek not to know,
When sunlight streams o'er them with tremulous motion —
As if half afraid of the silence below —

Is the sea where the genius of error reposes,
Bequeathing to death each high wish of the soul;
Reducing to ashes the best of life's roses,
And bidding the waters of misery roll.

The sun-flower of hope gazes down the dark mirror,
But sees not its image — and withers away;
And the spring-rose of love casts its bright leaves in terror,
And yields up its beautiful buds to decay!

The song-bird of pleasure an instant rejoices
Amid the wild cells of the rock-covered shore;
But echo sends back many sepulchre-voices,
And the song and the singer are heard of no more.

One smile, only, lightens this tomb of the spirit —
One low wail of music, alone, cleaves the air;
'T is the grim smile of death, who his thousands inherits —
'T is the music which bursts from the heart of despair.

STANZAS,

ON BEHOLDING THE PICTURE OF MRS. HEMANS.

Is it indeed on thee,
Long-worshipped object of my heart, I gaze?
Thee, to whose minstrelsy
A world on bended knee doth offer praise?
How thrill my spirit's inmost depths, while o'er
Each high angelic lineament I pore,
E'en as 't were some departed friend returned,
With the dear smile for which I vainly yearned!

O, beautiful thou art,
High-souled Felicia! In thy earnest eyes —
Sweet mirrors of thy heart! —
Dwell the rich pictures of May-tinted skies,
Beauteous in all their changes; while around
The eloquent lips, half-playful, half-profound,
Deep words seem hovering; and thy pure brow wears
Most radiantly the gift of many cares.

And yet, alas! o'er all
A mist, a shade of gentle sadness, clings,
Like the soft twilight's pall
When night's lone bird its touching requiem sings
To the far listening stars. Too strongly fell
On thy young spirit poesy's deep spell,
Wearing away the tense cords vainly taught
To pour in words its tide of glorious thought.

Thy heart's sad history,
Fair poetess, is written out amid
Those rich curls clustering free,
Where grief can ne'er, in one like thee, be hid.
The cloud's still shadow resteth mournfully
Where should have been but sunshine. Ah! thy tree
Of earthly happiness but blossoms showered,
To wither round thee when the tempest lowered

Love's richest dower to thee,
As to thy own Properzia, was a light
Baring the heart's deep sea,
With all its workings, to the aching sight;

Giving, by many a fitful flash, at length
A knowledge of thy own affection's strength,
With the dark counterpart — cold, hollow fame;
The substance and the shadow, love and name.

And could a face like this,
Filled with *such* soul, encounter one cold glance?
O! it is more than bliss
On this faint semblance day by day to chance.
And this is little. How supremely blest
The few who knew thee in thy hours of rest,
And held thy sweet communion! It is vain,
And yet I weep that thou art freed from pain.

I would have seen thee here,
Enveloped in thy beauteous robe of clay —
Have listened to the clear,
Low music of thy voice, ere thou didst stray
Back to thy native heaven. But now farewell!
Too wildly do the waves of feeling swell
Within this surcharged heart; and I, ere long —
Ah! I shall listen to thy holiest song.

Erelong! — meanwhile, the spell
Which thy sweet lays have cast o'er all things here,
Fresh in each thought shall dwell,
Making thine image ever doubly dear.
No sound from spring's loved haunts, no smell
Of summer's rose-buds, beautiful and brief,
But will of thee some bright remembrance tell;
O, empress of thy sex! farewell — farewell!

A LEGEND OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

I KNOW a deep and dark ravine,
Near our wild "river of the hills,"
Whose depths the sun has never seen,
Whose very air the bosom chills,

Though summer heats may reign above;
So thick a woof the trees have woven,
With their old arms, and plants that love
To creep from rocks by earthquakes cloven.

A little brook moans ever o'er
Its log-diverted path below,
Sometimes with quick and startling roar,
Sometimes with soft, melodious flow:
Like the heart's deep, uncertain stream,
By gushing impulse forced along;
Now wild in passion's fierce extreme,
Now with a gently-murmured song.

One spot is in that dark ravine —
I knew it in my childhood's hours,
For oft, the "spells" of school between,
I sought it for its drooping flowers —
Which shows a scallop in the rock,
Midway the dizzy precipice,
Where every sound the echoes mock,
And winds howl through each dim recess.

A narrow, dangerous path runs by
That wizard nook, and onward still
To an old cavern, dark and high,
Deep in the bowels of the hill;
Where long ago, tradition reads,
An old man with his only child,
To 'scape the dues of murderous deeds,
Sought refuge in the lonely wild.

He was a fierce, dark-visaged man,
That aged hermit, and would brook
No eye his lineaments to scan,
But ever wore so stern a look,
That men turned hastily away,
Young children shrank within the door,
And women went aside to pray
The "fiend" might visit them no more.

And never *did* he visit them,
Save when by meagre want impelled,
And then his child, a beauteous gem,
The cave a weary prisoner held:
O, sweeter than the wild-flowers there,—
Her only friends, — was that pale maid!
Though on her brow were clouds of care,
And in her eye the spirit's shade.

A young and gallant hunter heard
One day her plaintive voice in song;
He saw her weep; his heart was stirred,
To shield that gentle one from wrong.
They met by night — in secret loved,
Nor dreamed a lurking footstep pressed,
With cat-like stealth, where'er they moved,
'Mid all their scenes a silent guest.

They met — it was their trysting place —
One evening in that shadowy nook:
The maiden deemed her sire in chase
Of game beyond the babbling brook;
And in that hour, so long oppressed,
Her overburthened heart gave way,
And on the hunter's throbbing breast
She breathed her tale of misery.

She told of days of ceaseless toil,
Of nights by hunger sleepless made,
Of many a dark and deadly broil
Within the forest's awful shade;
From whose black depths her sire e'er came
With bloody hands and cursing tongue,
And with coarse jests and words of blame
Her mother's gentle spirit wrung.

That mother dear had found a grave
Long ere they sought the darksome den,
And left her hapless child to brave
The passions of the worst of men;

And since, the maiden whispered low,
With tearful eye and sobbing breath,
No mortal breast could ever know
How fervently she 'd prayed for death!

A dull and heavy stroke was heard —
A shriek upon the evening air —
A rumbling fall — and night's roused bird
Flew screaming from her eyry there!
The moon looked on that trysting-place,
Where moss-wreaths clothed the ragged stone,
And saw, with darkly-working face,
The aged hermit there alone!

A hunter heard that piercing shriek,
And deemed it but the panther's cry;
But when his comrades went to seek
A lost one from their company,
The lovers' mangled forms they found,
Within the streamlet's chilly bed;
They sought the cave with eager bound —
The hoary murderer had fled!

ON THE DEATH OF A NAMESAKE.

Has the dark grave o'ershadowed thee, sweet child?
Has the soft light from thy young eyes departed?
The rose still blossoms in the lonely wild,
But thou, the loveliest flower that ever smiled,
Thou hast bowed down and left us broken-hearted; —
Thou art with Death, sweet child.

I know not why my spirit clung to thee,
Vision of beauty, only once beheld!
Thou wert no more, except in name, to me
Than many others — but a name may be
A fount of tears o'er many high hopes swelled.
Bright one, I mourn for thee!

I mourn for thee, for on thy future's sky
Fancy had joyed in painting scenes of bliss;
I saw thee, with high heart and kindling eye,

The purest and the loveliest outvie,
While all who knew thee prayed thy happiness; —
But hope is born to die.

The flower is crushed — the bird has ceased its song —
The low-voiced harp breathes in a holier sphere,
Where the full-flowing soul, unchecked by wrong,
Pours its ne'er-dying strains bright streams along.
O, child of love! to some fond hearts *too* dear,
THOU ART THE BLEST AMONG.

SONG—THE FRIEND WE LOVE.

THE friend we love is a friend indeed;
She 's ever true in the hour of need;
She 's a smile for our joy, and a tear for our woe,
And a song of cheer when our hearts are low.
O! the friend we love is a friend indeed;
She 's ever true in the hour of need.

The friend we love is youthful and fair,
And gentle and pure as the angels are.
Sincerity dwells in her earnest eyes,
And her soul is warm as the southern skies!
O! the friend we love is a friend indeed;
She 's ever true in the hour of need.

The friend we love has no cares to mar
The beautiful hopes of her rising star;
She 's good, and she 's happy, as all must be,
Whose hearts from this selfish world are free!
O! the friend we love is a friend indeed;
She 's ever true in the hour of need.

COME TO THE FOUNT OF LOVE.

COME to the fount of love!
Come while youth's sun the sky of life is flushing;
Come while the thoughts of thy young heart are pure;
Come while the roses in thy path are blushing;
Come to the fount whose waters e'er endure.

Come while affection's waves are sweetly flowing;
Come ere thy sun is glimmering in the west;
Come with thy young soul in deep ardor glowing;
Come to thy Saviour,—he will give thee rest.
Come to the fount of love!

Come to the fount of love!
Leave the wan flowers that deck the fields of passion;
Leave the false hopes that glitter to betray;
Leave the vain arts which guide the world of fashion;
Leave all that make thee linger on thy way.
Leave the cold doubts that breathe of sceptic weakness;
Leave the fanatic in his wild career;
Leave all, and bow thy spirit in its meekness;
Leave all, and taste of life the waters clear.
Come to the fount of love!

Come to the fount of love!
Kneel where the gem of faith is ever gleaming;
Kneel where the pearl of hope is always bright;
Kneel where the eye of charity is beaming;
Kneel, gentle pilgrim, and receive thy sight.
Kneel, and thy soul shall prove a well of gladness;
Kneel, and eternal life will soon be thine;
Kneel, and forget in joy thy spirit's sadness;
Kneel, and thy heart shall never more repine.
Come to the fount of love!

TO AN INFANT SMILING IN SLEEP.

Whence, loveliest, that soft and radiant smile,
That so entrances her who bends above
Thy gentle, slumbering form? Thou hearest not
The one dear voice that cheers thy waking hours,
Nor seest the eye whose love-enkindled glance
Calls ever forth thy young heart's joyousness,
E'en though it break through tears. Whence, then, the ray
That lingers on thy sweet and loving lips,
And on thy soft, half-curtained eyes of blue,

Making thy beauty of such cherub mould,
That she who bore thee feels a thrill of fear
Lest, prematurely, Heaven should claim its own!
Perchance thy spirit, late from Eden's bowers,
Forgetteth not its spring-day happiness;
But walks in dreams beside the tree of life
And the eternal rivulet, whose flowers
Need not the aid of sun and life-fraught dews
To give them star-like beauty; but receive
Their wondrous hues from every varied glance
Of HIM who smiles on all. Perchance the words
Of sister spirits fall upon thy ear,
Cheering thee on thy lonely pilgrimage —
Thy path through thorns and tears — and thou dost smile
To think of that blest home, where, freed from earth,
Thou shalt in heaven's triumphant melody
Bear a still higher part. Smile on, fair babe,
And revel in thy heaven-blent memories,
And dwell 'mid angel visions — ere the world
Hath set its seal oblivious on thy heart,
And thou canst look beyond this misty earth
But through the glass of faith.

THE SPIRIT VISITOR.

I HAVE a spirit visitor —
She cometh every night,
When sleep across my heavy lids
Hath swept his pinions light;
She cometh with a noiseless step
Through the unopened door,
And glideth as the moonbeams glide
Across the marble floor.

Long are her robes, and very white,
Like winter's first pure snow,
And as she moves along, they seem
Like waves of light to flow

Her face is radiant with such smiles
As have not here their birth;—
Ah! well I know that one beloved
Hath passed away from earth.

I had a friend in life's sweet spring—
How dear I *now* can feel—
A fair, fond-hearted, guileless girl,
Unchanged by woe or weal;
She loved me with a love as deep
As woman's heart may know,
Nor waned that love when ocean's wave
Betwixt us 'gan to flow.

'T is she, my midnight visitor,
With her dark, soul-moving eye;
She speaketh not, but upward points
As she slowly sweeps me by.
I know that men will soon exclaim,
"Thy early friend is dead!"
I know the heavy clods are heaped
Upon her precious head.

But well I know,—O, blessed be God!—
Her gentle spirit lives
Where bliss, the Sun of Heaven, to all
Undying rapture gives;
I know the memory of our love
Still glows within her breast,
When every night she pleads with me
To seek the heavenly rest.

THE FIRST SNOW.

I LOVE to watch the first soft snow,
As it slowly saileth down,
Purer and whiter than the pearls
That grace a monarch's crown;
Though winter wears a freezing look,
And many a surly frown.

It lighteth like the feathery down
  Upon the naked trees,
And on the pale and withered flowers,
  That swing in every breeze;
And they are clothed in such bright robes
  As summer never sees.

It bringeth pleasant memories,
  The falling, falling snow,
Of neighing steeds, and jingling bells,
  In the happy long ago;
When hopes were bright, and health was good,
  And the spirits were not low.

And it giveth many promises
  Of quiet joys in store;
Of bliss around the blazing hearth,
  When daylight is no more —
Such bliss as nowhere else hath lived
  Since the Eden-days were o'er.

God bless the eye that views with mine
  The falling snow to-day!
May truth her pure white missions spread
  Before its searching ray,
And lead, with dazzling garments, towards
  "The strait and narrow way."

VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND.

How sweetly steal these soft spring days above
Thy grave, lamented one! Methinks the light
Of the broad sun a lustre here doth wear
More rich than elsewhere — the young grass a hue
Of fresher beauty — while the violets bow
More gracefully their meek and dewy heads
Upon the warm earth's breast. The south wind brings
From yon thick grove of tall and whispering pines
An incense sweeter than the breath of flowers
When flowers are loveliest. And from the shores

Of yonder blue and willow-skirted stream
Issues a strain of trembling melody
That angel harps might envy. O, beloved!
Blest in thy life, thrice blessed in early death,
How pleasant is the spot of thy repose!
Would, gentle reader, that my hand might lead
Thy noiseless footsteps to this humble grave;
Or that my voice might breathe into thy ear
But half *her* excellence, whose only world
Was a few loving hearts!

She was the queen
Of all our mountain flowers — the fair wild rose
That bent in glowing beauty o'er the flood,
And cast its leaves upon the dancing waves
While yet the blush was on them. Her young heart
Was warm and sunny as a day in June,
Yet pure and bland as its succeeding eve,
When chastened by the moonlight; and there lived
In its clear depths a fount of love that had
Its tribute-streams in heaven.

She was a child,
Though twenty summers had looked down on her —
A very child in sportive playfulness —
A chaser of the golden butterfly,
A gatherer of berries and wild flowers,
A lover of the simplest lay that stole
From the lone forest's depth. And yet she bore
In her mind's casket that which might have won
Fame's brightest coronal; although to her
The holy gem was but a lamp to gild
The gloom of idle hours.

She did not die,
As often die the lovely, by the slow
And torturing warfare of a stealthy foe.
One little day of dread and feverish strife
With clinging nature, and she fell asleep,
Murmuring dear names. And ere Time's hand had joined
The thick sods on her grave, a gentle youth,

Whose love for her had ever been in vain,
Yet dreamed of its requital in a world
That hath no disappointments, was laid,
One starry eve, beside her.

Peace to them! —
The loved, the wept, the happy now in heaven, —
Peace to them! But ah! more to those who bathe
With annual tears their quiet place of rest —
Yea, deeper peace to *them!*

A PARTING LAY TO CLARA.

I BREATHE a parting lay, dear friend, a parting lay to thee,
Though faintly may cold words give forth the fervent minstrelsy;
O, many a wild, sad thought doth rise from feeling's troubled spring,
That spurns the dress which language fain would o'er its brightness fling!

Yet will I breathe a parting lay, beloved friend, to thee;
And may each faint, fond tone preserve some kindly thought of me,
In after years, when change hath swept thy spirit's tenderest strings,
And soaring fancy shaken the dew that gilds her rainbow wings.

I tell thee, Clara — and thou knowest no flatterer's voice is mine —
Thy gentle love is more to me than treasures from the mine;
And 't were a sorrowing thought to me, that one so dear as thou,
Should e'er withdraw from friendship's shrine the strong but wordless vow.

Since I have learned to know thee well, and feel thy silent worth,
Another rosy link hath bound my willing heart to earth —
Another sweet wild music-note hath mingled with life's strain,
Another precious perfume risen from nature's fragrant plain.

The flowers have now a brighter hue, the stars a softer light,
Since thy dear thoughtful face became familiar to my sight.

How shall I miss thy touching voice, dear friend, dear gentle friend,
Through the long twilight hours that seemed with thee too soon to end!

I know we part, as often part the hopeful and the strong,
With the cheering thought before our eyes that we shall meet ere long;
But change is ever in our paths, with dark and restless wing,
And death, the cruel archer, ne'er forgets his darts to fling.

But peace! I will not breathe a word, dear Clara, that can mar
The brilliance of that beacon-light that beams on thee from 'far.
Kind Heaven permit thy home-born ties long round thy heart to twine,
And may the bliss thy spirit craves be thine, forever thine.

COMMUNINGS WITH NATURE.

Again, O, solemn woods! again I stand
Amid the depths of your vast solitude,
And gaze with joy, on each remembered form
Of wild and rugged beauty: such as hath
Been ever most congenial to my soul,
As being free from art's deforming touch.
There is a freshness in the mountain-breeze,
Which penetrates the avenues of sense,
And rouses all the spirit into life;
And that most perfect eloquence, which speaks
In the low whisperings of each bending tree,
Descendeth to my heart, and once again —
O! once again, this vain, deceitful world
Recedeth from my sight, and I forget
Its joys, its sorrows — I forget, O, God!
All things but thee, and then thy glorious works!

1837.

DEVOTIONAL MOMENTS.

The solemn night is closing round me fast;
Eve's loveliest star is glimmering in the west;
A gentle sadness o'er the earth is cast
And all harsh sounds are sinking to their rest.

A sweet, low murmur from the river steals, —
The voice of slow and half-forgetful waves —
And, journeying to his wild and sparry caves,
The prince of storms his weary chariot wheels.
The clear, cold moon looks out among the trees
With a grave smile, like some complacent friend,
When mournfully beneath the lattice bend
The way-worn objects of her courtesies.

Thus, Father, bends my spirit unto thee,
'Mid the bleak deserts of her pilgrimage;
Nor doth the nursling to its mother flee
With surer trust in power that will assuage.
Abject and weak, O, Father! I have nought
But my necessity with thee to plead;
All things are thine, and thou dost nothing need;
By earthly coin thy favors are unbought.
Yet dost thou deign, from thy all-glorious throne,
To smile upon the meek and contrite heart —
Unto the mourner, of thy strength impart,
And to the poor thy watchful love make known.

Lord of all lords! Eternal King of all!
Within whose hand the earth is but a grain!
Myriads of systems answer to thy call;
Yet makest thou not one spire of grass in vain!
I gaze upon the deep blue paths wherein
Thy watchful sentinels untiring glide,
Till thought becomes a dark and ebbless tide,
And longer contemplation seems a sin.
Away, weak reason, that doth pause before
The distant threshold of thy goal is won —
Thy orbit is around thy spirit's sun,
Thy strength is love — "be silent and adore."

1838.

THE YOUNG CHEROKEE.[f]

The warrior stood by his native hearth,
In the moss-clad wigwam that gave him birth,

With his tomahawk clasped in his strong right hand,
And a gleaming knife in his bead-knit band.
Down from his shoulder a well-tried bow,
With its string of sea-grass depended low;
And a bunch of death-winged arrows shone
Where the torch-light's glare on his breast was thrown.

Stern was the glance of his eagle eye,
As he gazed on the circle of weepers nigh;
Firm was his form as the mountain oak
When the forest bows at the lightning's stroke;
For his young heart burned at the bitter scorn
By the grasping white to his dwelling borne,
And he longed to grapple in deadly strife,
And out in revenge pour the streams of life.

His mother rose from her fragrant seat,
And bowed herself at her first-born's feet;
And his fair young sister clasped his knees,
Praying his stay by his native trees;
His brother turned with a sigh away,
His father looked out through the twilight gray;
But the warrior rushed from that group of woe,
Whispering only — "Farewell — I go!"

He strode through the vines at the open door,
Rudely trampling their tendrils o'er,
And down through the clearing of tasseled corn,
Like an antlered stag at the sounding horn;
But his fleet foot faltered beside the spring,
For memory came with a rushing wing;
And gentle and tender, though cold to see,
Was the noble heart of the Cherokee.

A light step came through the scented glade,
A trembling hand on his own was laid,
A beautiful face in the moonlight shone,
And a soft voice whispered — "My own — my own!
I come to give thee the parting kiss;
Ah! blame me not in an hour like this;
For a grave-like voice hath revealed to me
That we meet no more 'neath this spreading tree.

"And blame me not, although I speak
Words that may rouse thine ire,
For, mantling up my lip and cheek
I feel the prophet fire;
And I must breathe my mission forth,
Though thou shouldst cast away
The priceless pearl that ne'er again
Can glitter in thy way.

"And call not mine a traitress' part,
Though plainly I unfold
The utter madness of thy heart
In the fate which thou wouldst mould.
Do not *I* feel my country's wrongs?
Is not *my* spirit wrung
At the cold threats by tyrant lips
Within our lodges flung?

"Look at this form, on which thine eye
Once lingered with delight;
Wasted and bowed, its home will soon
Be hidden from thy sight;
Yet, were there one faint, wavering hope
Of our deep wrongs' redress,
Thou shouldst see what in woman's soul
Is deep devotedness.

"But I have gazed, in spirit, forth
Upon the haughty foe:
His dwellings are as forest leaves
By early winds laid low;
His numbers as the gleaming sands
Upon yon sloping shore,
And his speed and strength as the thunderbolt
At the tempest's awful roar.

"Can we withstand the whirlwind's shock
When the forest's pride is low?—
Resist the inundating floods
When wild spring torrents flow?

Ay, easier than those bannered hosts
By foaming chargers led,
While thousand cannons thunder forth
A requiem for the dead!

"They crave our blood; and wouldst thou pour
Thy life-drops at their feet,
Like the scared fawn when huntsmen's horns
Are ringing a retreat?
True, thou mayst wreak, before thy death,
Vengeance full oft, I wist;
But in that sweeping, countless band
Hundreds would ne'er be missed.

"Meanwhile, thy aged sire must bear
Alone his heavy fate;
Thy sister, unprotected, share
The bitter taunts of hate;
Thy heart-wrung mother wearily
Her pilgrim journey wend,
Made darker by the haunting thought
Of thy untimely end.

"In yon far land — though such as *we*
No second home may trace, —
There is a quiet resting-spot
For the tamer of our race.
Years may pass by ere Avarice there
His wrathful vials pour;
O, let them reach that land in peace!
Chieftain, my words are o'er."

The listener gazed with a vacant stare
Awhile on the frail young speaker there,
Then pressed his hand to his burning brain,
As if to smother its wasting pain,
While he spoke in a low, dull, hollow tone —
"Maiden, the truth of thy words I own,
And I yield my plans to thy wiser thought,
For the voice of God has thy spirit taught.

"I yield; but away from my anguished sight!
No longer art thou my being's light;
Cross never again my forest path,
Lest my anger thou rouse to its utmost wrath.
Hast thou not blighted the only hope
That has buoyed for years my spirit up?
Alike hast thou made to me night and day;
Thy mission is over — away, away!"

The maiden, with broken heart, turned back,
The warrior retraced his homeward track;
But they knew him not at his father's door,
So strange the expression his features wore.
Dull was the glance of his half-closed eye,
And they ne'er saw token of reason nigh,
Save one cold shudder he inly gave
As their route lay over his loved one's grave.

1838.

A DOMESTIC PICTURE.

May, thou art blessed ever in thy death,
When from thy violet-pillow moist-eyed June
Uprears the golden sceptre. We rejoice,
'Mid all our grateful sighs and filial tears,
At the rare gifts thou dost bequeath unto
Thy beautiful successor — sunny morns
And soft south winds, and trees with tender leaves,
And birds with plumage fine and heavenly song,
And flowers of rainbow radiance, sending forth
From their bright lips a renovating charm,
Dull languor's antidote. Yes, we rejoice,
And register, with care-observing hand,
Each little picture of the sunny time
In memory's ample book; that, when the hours
Of cold and cheerless Winter have come on,
We may, like children, gather round the fire,
And, gazing on each summer-tinted scene,
Be happy at the past.

Thou seest, beloved friend,
This little valley in its vernal dress,
'Mid whose green bowers still blend
Rich sunset hues with lingering caress;
And in whose softest, sunniest nook is seen
The sweet white cottage, with its leafy screen.

Forms gather at the door, —
Earth! thou hast many lovely forms to see, —
Where the old walnuts pour
Their long, deep shadows o'er them reverently;
And the young porch-vine, with its fingering leaves,
Above their heads a fairy netting weaves.

There is the beauteous wife,
With many a rose-bud wreathed in her dark hair;
Gently the stream of life
Thus far hath borne her on its surface fair;
For joy still sparkles in her meaning eye,
And on her cheek is Nature's richest dye.

A look of pride she bends
Upon the manly being seated near;
But that which far transcends
Is the soft love-glance, not devoid of fear,
But speaking all the mother, often bent
On the young cherub to her keeping lent.

Ah! little recks, I ween,
That youthful sire for all the sparkling lore
Those shining lids between,
Which once with such delight he lingered o'er.
Gone are the days when undivided thought
Grasped with strong hold the truths by sages taught.

The book is on his knee,
But he contemplates a far lovelier page,
From affectation free —
Sweet Nature, ne'er the homelier for age;
Cleft rocks, bright streams, dark woods of stately pride,
And — last, not least — the dear ones at his side.

Proudly that infant boy
Meets the fond glance of his still prouder sire;
Down goes each glittering toy —
To high estate those outstretched arms aspire;
But a loved voice hath whispered in his ear,
And he turns back a gentler heart to cheer.

And now he strives to speak
That witching word so often tried in vain;
Hope flushes his fair cheek —
Ah, disappointment clouds his brow again!
But hark! 't is said — the sweet word "Mother" 's said,
And in her breast he hides his conscious head!

Young wife! I marvel not
At those soft tears of sensibility;
For though thy future lot
Brightened by many a heart-prized joy may be,
Ne'er will by thee so sweet a sound be heard
As this, thy first-born son's first love-lisped word!

1838.

MY CHILD.

"There is one who has loved me debarred from the day."

The foot of Spring is on yon blue-topt mountain,
Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading tree;
Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,
Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.
From the warm south she brings unnumbered roses,
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care:
Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,
And her rich gifts are scattered everywhere; —
I heed them not, my child.

In the low vale the snow-white daisy springeth,
The golden dandelion by its side;
The eglantine a dewy fragrance flingeth
To the soft breeze that wanders far and wide.

The hyacinth and polyanthus render,
From their deep hearts, an offering of love;
And fresh May-pinks and half-blown lilacs tender
Their grateful homage to the skies above; —
I heed them not, my child.

In the clear brook are springing water-cresses,
And pale green rushes, and fair, nameless flowers;
While o'er them dip the willow's verdant tresses,
Dimpling the surface with their mimic showers.
The honeysuckle stealthily is creeping
Round the low porch and mossy cottage-eaves;
O! Spring hath fairy treasures in her keeping,
And lovely are the landscapes that she weaves; —
'T is naught to me, my child.

Down the green lane come peals of heartfelt laughter;
The school hath sent its eldest inmates forth;
And now a smaller band comes dancing after,
Filling the air with shouts of infant mirth.
At the rude gate the anxious dame is bending,
To clasp her rosy darlings to her breast;
Joy, pride, and hope, are in her bosom blending;
Ah! peace with her is no unusual guest; —
Not so with me, my child.

All the day long I listen to the singing
Of the gay birds and winds among the trees;
But a sad under-strain is ever ringing
A tale of death and its dread mysteries.
Nature to me the letter is that killeth, —
The spirit of her charms has passed away;
A fount of bliss no more my bosom filleth, —
Slumbers its idol in unconscious clay; —
Thou 'rt in the *grave*, my child.

For thy glad voice my spirit inly pineth;
I languish for thy blue eyes' holy light:
Vainly for me the glorious sunbeam shineth;
Vainly the blessed stars come forth at night.

I walk in darkness, with the tomb before me,
Longing to lay my dust beside thy own;
O, cast the mantle of thy presence o'er me!
Beloved, leave me not so deeply lone; —
Come back to me, my child.

Upon that breast of pitying love thou leanest,
Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou,
Nor turned away petitioner the meanest: —
Pray to Him, sinless; He will hear thee now.
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace:
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;
Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease; —
Come back to me, my child.

Come but in dreams — let me once more behold thee,
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,
And one brief moment in my arms enfold thee —
Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me.
Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
Which memory strives so vainly to recall,
And I will onward in the path of duty,
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall; —
Come but in dreams, my child.

THE LAST LOOK.

Once more! once more! O, tear me not
So rudely from this coffined clay!
My heart will burst upon the spot,
Unless its swollen floods have way.
Another look, ye men of stone,
On what I ne'er again shall see;
Then let the heavy mould be thrown —
O, would its weight might fall on me!

My boy! my precious boy! I gaze,
As mothers oft before have done,
To treasure up, for gloomy days,
Some semblance of the buried one.

Thy cheeks are very pale, my child;
Thine eye hath lost its starry light;
And there 's a spot! — my brain is wild —
Go, take him, bearers, from my sight!

Yet one more look! Why should I shrink
To view thy loathsome work, O, Death?
This is the cup that all must drink,
Who hang their hopes on mortal breath.
It is *his* flesh, and it were dear,
Though spurned by vultures, unto me;
Away! away! my place is *here* —
Where else should childless mothers be?

Dear little lamb! O, thou wert fair
As is the fairest morn in June,
When beauty clothes the very air,
And every bird and flower 's in tune.
A merry little bee thou wert,
Drinking in bliss from every leaf,
And singing, to thy mother's heart,
A song that had no tones of grief.

O, will ye close the coffin's lid?
And must this be my last, last look?
Must that dear form for aye be hid?
Truly is life a sealéd book.
'T is as ye say — he is in heaven;
So may I *feel*, when sorrow's wave
No more across my soul is driven;
But *now* my hopes are in — the grave.

THE FOREST GRAVE.

" Mourn not for her, — though life was sweet,
She ne'er before was truly blest, —
The path grew rough and bruised her feet, —
She sleepeth now, and taketh rest."

S. C. E.

It has a lonely look, that forest grave,
So hid away from sight of envious eyes,
Beneath old arching trees.

The wild grape hangs
Its purple fruit with clustering fondness o'er
The low gray head-stone, and the spotted fawn
Lies softly down amid the reed-like grass
Which droopeth at the foot, as if to seek
Companionship with her who sleeps beneath.

O! sweetly, softly, sadly beautiful,
Are all things circling that love-hallowed spot,
Whether it be the hill-side rill which foams
With grief-like passion o'er its rocky bed,
Flinging its white tears back; or the thick hedge
Of pale wood-roses, gazing timidly
On the soft, sun-streaked carpet at their feet;
Or the gray mounds and mossy knolls o'ercrept
With partridge-vine, whose sparkling berries ne'er
Lose their rich hue, but lay their coral forms
Within the moss-cups white.

An old dark pine,
That standeth near, doth murmur endlessly,
With its wild voice, like one bereaved, and ne'er
On earth with words of comfort to be blest.
And to its shade there cometh every eve
A mourning dove, and poureth forth a flood
Of tender, broken-hearted melody.

Would'st know the history of her who sought
In burial a refuge from the world?
It is a simple, common tale of love,
Such as perchance thou 'st heard a thousand times
Without a tear. 'T is, I had almost said,
The history of woman. She did love,
And was betrayed. They saw the light go out
From her young eyes like the soft, glimmering rays
Of setting stars, nor dreamed the cause, till sleep
With its untrammelled words breathed out a name
That made them shudder. Then with trembling hands
They wrought the victim's grave-clothes, and no more
Gave ear to hope.

That wronged one never breathed
One word against her callous murderer;
But with a farewell smile for all who came
To see her spirit take its upward flight,
A gentle pressure of her sister's hand,
One tender kiss on her gray father's cheek,
One thrilling gaze in her pale mother's eyes,
She whispered of this long-beloved spot,
And rose to meet the love which eateth not
The heart away.

GOD IS LOVE.

If but these words that book contained,
On which our every hope is built,
It were enough, though we had drained
The very dregs of grief and guilt.

Love will not harm — love will not pause
In doing good to aught that 's dear,
Till nature doth reverse her laws,
And thwart high Heaven in her career.

"PASSING AWAY."

Frequent as the yellow leaves,
On an Autumn day,
Vanish from the vine-clad eaves,
Pass our friends away —
By the breeze and by the blight —
By the heavy rain —
By the chilling frost at night,
We may hope in vain.
"*Passing*" is the solemn word
In each mourning mansion heard.

Have we jarred affection's string
In some trusting heart?
Left in love's unfolding wing
An envenomed dart?

Quickly let repentant tears
Wash away the stain;
Streams of woe in after years
May be shed in vain.
"*Passing*" is the solemn word
In each mourning mansion heard.

Are there sufferings we may soothe,
'Mid our little band?
Dying pillows we may smooth
With a tender hand?
Mental blindness we may heal
With a holier light?
Let us to these labors steal
Ere the day be night.
"*Passing*" is the solemn word
In each mourning mansion heard.

Ever, ever let us live
As in view of death,
Knowing earth has naught to give
Like affection's wreath —
Scattering roses while we may
In the mourner's path,
Lest remorse in open day
Visit us in wrath.
"*Passing*" is the solemn word
In each mourning mansion heard.

1839.

HYMN OF THE WESTERN MISSIONARIES.

We have left the scenes of childhood,
The friends of early years,
To journey through the wildwood,
And weep the pilgrim's tears.
We have left our own green mountains,
All gay with sunny flowers,
And our silver-glancing fountains,
For toil and lonely hours.

But shall our spirits falter,
While Jesus calls us on?
Before God's holy altar
From error's grasp is won!
Away with grief and sadness,
Let every care depart;
We bring the oil of gladness
To many a wounded heart.

What though dark clouds are o'er us,
And angry waves beneath,—
Our Master braved before us
Wild persecution's breath;
What though our zeal may lead us
O'er danger's wintry track,—
Our Guide will ne'er deceive us,
But safely bring us back.

Then on!—his footsteps follow;
Our banner waves on high;
Truth, mighty truth, shall swallow
Each vulture of the sky.
On, on! till light descendeth
To every darkened heart,
And scripture knowledge rendeth
All hope from sin apart.

On, on!—we ask no guerdon;
Enough for us to know
We take from men the burden
Of "everlasting woe"—
We bring them joyous tidings,
From God, their friend, above,
And bury their backslidings
In renovating love.

THE BITTER CUP.

"The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Give me that cup; I may not shrink,
Whate'er the dreaded contents prove—
But with unblenching spirit drink
The bitter draught of chastening love.
Has not His blessed hand prepared
In mercy every burning drop?
And shall the medicine be spared
To folly's prayer? Raise, raise the cup!

Father, I drink. O, let thine eye
Rest fondly on thy drooping child!
Lest in the o'erwhelming anguish nigh
Her soul of reason be beguiled.
Thou didst unto thy dying Son
Vouchsafe a strength all ills to bear;
O, unto me, thy lowliest one,
Impart of that high strength a share!

I drink. It is a bitter draught;
I feel the aloed streams within,
And my sick heart receives a shaft
Which rankles like the sting of sin.
An awful revelation opes
Its lengthened scroll unto my sight—
Death smiles above my dearest hopes,
And heaven's bright sun withdraws its light.

How dark! O, Father! if thou wilt,
Take the pain-giving dregs away;
This little spirit knows no guilt—
Earth holds no purer, lovelier clay.
How can I meet that glazing eye
Imploringly to mine upturned,
And listen to that anguished cry,
Nor pray the envenomed cup returned?

I drink. Unto my quivering heart
I press the pale and writhing form;
At the death-shriek I do not start—
I quake not at the rushing storm.

I feel each faint pulse come and go,
I mark each laboring breath decrease,
And smile as death's grim fingers throw
O'er brow and cheek the veil of peace.

'T is done — the last dire drop is drained;
The rites are o'er, the grave doth close
Upon my dearer self, nor gained
Is yet the haven of repose.
O, Father, take me to thy breast!
For I am weak, and worn, and chill;
Thou wilt not fail to give me rest,
For I have striven to do thy will.

There — peace! I feel a heavenly calm
Diffused throughout my sinking frame;
My Saviour's words, like drops of balm,
Grief's ever restless billows tame.
I look beyond the dreary grave,
To where my hopes relighted dwell,
And own, though dark the cup he gave,
Our Father "hath done all things well."

CHRISTIANITY IS WHAT?

Is what, dost thou ask? 'T is the sunbeam that dries
The night-gathered tear from the violet's eyes —
That warms the cold earth round the valueless thorn,
And flings through the darkness a beautiful morn.

What is it? The perfume which steals from sweet flowers
When the sick heart is pining for summer's loved showers;
The rain-drop that falls on the desolate leaf;
The oil that composes the billows of grief.

What is it? The young breeze, whose pinions, unfurled,
Stay not till their choice gifts have circled the world;
A harp-tone at midnight, when nature is still,
Or the voice of a dove by a pine-shaded rill.

What is it? A star on the wild-heaving sea,
Prostrating the proud on a prayer-bended knee;

A fire that refineth the metal within;
The canker which gnaws at the vitals of sin.

What is it! 'T is mercy, 't is justice, 't is TRUTH —
The staff of the aged, the glory of youth;
The rainbow of promise, to brighten our tears;
A lamp in death's valley dispersing our fears.

What is it! Thou askest — thy answer is there
In thy own swelling heart, with its beautiful prayer.
It breathes through all nature — it centres above —
'T is our own spirit's essence — 't is INFINITE LOVE.

LINES TO A SICK FRIEND.

THE hand of God hath stricken thee, dear friend;
Thou languishest in sickness. On thy lip,
Where a few moons ago the dew of health
Freshly reposed, the fever-fire now spreads
Its wasting flame, and thy once blooming cheek
Doth wear the sorrowing lily for the rose.

O, that I might be with thee, in these days
Of bitter trial! — that my hand might smooth
The pillow for thy ever-restless head,
And my wrung heart pour out to thee the thoughts
Which swell it now so vainly! But, afar,
I can but weep and pray that Heaven may yet,
In its unbounded mercy, give thee back
To health, and hope, and love. O! illy now
Can they whose souls with thine are intertwined
As the thick-tendrilled ivy — illy now
Can they resign thee to the icy clasp
Of conquering Death! Thou art to them the spring
Of life's unshaded desert — the one ray
That gilds o'erhanging clouds, and robs this world
Of half its dreariness. How dark were earth
To these adoring spirits, if thy voice
Withheld its music, and thy loving eye
Its glance of tenderness! O, thou wilt rise

From that dark bed, dear friend! Hope, blessed hope,
Assures me that thou wilt, and make sad hearts
Sing out for joy. Yet if, alas! this hope
Prove but the fantasy that sometimes gilds
The gathering storm, still may we all prepare
To yield thee unto God. Better for thee,
Far better, blessed one, that thou shouldst seek,
Thus early, thine inheritance, and clasp
Thy lost ones to thy breast. Thou wilt not fear
To traverse the dark valley. Jesus stands
Beside the entrance, and will bear thee through,
Gently as when on earth he bore the lambs
In his fraternal bosom. O! for thee
There is no darkness. Angels wait to draw
Aside thine earthly veil, and show thee sights
That it were death to dream in this dull sphere.
Glory for thee! there is no shadow in
Thy onward path. Upward and upward still
It tends, unto the eternal throne of God,
Where love is veiled in light! O, fare thee well,
Beloved friend! and whether thou liv'st or diest,
I know that we shall meet — for are we not
The children of the Lord? And is there aught
The loving soul can ask in prayerful faith,
That He will never grant?

SPRING.

My love is very strong for thee,
Dear sunny Spring —
Thou strewest the leaves on memory's tree
With thy soft wing.

I hear low voices in thy breeze,
Of friends long dead;
In thy sweet flowers my spirit sees
Past scenes outspread.

Thy birds the slumbering sounds awake
Of olden songs;

The music thy glad streamlets make,
The charm prolongs.

My childhood's home comes back again,
With its old trees,
Its ripening fruit, its waving grain,
Its humming bees.

Again I trail my jumping-rope
Beside the hill,
And with strawberries from the slope
My basket fill.

Again with childish awe I stand
In the old church,
And for the hymns, with dexterous hand,
Begin a search.

I listen to a voice as sweet
As Memnon's lyre,
And my young, prayerful pulses beat
With sacred fire.

A resurrection morn thou art,
Dear Spring, to all
Whose souls with quickened ardor start
When thou dost call.

SIN.

"O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank my God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."
St. Paul.

THERE 's a dread companion near me,
Who my secret bosom scans;
Hideous is his form, and frightful
As the far-famed Caliban's.

Vainly do I flee his presence,
Vainly struggle to be free;
He is faithful as the shadow
Which at eve doth follow me.

And although I hate and loathe him,
Still his servant I am found;
All my thoughts and words and actions
With his poisonous breath abound.

What I would do, that I do not;
What I would not, that I do;
Never-ceasing is my warfare,
Never conquered is my foe.

In the deep and starless midnight
Bitter thoughts my soul possess;
Like a phantom through the noon-day
Flies before me happiness.

O, of all most weak, most wretched!
Who from *sin* shall set me free?
Thanks to God, our blessed Saviour
Giveth us the victory.

In his presence sin doth vanish,
As the night before the day;
And his love, when deeply planted,
Holds an undivided sway.

Save me, Jesus, ere I perish!
Write thy name upon my heart;
Of myself I can do nothing;
Do *thou* rend my chains apart.

THE MAN WHO TRUSTS OUR FATHER'S LOVE.

The man who trusts our Father's love,
Meekly and prayerfully,
Is never tost by storms that sweep
Life's ever-troubled sea.

Safely his little bark glides on
In the wild billows' wake;
And though the waves dash high around,
They never o'er him break.

He sees his Saviour at the prow—
He knows his hand is there;
And 'mid the shoals and threat'ning rocks
He moves devoid of care.

In sunny calms, in whirling storms,
His voice alike is heard,
Proclaiming the glad promises
Of God's unfailing word.

And when in death's dark eddying stream
He plies the trembling oar,
His triumph hymn is heard above
The sullen waters' roar.

THE GOOD CHRISTIAN.

He showeth his love for his Master's cause
By the acts of a righteous life;
He beareth reproach with unmurmuring lip;
He mingleth not in strife;
But the orphans' and widows' desolate homes
With his bounteous gifts are rife.

He never speaks of the "holy word"
With an air of levity;
But he prays with an humble and fervent zeal
More pious and just to be;
And the name of his God from his praising lips
Falls ever reverently.

He shrinketh not from the slander vile,
Which so oft on his faith is cast,
But boldly, though prayerfully, day by day,
Disproves it to the last;
And the Sabbath e'er finds him within the church,
Enjoying a rich repast.

In sickness he beareth with fortitude
The stripes of a chastening hand,
And hymns of joy from his heart gush forth

Till life's last wavering sand;
And he leaveth the Christian's triumphant death,
To lighten a sinful land.

THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

From an incident in Willis' "Bright Moments Abroad."

Fair lady, dost thou ask me why
I shun sweet nature's holiest tie?
Why with the pilgrim's staff alone
O'er life's drear waste I journey on,
Rejecting every precious flower
That sheds its light in beauty's bower?
Listen, fair lady, to the lay
Of a far younger, happier day.

When first I breathed my Lord's defence,
With what the world calls eloquence,
When first with ardent zeal I strove
To gather to the fold of love,
I ministered, each Sabbath day,
From my own church six leagues away,
To a small flock but seldom fed
With morsels of the heavenly bread.

'T was a sweet spot, that humble church,
Surrounded by the fragrant birch,
With its old windows ivied o'er,
And tall elms waving at the door;
A little brook went laughing by,
With mellow voice and mirrored sky,
And in the soft, dim rear were seen
White tomb-stones 'neath the willows green.

There, 'mid those pious worshippers —
Ah, still that dream my cold heart stirs! —
I gazed upon a youthful face,
Radiant with intellectual grace;
I saw one dark and sparkling eye
Shrink ever as my glance came by;

One fair, frail form, with lingering pace,
Glide out, when o'er the words of grace.

Lady, how shall I paint to thee
That face? The soul thou canst not see,
Nor I portray; and it were vain
For emblems Helicon to drain.
It did not strike me much at first,
But at each glance new beauties burst,
Like rays from some presiding gem
Within a monarch's diadem.

Weeks sped away, and ever still
Was there that meek young girl, until
Her presence to my heart became
As choice grains to the incense flame;
I wrote not but with thought how she
The merits of my pen would see,
Nor joyed unless I could descry
A smile in her uplifted eye.

Thus love with silent windings crept
Into my breast while reason slept,
And that sweet image day by day
Came with its undivided sway,
Attracting every former hope
Within its all-absorbing scope,
And wresting forth a heavenly trust,
To place it on the passing dust.

I saw my idol fade away;
The crimson wave had ceased to play
Upon her velvet cheek, and yet
I felt no fear, and no regret;
For holier beamed her saddened eye
In its angelic purity,
And heaven's clear light seemed resting there,
Like star-beams in the midnight air.

At length, just as my mind was made
To seek that floweret of the shade,

And plant it in my inmost heart,
A voice which makes the slow pulse start—
A funeral voice was in my ear,
And I was called to minister
Of Gilead's balm to souls that bled
Above their young, their gifted dead.

I gazed upon the corpse—'t was hers,
That meek, that martyred worshipper's;
The vision of my midnight dreams,
The life of all my spirit's themes.
Her gray-haired sire revealed with tears
The mournful secret of his fears,
That that young heart, from sin so free,
That hopeless heart, had died for me!

Dost marvel now that I am wed
Alone unto the gospel Head?
Dost marvel that my heart is cold,
Within its ice-encrusted mould?
Lady, since that dark burial hour,
This breast hath owned no earthly power;
Above hath every hope been given,—
Ah! I shall speak to her in heaven!

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED RELATIVE.

All thy toils and cares are over;
Weary pilgrim, take thy rest!
God in mercy hath recalled thee
To thy place among the blest;
And, although we miss and mourn thee
Ours are not despairing tears;
Well we know we all shall meet thee
In a few revolving years.

Many tender recollections
Have I, blessed one, of thee;
Many sweet and precious tokens
Of thy watchful love for me.

Not my own fond, faithful mother
  Could a better guardian prove;
All thy counsel was in wisdom,
  Ever thy reproof in love.

Thine was that excelling virtue
  The pure-hearted only know;
Thine that unassuming goodness
  Which in silent deeds doth flow.
Thou didst make the poor and needy
  In thy presence to rejoice;
All the bowed and broken-hearted
  Loved thy peace-inspiring voice.

Thou wert e'er a lovely pattern
  To the sister, mother, wife;
All our sex's high perfections
  Centred in thy blameless life.
Thou didst stay till life's drear winter
  Frosted o'er thy auburn hair,
But thy heart ne'er lost its fervor
  While one fluttering pulse was there

E'en when death's sharp pangs assailed thee,
  Every feeble breath was love,
And thy spirit soared in triumph
  To the realms of light above.
O, thou 'rt holy, thou art happy,
  Blest beyond all mortal thought;
But for thee one heart is lonely—
  To one eye this world is naught.

By his sad and cheerless fireside,
  Bowed with age and heavy woe,
Sits thy long life's dear companion,
  Praying that he, too, may go.
There 's no longer one to mingle
  In his every wish and thought;
All his former hopes and pleasures
  Lack the charm thy presence wrought.

O! our Father, who in heaven
Dost earth's pleading children hear,
To thy faithful, aged servant
Be thou in compassion near.
Multiply his spiritual pleasures,
Fill his soul with heavenly peace,
Till, by thy paternal mandate,
Here his pilgrimage shall cease.

REVELATIONS TO THE DYING.*

None told her she must die;
And time wore on, and earth to her lost none
Of its transcendent beauty, nor the voice
Of hope its lulling sweetness, though the last
Faint drops of her young heart were icing o'er,
As if chill winds had swept them, and her breath
Wavered and sank, as doth a wounded bird's.
Still she hoped on, and smiled, and gazed abroad,
And raised her pale, thin hands — through which the light
Streamed as through rose-hued glass — to grasp the flowers
Tendered by those she loved; and warbled forth,
Though with an infant's feebleness, the songs
That were *so* dear; and glanced her dim young eyes
With joy upon her wardrobe, and planned out
For weeping listeners many a festive scene,
The time she should be well!

O, it is wrong
To let the young and ignorant go down
Unto the very borders of the grave,
Grasping their earthly idols to the last,
Without one ray of heavenly light to cheer
The dark and lonely road! But they whose ives
Were twined so closely with that suffering girl's,
Like her were blind, nor heard consumption's voice
Whisper its awful mandate; and the spell

*The circumstances of the above are no fiction — with a very slight alteration, they are what have fallen under the writer's personal observation the past year.

Remained unbroken: none could find the heart
To tell her she must die.
But God is merciful, and doth not leave
The soul to strive in darkness. One bright morn,
When that pale one seemed better than her wont,
She called her mother to her side, and sang
A death hymn in her ear.

"Mother, draw near to me,
And start not when I tell thee I must die!
Should not the birdling flee
To its far home, when storms are in the sky?
Dear mother! ere yon sun is in the west,
I shall be clasped unto my Saviour's breast!

"Restrain those falling tears;
Joy, joy — thou givest another child to God!
There are no doubts, no fears,
Shadowing the path by a Redeemer trod; —
His smile still lingers in the gloomy vale;
Joy for thy child, — his promise cannot fail!

"How strangely I have clung
To the frail gems of this polluted earth!
Forgetting him who wrung
From death's deep dregs our right to heavenly birth;
Content to fold my spirit's soaring wings,
And worship the faint type of glorious things.

"O, I would not upbraid,
Sweet mother, one so kind, so dear as thou!
Yet, yet thou shouldst have prayed
With thy sick child, and taught her soul to bow,
In all its bitter sufferings, to the will
Of Him whose voice the raven's cry doth still.

"Then what a triumph hour
Would this, so full of woe to thee, have been!
For thy own spirit's dower
Had been high victory over grief and sin;
And I as calmly had lain down to rest,
As when a babe I slumbered on thy breast.

"But God is merciful,
And will in time impart rich grace to thee;
Fear not, for thou shalt cull
The buds of faith from life's unwithering tree,
Such as do in this dying heart now bloom,
To yield thee fruit when thou hast passed the tomb.

"Mother, I heard last night —
Didst thou not hear? — sweet music in the air;
And to my eager sight
Came bright-winged spirits, with their flowing hair,
And golden harps, and sweetly melting eyes,
Thrilling my soul with their rich melodies.

"It was no dream, *no dream!*
I felt *his* glance my trembling bosom scan,
And like some rushing stream
His low-breathed words through all my being ran; —
Yea, he whose eyes on Calvary waxed dim
Told me that I this day should be with him.

"And then they passed away
With alleluias to the opening sky!
Not all — two dear ones stay,
The sister loves, whose early graves are nigh.
Dost thou not see them, mother? there they stand,
Gazing with bright smiles on thee, hand in hand.

"O, how we wept for them,
The blessed babes, when Jesus called them home,
To wear a diadem
Brighter than princes', — free and wild to roam,
Like uncaged birds, throughout unbounded space! —
Would thou couldst now behold each cherub face!

"But thou wilt see them when
Death lifts the veil that dims thy vision now.
I shall be with them then;
Fear not, grieved one, let glory gem thy brow, —
We will sustain thee in the parting hour,
And guide thee home, for God will give us power.

"Mother, one farewell kiss!
I faint — I languish — now my spirit soars!
O, what o'erwhelming bliss
This dreaded death in my rapt bosom pours!
Who talks of darkness? I am now in light:
Earth, earth! thou only wearest the gloomy night."

She rose to God — and not one eye was wet
In that hushed room, but every heart drew hope,
And strength, and trust, from that sweet death-bed scene,
Nor feared again the voice of him whom *men*
Have called the KING OF TERRORS!

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON RECOVERY FROM SEVERE ILLNESS.

I STOOD beside death's darkly-rolling river,
With a chilled heart, and dim, unseeing eye;
I heard the long-leaved willows hoarsely shiver,
And the wild winds with icy breath sweep by.
My spirit faltered, as the mad waves o'er me
Their life-destroying spray unceasing dashed, —
When, lo! upon the billowy heights before me
A vision of unearthly beauty flashed!

Thou "Son of man" — thou altogether lovely —
Thou chief among ten thousand! it was thee,
Who, from the cloud that stretched like night above me,
Didst whisper "peace," as on dark Galilee —
"Daughter, return to earth; a work awaits thee;
Not yet may close thy tearful pilgrimage;
Raise thy weak voice, and to the world that hates me
Breathe the deep love that gilds thy spirit's page."

And may I toil for thee, thou deeply slighted!
A laborer of the late eleventh hour!
Give me the work — my spirit's troth is plighted
To do thy will while thou dost give me power!

I go with joy, whate'er may be my mission —
Be it to wash thy lowliest servant's feet;
My soul rejoices in its deep submission,
And longs in Christ each sorrowing heart to greet.

Ho! ye that thirst, come to the blessed fountain,
Whose source is at Jehovah's crystal throne;
Ye weary, rest beside God's holy mountain,
And eat the bread which giveth life alone.
There is a peace that passeth understanding,
In the sweet service of Immanuel;
His servants fly with joy at his commanding,
And deathless raptures every bosom swell.

Ho! to the fountain! Fling aside all sorrow,
Cast down your idols to their native clay,
Take thought no longer for the coming morrow;
Treasure not up in halls of dim decay;
Drink of life's water freely as 't is given,
Drink, and your souls shall dream of thirst no more;
Drink, and your lives shall be henceforth in heaven,
And Christ's dear love your portion evermore.

RESIGNATION.

Father, thy will be done! —
I sit in grief no more;
Though 'neath the smiling sun
Heart never yet before
Quivered with deeper anguish than the one
Which now thou chastenest — but, THY WILL BE DONE!

Father, forgive thy child,
If, in his deep despair,
Came sinful thoughts, and wild,
When thou thine arm didst bare.
O, I was deeply stricken! but 't is done —
Thine arm hath conquered — may THY WILL BE DONE!

The crushed flower may not die
When the pitying raindrop falls,

Nor the hand inactive lie
When the voice of duty calls.
rise, O, Father! by thy goodness won,
o do thy bidding — may THY WILL BE DONE!

THE MOURNER'S PRAYER.

FATHER in heaven,
Who knowest all thy children need, before
The quivering lips their sad petitions pour,
Be near in mercy to *one* mourning heart,
And bid despair's unhallowed shades depart!

Thy chastening rod
Hath deeply scourged my spirit, and I bleed;
Yet leave me not, O God! in this my need;
Thou hast my idols scattered in the dust,
But thou art merciful as well as just.

I come to thee,
A wearied wanderer, with contrite heart,
Sick, sick of sin. Thou bidd'st not *such* depart.
O, Father! take me in thy sheltering arms,
And shield me from temptation's secret harms!

I would but live
In thee, and in the labors of thy love,
Knowing no joy that comes not from above.
O, sanctify me with thy quickening grace,
That I may run in Christ a glorious race!

A MONODY.

IT is the joyous spring-time. There is brightness
In every cloud that floats along the sky;
The fields have yielded up their robes of whiteness,
For the green vesture which so glads the eye.
'Mid the low budding shrubs fair birds are singing
A thrilling welcome to the brightening hours;
Soft strains of music every breeze is bringing,
And clouds of fragrance from the forest bowers.

Little thou heed'st it, stricken bride and mother,
Wrapt in thy shroud — earth's winter now is thine;
Bright springs thou 'st seen — thou 'lt ne'er behold another,
Till heaven's unnumbered glories on thee shine.
Thy warm unsullied heart hath ceased its beating;
Thy lips' sweet music we shall hear no more;
No glance of thine shall answer love's fond greeting;
Gentlest and best — thy race on earth is o'er.

Gone from us hast thou, in thy young existence,
Beloved and loving, prized and mourned by all;
Gone ere thy heart had felt the sad resistance
Of cares which ever from Time's hand do fall;
Gone while the morning of thy hopes was brightest,
While blessings o'er thy every path was shed;
Gone while thy step amid earth's flowers was lightest,
To sleep the dreamless slumber of the dead.

Helen! beloved! thou couldst not dream while living
What anguish thy untimely fate must bring
Some doting hearts — to life's bright picture giving
The unvarying blackness of the raven's wing.
O'er thee have fallen drops of such wild sorrow
As fall but once above the soulless dust;
Such as can scarce one ray of comfort borrow
From the rich treasures of a heavenly trust.

Yet why beside thine ashes fondly lingers
This vain, *vain* grief? We feel thou art not there,
When reason speaks — death's cold, effacing fingers
Keep not the gem which made thy form so fair.
It hath a brighter, holier, higher dwelling,
Boundless, eternal, formed by God's own hand,
Where day and night the cherub choir is swelling
A "welcome home" to many a pilgrim band.

Sweet angel, thou art with the ransomed daughters
Of our dear Lord, rejoicing in his sight;
Quenching thy soul's deep thirst with life's clear waters,
Crowned with the wreath whose flowers are bathed in light.

Happier, O! happier far, than when in beauty
Thou stood'st thy loved one's manly form beside,
Whispering to him thy vows of love and duty;
For now thou art the blessed SAVIOUR'S BRIDE.

And dost thou, in thy far-off home of glory,
Still think of those who were on earth so dear?
Lingers in memory life's short, fitful story,
'Mid the high joys of that eternal sphere?
Yes. Love is quenchless, deathless, ne'er forgetting;
Heaven is its home, for God himself is love;
A sun which riseth, but hath ne'er a sitting;
A thought which through all space and time doth move.

Fixed, and yet omnipresent like *His* spirit,
Its life and source, "unseen, yet seeing all,"
All bliss, all knowledge, doth it there inherit,
And all the past its wondrous powers recall.
O, ye sad mourners, bowed and broken-hearted!
Lift up your heads, redemption draweth nigh.
Scarce hath your idol from your side departed;
Earth's mists but veil her form from mortal eye.

Still in your midst, at times, her spirit moveth;
To your dark souls her voice shall whisper peace,
When calm submission to God's dealing proveth
'T is time the chastenings of his hand should cease.
Then will she whisper lessons sweet and holy,
To wean you from the cares of life away,
And lead you up, with souls subdued and lowly,
The path which endeth in unclouded day.

TO A LITTLE GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS.

GATHER thy bright flowers, sweet one,
Ere their deep hue fadeth;
Bind them on thy sunny brow,
Ere care's dial shadeth—

Youth to youth, and joy to joy,
Naught know they of sadness:
Sunshine, dew, and pleasant showers,
Make their life of gladness.

Bind them on thy brow, sweet one;
Kindly they will tell thee
How life's blighting winds to shun,
Should dear hope repel thee;
They will bid thee meekly bow,
When the storm is o'er thee,
To rise unbroken when again
Life's sunshine flits before thee.

THOUGHTS AT THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

Slowly we bear thee to thy place of rest,
Sweet flower, by death so early swept away!
And bitter anguish thrills each mourning breast
As our dim eyes the new-made grave survey.
And must we leave thee in yon narrow bed,
Dear Margaret, idol of our clinging love?
Yes, "dust to dust," the stern decree was read,
By Him who rules in earth and heaven above.

O, lonely will those fond hearts be, to whom
Thy step was ever as the breeze of May!
Thy gladdening smile no more will chase the gloom
That lingers round life's cloud-enveloped way.
Never, O! never more beside the hearth
Of that blessed home where kindred spirits blend,
Will thy glad voice ring out its silvery mirth,
Or thy young face its sweet enchantment lend.

Thou art at rest; and crushed affections turn
With mournful pleasure to the happy past,
Where, shrined in memory's ever-hallowing urn,
Still bloom the virtues death has failed to blast.

O, sweet as perfume from the censer's brim
  Is all remembrance, ransomed one, of thee!
Whether it bear aloft thy dying hymn,
  Or the wild music of thy sinless glee.

Thou wert in all things lovely, and didst win
  By thy deep gentleness all hearts to thine;
With warmth and purity thy soul was twin;
  O'er thy earth-nature triumphed the divine.
O, it is hard to part with such as thou!
  Vainly submission checks the starting tear,
And though the knee may at Heaven's chastening bow,
  The heart still lingers by the sable bier.

"Dust unto dust" — the parting pang is o'er;
  The loved earth mingles with its mother earth;
And as we turn with eyes still running o'er,
  Within our souls bright visions have their birth.
Hope points exulting to the distant skies —
  Faith lifts her glass — we see thy spirit there;
A star within the holy paradise,
  Casting soft radiance on the fragrant air.

Thou 'rt clothed in beauty, and in those deep eyes
  There lives a bliss undreamed in this cold sphere;
From those pure lips such triumph-strains arise,
  As it were death for mortal ears to hear.
O, who would wish thee back to this dull spot,
  Bright heritor of glorious things on high!
To take on thee again the common lot,
  To sin, to suffer, and again to die?

Thou walkest with the Saviour, robed in white;
  Thou hearest the tender accents of his love;
On thee life's tree showers down its gems of light;
  By seraph hands thy deathless crown was wove.
O, live in peace! we will restrain our tears,
  Nor mar the quiet of thy heavenly rest,
Since time will bear us in a few short years
  To dwell with thee, and be forever blest.

TO A WIDOWED FRIEND.

There is one expression in your letter that affected us inexpressibly — "Henceforth I am to stem the torrent *alone*. O, what a sensation does that one word create!" But, although my tears fell freely over this natural outburst of grief, my heart readily exclaimed, —

O, NOT alone! *O, not alone!*
Her spirit hovers near,
With all its deep, undying love,
Thy darkest hours to cheer.
Though to thy mortal eyes no more
Her radiant form is shown,
A voice from heaven doth whisper me —
Thou walkest not alone.

An angel clothed in garments white,
She moveth at thy side;
Youthful, and beautiful as when
She first became thy bride.
Her pitying eye with tender glance
Beholds thy bitter woe,
And to relieve thy bursting heart
Bids the sweet fountains flow.

She sits beside thee in the hush
Of deep and starless night,
E'en in that "vacant chair," which brings
Such anguish to thy sight;
She bends above thy feverish bed,
When thy heart with grief is wild,
And gives thee dreams of other worlds,
Glorious and undefiled.

Her breath is in the first faint breeze
That fans thy aching brow;
Her voice amid the whispering trees,
Which gently o'er thee bow;
Her glance in every ray of light
That gives thy bosom joy;
Her love in every thought of peace
That bringeth no alloy.

O, deem not fancy speaks alone!
This is the earnest faith
Of one whose sorrowing heart long since
Learned what the Scripture saith.
Angels around our daily paths
Their blessed influence shed;
These angels are our dearly loved —
Our ne'er-forgotten dead.

They dwell in heaven, they dwell on earth,
They dwell in sky and sea;
Like him whose mighty vision moves
Through vast immensity.
One only weight their bright wings feel,
Enchaining them to earth;
That weight is the repining woe
Which in *our* souls has birth.

Dear brother, let these soothing words
Thy stricken heart console;
Wear still the armor of thy God;
Still strive to win the goal.
Thou shalt not, 'mid life's heavy cares,
Be left to toil alone;
Press on, press on, till Antichrist
Is driven from his throne.

ALONE WITH THE DEAD.

I KNEEL beside thee, "marble-seeming clay,"
Unseen by mortal eye. But dost thou not,
O, shade of her that was in life so dear!
Look down to this wrung heart?

There is a smile,
A sweet, a placid, heaven-enkindling smile,
Upon that angel face. Methinks it is,
O, spirit blest! the shadow of thy wing,
Tracing soft sunshine on the home which erst
Gave out such noon-tide radiance — a beam

Shed from God's holy altar, which will warm
And renovate at length the prostrate dust,
And mould it into life.

I am alone —
Alone, with death and silence at my side,
And but a flickering lamp-beam to direct
Each wild and dream-like thought. Alone! O God,
What visions crowd upon me! — tender, sad,
Sublime and beautiful; visions of thee
And of thy creature man. Life's bubbles burst,
Time's sands run slowly out, and countless worlds
Are thrown, like slight partitions, into one
Broad, boundless heaven of love, whose sun art thou,
Great Parent, and whose sweet, melodious air
Is but the harp-like breathings of those hearts,
Kindled in life and death.

And what is death?
I kiss thee, gentle sister! thou art cold
And pale, and hast life's winter on thy brow,
Its silence on thy lips. But *spring* will come,
And thou shalt wear such garlands as the hand
Of time cannot derange.

I will arise
And go with joy about my household cares,
And give my soul to peace; for death is but
A kind and gentle servant, who unlocks
With noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door,
To show us those we love.

DEATH AND THE CHILD.

I saw a beautiful child at play,
Among the flowers,
When a strange old man came round that way,
In the early hours.

"I will shorten thy sport, my bonny boy,"
The old man said;

And he took from his hand each blushing toy,
And the child was dead.

The old man gazed with a grim, cold smile
On the lifeless one;
And he said — "They will call me dark, and vile,
For the service done.

"But my Master hath need of these holy gems,
In his garden fair;
He grafts such buds on undying stems,
To blossom there."

And he breathed in the ear of the sleeping boy
That Master's name,
And the child sprang up, with an eye of joy,
And a heart of flame.

And he cast his mouldering robe aside —
His robe of clay —
And he spread his wings in the sunny tide,
And soared away!

A MOTHER'S eyes were with weeping blurred,
Beside his bier;
For the triumph hymn of her soaring bird
She could not hear.

HYMN.

Sung by a band of Sabbath School children at the Panorama of Jerusalem.

HAIL! hail, Jerusalem!
Great city of the past;
A band of youthful pilgrims come
To view thy structures vast.
Our hearts beat warm and high,
And fain our lips would sing
A hymn of praise to Him who rose
To be thy Judge and King.

Hail! great Jerusalem!
The Saviour dwelt in thee —
His footsteps pressed thy verdant streets,
And thy Gethsemane;
His infant voice was heard
Gray-headed pride to dare;
And in maturer years, on thee,
Mount Olivet, in prayer.

Hail! hail, Jerusalem!
He gave thy blind their sight,
Though with the jest, the taunt, the cross,
Thou didst his love requite;
But he forgave the wrong,
And on dark Calvary
Poured out his dear atoning blood,
A world from sin to free.

Hail! great Jerusalem!
The fate our Master wept,
Beneath the arch-deceiver's wing,
Within thy walls hath crept;
But thou shalt yet become
Christ's brightest diadem,
And worlds proclaim to worlds the great —
The *New Jerusalem.*

STANZAS.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY — of this grief-o'erclouded earth;
Give me the glorious "Father-land," where the spirit has its birth;
Where hope is not a fragile bark, borne down by every gale,
Nor love a word of fearfulness, making the bright cheek pale.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. The song of youth is o'er;
I hear its last, faint, dying notes, on memory's winding shore;
The sunshine of a happy heart is fading fast away —
Give me the land where time and change are broken in their sway.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. The cry of human wrongs,
From hill, and stream, and distant vale, each passing breeze prolongs;
I sicken at the oft-told tale of sinfulness and strife;
Give me the fruit which bears no ill, fresh from the tree of life.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. The ties which bind me here,
Though bright, and beautiful, and strong, are garnished o'er with fear;
I tremble lest this treasured love should centre in the grave; —
Make me the first, Most Merciful, death's withering frown to brave.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. My soul, in dreams, hath been
To that high world whose glories ne'er unveil to mortal ken;
And all is dimness here, and doubt; earth's charms have passed away;
Give me the hand where sorrowing night is lost in perfect day.

I AM WEARY, I AM WEARY. Unbar the gate of death!
Ere the impatient blade hath worn away its worthless sheath;
Unbar death's gate! Like mountain bird in dreary cage I pine, —
YET NOT MY WILL, MOST MERCIFUL, NOT MY FRAIL WILL, BUT THINE!

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF SPRING FLOWERS.

DEAR firstlings of the Spring!
My heart beats with a wild and glad delight,
As your sweet faces bring
Soul-moving memories to my wearied sight:
O! what a train of bright and rapturous hours
Make your soft shadows, deeply treasured flowers!

I am a child again,
With bounding heart and never-wearied feet,
Ranging the narrow glen,
In quest of gems to youthful eyes most sweet —
Young, tender violets peeping from the snow,
Like deeds of love in this bleak world of woe.

I see the sunshine slant
Along the hill-side through the laurel green;
I hear the glad birds chant
Their first fond songs in many a deep ravine;
I hear the vaunting of the haughty brook,
As it goes foaming round each craggy nook.

Again I stoop to fill
My basket with the winter-berries red;
And, where the waves are still,
Pull the green rushes from their pebbly bed;
And kneel where fairy moss-cups have their birth,
To breathe the fragrance of the broken earth.

Again I clamber o'er
Steep, jutting rocks, by trailing plants o'errun,
And, with a rapt heart, pore
O'er Nature's volume, till the sinking sun
Reminds me of that far-off cottage home,
So dear to all whose feet are wont to roam.

1840.

THE ISLE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

TO ———.

Maiden, who wearest the angel smile!
Say, hast thou been to our fairy isle?
The pride of our bright-waved mountain stream,
Lovely as Eden of poet's dream;
The sunniest spot of this gladsome world,
Where the flag of beauty is never furled,
Where the birds sing on through the changing year,
And the ivied arbors are never sere?

I see it now, from my mossy seat,—
I hear its murmuring waves retreat,
Then hasten back to the sloping shore,
Like the lover who seeks his doom once more,
Yet seeks it all for another glance
At the beauty who scorns each bold advance,

And mocks his vision with charms that might
To the heart of a Peri bring delight.

The noblest trees of the forest there
Stretch out their arms to the bracing air,
Hiding amid their foliage dun
The first fond beams of the rising sun;
While down at their violet-covered feet
The wild fawn starts from his slumbers sweet,
To roam unshackled the dingles through,
And bathe his lips in the scented dew.

There are such flowers as we sometimes dream
In the land of love on our brows will gleam,—
The starry jasmine, the tender rose,
Looking the soul to a soft repose;
And many a wild and nameless one,
Tinged with the hues of the summer sun,
Casting a deep, rich light below,
Where the daisy peeps with its brow of snow.

And there are arbors of evergreen
On the deep spring's willowed borders seen;
And low, sweet music is often heard
When the laurel leaves by the breeze are stirred,
And the heart will ache at its dreamy tone,
When the bright moon walks in her path alone,
And sigh for the voices that never more
May hush its throbs on this mortal shore.

O, maiden who wearest the angel smile!
Away with me to the fairy isle;
For thou art faithful, and I am lone;
A shade o'er my spirit the world has thrown;
I shrink from its cold and hollow show;
Blighted and "seared on the heart I go,"
Longing for scenes that are free and wild,
With the buoyant hopes of an eager child.

Away with me — and hand in hand
We 'll wend our steps o'er the pebbly strand,

Searching for relics of ancient time,
When the red man stood in his power sublime;
Watching the bright fish come and go
In the shallow pools where the waves are low,
And plucking the sweet wild mint so rare,
And catching new life from the fragrant air.

Away, away! we will gather flowers,
And sing and sleep through the sultry hours,
Forgetting that sorrow and sin have e'er
Drawn forth the sigh and the bitter tear;
Dreaming only of holy things,
Bathing our brows in Parnassian springs,
Taking no note of the flight of time,
As he draws us on to another clime.

Away, away! when the moonbeams smile
On river and meadow and deep defile,
'T is said that a minstrel, old and gray,
With his harp of reeds to that isle makes way,
And takes by those few low mounds his place, —
The genius he of the dark brown race, —
And chants with a low and sobbing breath
A dirge for the chieftains who sleep beneath.

How sweet to hearken his plaintive hymn
Echoed back from the grottos dim,
Answered by waves from the shelving beach,
A moment borne from the listener's reach,
Then lulling our own fond hearts at last
To the world of sleep with its pictures vast! —
O, maiden, who wearest the angel smile!
Away with me to the fairy isle.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

There was no paleness on her cheek,
No tear-drops in her eye,
As from the low, dark prison-house
They led her forth to die;

Her tender hands were manacled,
  Her feet were clothed with chains,
And on her brow the poison wreath *
  Began its deadly pains.

Scarce sixteen summers had looked down
  Upon that gentle girl,
Yet had those few short years to her
  Revealed life's priceless pearl;
And in the face of heaven and earth
  She boldly Christ professed,
Though well she knew a death of shame
  Upon her footsteps pressed.

She bared her bosom to the flame,—
  No fears its pure snow shook,—
And fervently her bright lips kissed
  God's all-sustaining book;
And e'er, as through the parted fires
  Her struggling form was seen,
A smile lit up the dying face,
  All holy and serene.

O, Lord! if through such scenes as this
  Thine arm hath still sustained,
While all things else, like fading stars,
  From the poor soul hath waned;
How should we in our greatest need
  On thy kind breast repose,
Nor sink in faithlessness away,
  Beneath life's common woes!

TO A FRIEND IN THE FAR WEST.

Thou hast left thy home, my sister,
  With the friends who love thee best,
To make thy dwelling 'mid the wilds
  Of the far and lonely West;

* See an incident in Moore's Epicurean.

Thou hast left a band of sorrowing hearts,
Whose hopes were locked in thee,
To seek in wealth's all-dazzling gifts
A happier destiny.

We miss thee, O our sister!
In all our smiling bowers;
We miss thee in our morning walks,
In evening's social hours;
We miss thy heart-enlivening smile,
Thy voice so warm and kind,
And the thoughts which fell like incense flowers
From thy pure and lamb-like mind.

Lovely thou wert — ay, lovely,
In spirit and in form —
A sunbeam glancing o'er life's tears,
A rainbow through the storm;
A snow-drop 'mid earth's darker hues,
Unwarmed by flattery's breath;
A harp-tone flung from cherub hands,
Wringing out joy from death.

Lovely thou wert — ay, lovely,
And sorrow shared with thee,
As if magician-changed, became
A pleasure unto me.
Life's sky, though clothed with tempest clouds,
Grew bright when thou wert nigh,
And tears e'er turned to smiles beneath
Thy angel-gifted eye.

Sister, my soul's loved sister,
A vacant heart is here:
The tide of happiness no more
Through its crystal depths glides clear.
Crushed hopes are on each tossing wave,
And broken ties beneath,
And a dark hand binds each sunny thought
With a winter-woven wreath.

Sister, my soul's loved sister,
I have bidden thee farewell,
As one who seeks in fatal climes
With the shadowy dead to dwell;
As one who seeks the dazzling midst
Of the Saviour's white-robed band,
The garden where love hath no shade,
"The far and better land."

A REMEMBRANCE.

"O! a haunted heart is a weight to bear.
Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?"
Songs of the Affections.

CHELSEA, sweet Chelsea! dost thou yet enchant
All hearts with thy deep loveliness? Does spring
Display as erst her treasures 'mid thy hills
At the young zephyr's soft petitioning breath?
Comes yet glad summer with her crimson smiles,
Giving the flowers new beauty, and the streams
More heavenly reflections?

I have dreams,
O, city of my heart! of thee and thine,
Which fling, at times, around fate's darkling brow
A chaplet of soft hues, and life doth seem
Not all a wilderness. Yea, I have dreams.
When sleep hath set her signet on my brow,
Unfettering weary mind, I stray amid
The scenes of happier hours, and hope unfurls
Once more her star-gemmed banner, and I bend
To pluck unwithered roses, and inhale
The freshness of their bloom. But where are they,
The loved, the ne'er forgotten, whose dear smiles
Made then my soul's best Eden? Where are they,
Which sleep groups in my heart, and daylight scarce
Consigns to dreary distance?

We were blest.
And one bright eve, I do remember well,
When the soft stars shone as in new-bought robes,

And the sweet moon smiled sweeter than her wont, —
We came from God's dear house and gave our thoughts
To music and to hope. And where are they?
One stands on fame's high pinnacle, with wreaths
Of beauteous hue strown careless at his feet.
And men approve, and grateful blessings fall
Upon his noble head. 'T is all he asks —
'T is all he ever asked, and he is blest.
And one, a kind and generous one, whose cheek
Was tinged with many summers, but whose soul
Gave out a spring-like melody — *she* still
Keeps on the even tenor of her way,
Like some unmurmuring stream, which gently laves
Its perfumed banks. Others perchance now sleep.
But one was there, a wild yet gentle girl,
Not very beautiful, but very kind,
When once you saw her heart, and felt the warmth
Of feelings which few dreamed that she possessed.
She did not know the world, and she had thought,
In her wild home, that merit such as hers
Could only meet derision, and therefore
She watched with jealous eye, and often showed
Indifference where her soul had much of love;
And this became her curse.

But where is she?
Her home is far from hence, and it is said
Her eye is brightest in the glittering throng,
Her laugh the merriest, and her earthly lot
Happy beyond a doubt. But I have heard
Another and more potent voice, which said —
Read not her heart's book *through*, for thou wilt find
More tears than sunshine, and one only page
Unwritten by the blotting pen of grief —
THE PAGE WHERE GOD IS WORSHIPPED.

THE PRAIRIE COTTAGE.

A COTTAGE on the prairie! 't is a wild and lonely thing;
The south wind wanders through its rooms with softly fluttering wing;

The brightest sunbeams kiss the vines that clothe its lowly eaves,
And many a plaintive warbler 'mid its woodbine arbors grieves.

It stands beside a running stream, with green and sloping banks,
And in its rear tall forest trees present their waving ranks;
While far beyond as sight may reach, with undulating sway,
The prairie, like some broad lake, sweeps in waves of light away.

The cottage of the prairie! behold, at sunset's glow,
Upon its soft grass-plat bright forms are flitting to and fro;
The welcome strains oft ring upon the silver air,
And a voice of melting sweetness sings to the light-toned guitar.

Our home upon the prairie! though rude and dull it seem,
Time passes 'neath its humble roof like an Eden-tinted dream;
For love doth bind with rosy chain the hearts that dwell within,
And love hath e'er a pleasant voice wherewith from care to win.

Long did we dwell in princely halls, with all that boastful pride
With which man strives to wrap the soul that fain from God would hide;
And long with thankless hearts and lips we broke our daily bread,
Till Heaven, in mercy, o'er our path its stern misfortunes shed.

Our home upon the prairie! blest be the peaceful hour,
When with sad hearts and wearied limbs we reached our sheltering bower!
No crowd of flatterers welcomed us with words of honeyed tone;
But we felt that Heaven's approving smile upon our spirits shone.

The cottage of the prairie! there is no spot on earth
So dear as this, our cabin home, with its broad and cheerful hearth!
We pray that God will never let our footsteps from it stray,
But make our graves, our pleasant graves, where nature's fountains play.

A FAREWELL TO WINTER.

Farewell to thee, Winter, farewell!
We part, but be thine all the tears;
For thy reign has been stern, as the streamlet doth tell,
While its blithe voice thy burial cheers.
Thou didst sweep through our valleys in wrath,
And call the deep snows from the sky,
Till the white drifts swelled high in the forester's path,
And the fleet deer no longer could fly.

Farewell to thee, Winter, farewell!
We lay thy Methuselah head
'Neath the grass-covered mounds where thy forefathers fell,
The oft-sung illustrious dead.
A patriarch thou of the race,
Subdued by Spring's mellowing glance,
Thou didst war to the last with a chivalric grace,
But the sunbeams have broken thy lance.

Farewell to thee, Winter, farewell!
Thy beautiful victress doth come
From the far happy South, with the zephyr's soft swell,
To smile on our desolate home.
She breathes the low music of love,
She speaks the sweet language of flowers,
She brings its young leaves to the sorrowing grove,
And green vines to the murmuring bowers.

Farewell to thee, Winter, farewell!
The red rose will bloom on thy grave,
And the song-bird, perchance, through the echoing dell,
Will chant a faint dirge to the brave; —
But thy name, like all tyrants', will soon
Sink unblest to oblivion's sea,
While around the sweet princess who taketh thy throne
Will be gathered the happy and free.

DEATH AT SEA.

We smoothed away the silken hair
From her angelic brow;
We drew above each upturned orb
Its lid, as white as snow;
We gathered slowly o'er her breast,
Where now the young heart slept,
The folding of her icy shroud;
Then turned aside and wept.

We wept — for our sweet summer bird,
The loving and the free,
Had flown with all its wildwood songs,
Its thrilling melody:
And we were on the mighty deep;
And well we knew how dark,
Without the light of those dear eyes,
Must be our homeward bark.

We thought upon her sunny smile,
Warm as her own pure heart;
Her ringing laugh, which made the gloom
From every face depart;
We thought upon her brow of light,
And her low voice of love:
Alas! that we remember not
Such only *live* above!

She had been with us since the first
Frail spring-rose saw the light;
Had blessed with us Spain's brilliant morn,
And fair Italia's night;
And now, with rapt and yearning soul,
Toward her home she came,
And yet upon her fond lips dwelt
Each well-beloved name.

O, little sister! with the wreath,
Twined for that dear one's hair,
Press now no more thine ear to earth,
To list her coming far.

And thou, lone mother, murmuring oft
"When will my darling come?" —
Know that thy precious flower doth bloom
In a far lovelier home.

We knelt beside the shrouded clay;
We gave the last sad look;
And, with scarce-beating hearts, our stand
On the still deck we took:
We saw her hallowed form descend
Far down the shelving deep,
With prayers that, in some coral cave,
Peaceful might be her sleep.

THE HOUR OF SUCCESS.

The revel is over — the dancers are gone —
The belle of the evening is sitting alone,
With the diamonds still circling her forehead so fair,
And the white jasmine twined in her beautiful hair.

O, signal hath been her good fortune to-night!
She has distanced her rivals, and captured her knight;
She has seen the land's noblest a slave at her feet,
And a dukedom's bright pearls wait her vision to greet.

Her lip curls with scorn, and her cheek glows with pride,
As her glass points to charms by pale envy decried;
And a smile of deep triumph illumines her face,
As her thoughts, like swift runners, her pathway retrace.

She sees the dark spot where she dwelt when a child,
And strayed in coarse garments o'er common and wild,
A poor peasant girl, rich in beauty alone,
Ere the arms of a patroness round her were thrown.

How strong is the contrast her mirror reveals!
But, lo! while she gazes, a shadow there steals:
From the halls of the past dark remembrances start,
And the fangs of remorse bury deep in her heart.

She sees her lone mother neglectedly pine,
While her child in the gems of a princess can shine;
She hears the last prayer, from her famishing lips,
For the ingrate who cares but a world to eclipse.

She sees her pale sister o'erwearied with cares,
And her tender young brother a prey to life's snares;
While the lover, who trusted the tale of her truth,
Wastes away in the mad-house the fire of his youth.

They are marshalled before her, and more, many more,—
Pale offerings to pride on the threshold of power.
O, leaden the weights that her bosom oppress!
And *this* is her coveted *hour of success!*

She casts the rich gems from her quivering breast;
No more can her heart 'neath their brightness find rest;
She crushes her flowers in the midst of their bloom,
For her spirit is wrapt in a mantle of gloom.

"O, Father!" she whispers, "receive me at last,
A miserable reed, broken down by the blast,
Yet bearing a penitent spirit within,
That wearies of earth and the thraldom of sin.

"Cast me back to obscurity's waves if thou wilt,
But wipe from my soul the dark records of guilt;
O, gladly from fame's softest smiles do I flee,
To earn the deep peace which descendeth from thee!"

Blest, blest are the tears of those penitent eyes;
They have drawn melting hope from the listening skies;
They have wakened a joy the lip fails to express,—
This, *this* is the hour of the *spirit's* success!

THE MIRACLE AT NAIN.

Morn breaks upon Judea with the full,
Deep, golden splendor of the eastern clime
When in midsummer. Every spire, and dome,
And gorgeous temple, and sun-loving tower,

Throws down a flood of radiance; and the tall
Green cedars, and more leafy sycamores,
Shake their night-gathered diamonds to the breeze
As it glides murmuringly. Softly riseth
From the blue lakes, by prophets sanctified,
A silvery mist, enrobing shrub and flower
With a transparent beauty, and, anon,
Stealing through the slant olive-fields to bathe
The rich fruit with its dew.

A hymn is heard —
The shepherds have gone forth upon the hills
With their white flocks, and grateful praise ascends
From their rapt souls to heaven. The busy world
Is now abroad. The dark-browed vine-keeper
With pruning-knife and eager eye surveys
Each ripening grape-row and pomegranate bed.
The gardener seeks, with watering-pot in hand,
His flowers and spices; while in playful groups
Gather the peasant children round the doors
Of the low cottages, to watch their sires
Wend cheerfully their way to daily toil.

The city's hum increaseth with the morn;
The rush of chariots and the neigh of steeds;
The heavy tread of camels laden for
Some distant mart; the cries of vintners o'er
Their wine-flasks, and of grasping merchantmen
Above their gorgeous wares; while, now and then,
Mingle the cymbal's silvery cadences
With the deep-sounding tambour, and the songs
Of flower and dancing girls, as oft they pause
Beneath the spacious balconies to give
Their morning serenade.

Is there an ear,
O, lovely Nain! within thy massy gates
That listens not with rapture to the sounds
Of thy prosperity? Is there an eye
Alive to nature's glories, but doth glance
With an unwonted fervor o'er the scenes
Of such a morn as this?

There is a house,
A small, dark house in thy far suburbs, Nain,
That knows no gladness; from the darkened rooms
Ascends the deep, low wailing, and the chant
That 's breathed but for the dead. One only room
Admits the cheerful sunshine. And there sits
The mother by her child. What now to her
Is all the glory of this outer world —
The smiling heavens — the myrrh-scented winds —
The music of the waters and the birds —
The breath of once-loved flowers?

Long, long had watched
That widowed woman by her dying son,
With all that deep, unfathomed tenderness
God giveth but to mothers. In her heart
She had shrined hope as an enchanted tree
By naught to be uprooted, and had prest
With cheerful lip the sufferer's burning brow,
And breathed sweet words of peace. And time wore on;
And he she loved grew worse. Yet dreamed she not
Of death. O, slow of heart, and faithless, they
Who garner all their little world of wealth
In one frail mortal bark! They cannot hear
Death's echoing footsteps; they are blind to all
The visible symptoms of decaying life,
And build the golden palaces of hope
Until the very last. That mother saw
The idol of her soul each day more weak
And thin; and o'er his eye, at last, —
That eye which ever fondly gazed on her, —
There came a dimness. On his sunken cheek
The hectic rose waxed purple; and she heard,
When in his fever-dreams, a whispered name
That *was not hers;* and then her sick heart knew
He had loved vainly, and that poverty
Had been the barrier of his earthly hopes,
And made his portion death.

The victim died;
And by him in the sackcloth's dismal garb

Sat the now childless widow. Night and morn,
Of all the long days ere the burial,
Found her still bowed beside the precious clay,
Heedless of prayers and tears.

Dreams have come down
To blunt the deadly anguish of her soul,
And gently lead her to the sunny past,
When love was happiness. She feels again
The young arms clasped around her bending neck
The soft cheek on her bosom, and the sweet,
Low, lisping voice of infancy thrill all
The fibres of her heart. She hears again
The first warm, guileless prayer go up to heaven,
Holy as angels breathe — again the breath
Of the dear sleeper stirs her flowing hair;
She gazes on the half-shut violet eyes,
The parted lips, the soft and sunny curls
Half-shading the white brow, and feels a deep,
O'erflowing gush of happiness within
Her spirit's holiest depths. Memory
Still leads her on. The schoolboy rushes in,
Glowing with health and rosy exercise,
And with delighted accents breathes the tale
Of his excelling labors, while he fills
Her lap with wild-flowers and sweet frankincense.
Again he stands before her, in the pride
And beauty of his early manliness,
Noble in form and soul. In him she sees
Revived the lost love of her widowed heart —
The husband of her youth. She hears his name
Spoken by all with blessings. Prophecies
Of the sure greatness of his latter years
Fall on her ear like music. All her toils,
Her hard privations, deep solicitude,
Are merged into forgetfulness — and far
In the dim vista of declining life
She seeks a refuge for her weary head
Upon the bosom of rewarding love.

O, *could the wretched but live on in dreams!*
The mourner wakes to feel the mockery
Of dear remembrances. With that despair
Which knows no soul's physician, she again
Presses her lips unto his icy brow,
And prays for her own death.

The burial morn
Has now arrived, and with it bringeth news.
The widow has become the 'heritor
Of vast possessions. As if, alas! her cup
Of bitterness were not already full
Without this added drop. She hears it but
To breathe a wild and frenzied curse on gold,
The canker-worm of love, and then relapse
Into her still despair. * * *

The funeral train
Winds slowly through the long o'ershadowed streets
And winding alleys. Solemnly arise
Through the clear air the wailers' piercing cries,
Shaking the hearse-plumes with their tremulous swell.
Anon is heard the low melodious chant
Which weeping Israel ever breathes above
The corpse of the beloved; and every head
Is bowed to catch its spirit-moving words.

"Put off thy pleasant robes, O, daughter of Nain!
Lay aside thy beautiful garments for the sackcloth of grief;
For the brave hath gone down to the place of darkness.
The cedar is bowed in the dust; his leaves are perished.
Let the fir-tree mourn aloud in Elealah;
Let the trees of Lebanon hang their heads in tears.
Very comely was Heli, the son of Susannah;
Like the sun at noon-day was the glory of his countenance.
But the spoiler hath laid the canker at his heart,
And the home that knew him shall know him no more forever.
Let your tears fall for Susannah, O, daughters of Nain!
Wail for the childless mother, in her hour of desolation;
For mightily doth the hand of the Lord oppress her,
And heavy on her soul is the weight of his chastening.

Her sun hath gone down in darkness at mid-day;
Her moon hath buried its beams in the grave of Heli."

The gates are passed; the low chant dies away
Amid the sobs of sympathizing friends;
And now they move in silence. But, ah! who
Are those few pilgrims, toil and travel-worn,
Grouped by the way-side, gazing earnestly
On the long file of mourners? In their midst
Stands one on whom all eyes are riveted
In silent wonder. He is like the rest
In dress and stature, but there is enstamped
On every feature of his Godlike face
A beauty so transcendent, mingled with
Such pitying softness, that all hearts are drawn
Towards him insensibly.

It pauses there,
That great procession; and beside the bier
Standeth the holy stranger. In his eyes
Are drops of sweet compassion, as their glance
Rests on the bowed and muffled form of her
Who is no longer mother. His rich voice
Is low and deeply tremulous, as in
Her torpid ear he breathes the words, — so oft
Breathed, ah, how vainly! — "Daughter, weep thou not!"
She starts. Those tones are not all strange to her,
For 'mid the horrors of a midnight watch
Beside dissolving nature, thrice had she heard
That deep voice whisper slowly at her side,
"I am the resurrection and the life."
Thrice had those melting eyes thrilled her whole soul
With an unearthly peace, and she awoke
To chide imagination, that could thus
Mock her with happiness. But now she feels
A strange presentiment of bliss to come,
And, trembling, watches every varying look
Of her deliverer.

His hand is raised —
He touches the dark bier, and cries aloud,
"*Young man, I say, Arise!*"

O! when from death
The sleeper woke to life, to love, to hope,
And in the snowy vestments of the grave
Sat up and ministered to all around
Of heavenly things to come; they needed not
A revelator's voice to prove that he
Whose hand had wrought this wondrous miracle
Was God's anointed Son!

THOSE WE LOVE.

Those we love are passing from us —
Passing like the summer flowers;
Soon our dearest heart-companions
Death shall gather to his bowers.

Vainly shall we list for voices
Made by absence doubly dear,
And remorse will sternly question —
"Didst thou cherish them when here?"

O! in sorrow — in vexation —
In all trials, let us prove,
By the purest, tenderest duties,
How undying is our love.

Thus life's parting pangs a solace
In sweet retrospect shall know,
And the grieved and wounded spirit
Rise unburthened from its woe.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN

Methinks I see that thrilling scene —
Those children and our Lord;
Each little head bent lovingly,
To catch his faintest word.

He gazes in their melting eyes,
He clasps them to his breast,
And calls them flowers of Paradise —
Partakers of his rest.

O, mother! from whose heart of hearts
The grief-drops yet distil;
Whose bosom bears an aching void
This world can never fill —

Take hope — your little lambs repose
Upon a tenderer breast,
And never may your fond heart dream
How deeply they are blest.

YOUTHFUL PIETY.

My locks are gray, my light is dim,
My form is bowed with years;
I have seen many lovely things
In this dark vale of tears.
I 've seen the high advance the low,
The rich befriend the poor,
I have seen smiling constancy
For love all ills endure.

I have seen bitter enemies
The tenderest friends become;
I have seen long-lost prodigals
In penitence come home;
But never have these eyes beheld
A sight so pure and sweet,
As youth's unsullied spirit bowed
At the Redeemer's feet.

THE GRAVE OF THE TWINS.

One winding-sheet enveloped them;
One sunny grave was theirs;
One soft, green spot of silken grass
Received their mother's tears.
And softly did the night-winds steal
Their resting-place above,
As if it feared to wake them from
Their sweet repose of love.

The rains came down, and forth there sprung,
One bright and early spring,
Two rose-buds on one slender stalk,
And closely did they cling.
Yet never did they blossom there,
But all untimely shed
Their young leaves on that holy grave —
Meet emblems of the dead.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

A widow knelt, at eventide, in the holy act of prayer,
Amid the young and sireless band entrusted to her care:
Meekly and trustfully she sued before the Power divine,
Yet closed each prayer with these deep words, — "Lord, not my will, but thine."

She prayed for all this sorrowing world, its sinners and its saints,
For every stricken heart, too weak to utter its complaints:
She prayed for blessings to descend on every human head, —
The rich, the poor, the high, the low, the dying, and the dead.

She prayed — her little ones drew near — for all the fatherless,
And, with clasped hands, besought our Lord *her* tender flock to bless,
And with the needed strength to nerve her faint and erring heart
To train them in the way from which they never might depart.

She prayed — her voice grew tremulous — for one who long had been
A reckless wanderer from her arms, a reveller in sin, —
Her first-born son, who scorned alike her prayers and her reproof,
And from his home and God, for years, had coldly kept aloof.

She prayed; and the warm eloquence of stung but hoping love
Bore on its swift and fervid wings these heart-wrung words above;
"O, Lord! my Lord! thou yet wilt have compassion on my tears,
Nor turn to dust the lone desire of all my widowed years.

"He is my child, — he was the first fair blossom from thy hand,
Pure as the snowdrop when the spring first breathes upon the land:

He loved thee ere the blight of sin had fallen on his soul,
Or vile companions had enticed to drain the maddening bowl.

"I know, dear Saviour, thou hast borne with scoff, and taunt, and jest,
And deeply have these insults pierced and rankled in my breast:
I know that justice calls aloud for vengeance on his head;
Yet save him, Lord! nor vainly let thy widowed suppliant plead.

"O! by the holy water poured upon his infant brow,
When with rapt soul I breathed to Heaven the dedicating vow,
And by the prayers and by the praise of his unsullied youth,
I pray thee call him back again by thine all-saving truth.

"By all my heavy, darkened days, by all my sleepless nights,
When striving with this cankering woe, that every pleasure blights, —
By the last boon his father craved 'mid dissolution's pangs,
I pray thee snatch my dying child from out the tempter's fangs.

"Call home the prodigal, — a feast of love awaits him still;
Yet pardon this weak heart, if aught it asks against thy will.
O! frenzied is a mother's love, — such frenzied love is mine;
Yet shall it yield its strength to thee: 'Lord, not my will, but thine.'"

A cry is heard! a loathsome form in tattered garb draws near,
A sobbing voice breathes "*Mother*" in the widow's startled ear!
O! doth the mighty God at last her sad petition heed?
He doth, he doth, and answers it, in this her hour of need.

The wanderer weeps, upon her neck, hot, penitential tears;
He had come back, with callous heart, to bid farewell for years,
When that wild prayer his bosom pierced, like lightning from the heaven;
And now, as when a little child, he prays to be forgiven.

O, ye who mourn o'er blighted hopes, o'er loved ones gone astray!
Do ye, like him who craves for bread, importunately pray?
Though many blessed gifts are ours without our anxious thought,
There are *some* boons that with our prayers and tears alone are bought.

THE NEGLECTED BARD.

"The full, warm gushings of thy heart
Were chilled like fount-drops, frozen as they start."
Moore.

Yes, it was beautiful, that night—
That calm, soft night; and gently fell,
From the gemmed skies, a flood of light,
Waking to life each sleeping dell,
And stealing from the floweret's bell
Each twilight frown that lingered there,
Wreathing in its dark place the spell
Which moonlit flowers so sweetly wear.
'T was beautiful! O, earth! O, earth!
Thou givest but one pure hour of bliss,
One hour, of all thine others worth,
For its surpassing loveliness.
One hour! Who that hath ever gazed,
Unfettered by one worldly thought,
Where Heaven's eternal altars blazed,
And their first vestal glances caught,
Nor felt a holier spirit stir
Within his bosom's deep recess—
A voice whose deep-toned breathings were
Unrivalled in their power to bless!

Such were thy thoughts, pale Tannahill,
Till on that last, sad, fearful night,
When by thy side the murmuring rill
In vain threw back its waves of light,
And breathed its music. What to thee
Were nature's gifts, profusely spread?
What the vast range of scenery—
The hills, the glens, the river's bed
Of dazzling brightness—once the boast
Of thy young Scottish heart, when life
Seemed to thy earnest gaze, at most,
A beauteous bower with roses rife?

But now, what was there left to thee?
Thy cup was full. Love, glory, fame,

All that thy high soul aimed to be,
Had vanished! nó, not e'en a *name*
Was left; naught but this sickening choice—
A life of cheerless poverty,
Unsweetened by one kindly voice;
Unknown, unblest, from all to flee,
Like the lone leper—this, *but* this,
Or that from which the stoutest heart
Shrinks back appalled—the loneliness
Of death's dread heritage thy part!

Thou chosest the latter. May this guilt,
Unfeeling world, be thine—all thine!
That the fond hopes by genius built
Were 'reft away, and all divine
Uprooted with them, till the hand
Of the poor victim sought to stay
Unbidden life's slow-floating sand,
And fly from torturing scenes away!
Thine be the guilt! Thy sons of pride,
With their loud-boasted feeling, should
Have placed them by the trembling side
Of that lone being, as he stood
On the low river's bank, and bared
His marble forehead to the breeze,
As if his fluttering pulse had dared
Rebellious in its channels freeze!
They should have seen the bitter tears,
As from his swollen eyes they fell,
Cold as the lucid stream appears
Wrung from the glossy icicle;—
Sent forth to tell how chilled the seat
Of life's best energies; how waste
The Etnaed path where darkling meet
The scathed leaves there by memory placed!

O, it was not the sordid fear,
Planted in common minds, that shook
His upright frame, and drew the tear
From his seared brain! 't was not the look
Of ghastly death—ah, no! ah, no!
'T was *wounded feeling*, crushed and flung

All poisoned back, like drops that flow
  The fatal upas-leaves among!
'T was *this;* and as his cold hands grasped
  His untuned harp, and calmly tore
Its glittering strings, — so often clasped
  With a deep, fervid wish to pour
Undying anthems, — there were heard
  The lingering numbers of a lay,
Mournful as that which night's sad bird
  Sings, as it wends its weary way
O'er deserts; it was like the dirge
  Chanted by wailing winds o'er those
Whose pillow is the sparkling surge,
  Mingled with flowers the sea-weed throws.
It breathed a language known to none,
  Save those whose very hopes are sorrow;
Whose years their sombre wings have thrown
  To shroud in death the coming morrow.
'T was thy *last song*, neglected bard!
  Of all thy fruitless dreams a token!
Of dreams by callous memories marred —
  The offspring of a spirit broken!
* * * * * * *
The song had ceased, and naught was heard,
  Save the low wind's unchanging tone,
As the unconscious leaves it stirred,
  Like some sad spirit's listless moan; —
Till, suddenly, the splashing wave
  Told to the startled ear that *Death*
Had given to Tannahill a grave!

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

A LITTER is borne to the cottage door, —
Fair Edith returns to her home once more;
But dim is the light of her soft blue eye, —
She has come to the haunts of her youth to die.
Scarce a twelvemonth has passed since she left the side
Of her weeping mother, a happy bride:

O, bright on that morn seemed her future sky,
And now she comes to her home to die!

Long, long has she borne with the taunting mirth
Of her lord's proud friends at her humble birth;
She has borne in silence with open wrong,
For her faith in *one* was undimmed and strong;
But a shadow has crept to that idol's heart, —
She has seen young love from his throne depart;
She has read dislike in her husband's eye,
And she turns to the home of her youth to die.

"Mother," she whispers low,
"Dear mother, take again your weary child.
O, it is bliss to know
There is *one* breast in all this earth's drear wild,
Whereon the aching head may safe repose,
Unscourged by change, and all its cankering woes!

"Mother, I come to die!
Shrink not; 't is sure a blessed, blessed boon,
When love's deep streams are dry,
And life's best hopes grow pale at early noon.
Let thy fond eye but mark my latest breath,
And I can smile amid the pangs of death.

"Take me to my own room,
For which so long my breaking heart hath pined.
There! there! how rich the bloom
Of the wild plant my hand so gayly twined
Around the casement! O, thou hast the power
To draw sweet tears, my simple forest flower!

"Thou hidest no thorns to pierce
The tender love that trusts and blesses thee;
Thou look'st not dark and fierce,
As he has looked for many months on me;
But, from thy soft, red lips, methinks I hear
The love-breathed language of a higher sphere.

"O, is not all a dream,
A wretched dream, from which I now awake!
I hear the wild mill-stream
'Mid the rough crags its hoarse complainings make;
I see the tall trees by soft zephyrs stirred;
I hear the singing of my favorite bird.

"There are my choice books ranged
Upon the shelf, as by my own fond hand:
O, there is nothing changed
In this dear spot! — not even my dahlia-stand.
There are my nurslings, — bright and fresh they seem:
Thank Heaven! 't was but a dark and frightful dream.

"No! by this burning pain
Deep in my heart, that will not come away,
It was no dream. Again
My spirit writhes beneath remembrance' sway;
His cold, distrustful glance is on me still,
And bitter words my cup of grief refill.

"Fold me to your kind breast;
Closer, dear mother! — I am growing cold:
Soon shall I be at rest
Beneath the valley's ever-hiding mould;
And thou wilt weep, and *he*, perchance, at last
Will dwell remorseful on the cruel past.

"Should that blest hour e'er come,
O, mother! soothe him with these peaceful words:
In this, my hour of doom,
I bless him from my spirit's inmost chords;
And, as I hope for mercy from above,
I leave him my forgiveness and my love."

The martyr is yielding her tremulous breath;
On her forehead are falling the shadows of death;
Her bird is still singing, her flowers are yet gay,
But the soul that *so* loved them is passing away.
A shriek has gone out on the soft summer air;
'T is the heart-piercing note of a mother's despair,
As she clasps to her bosom her idolized clay,
And the darkness of night settles over her way.

O, she sees not the beautiful beings who come
To bear her dear child to a heavenly home!
She hears not the anthems that ring through the sky,
Nor the whispers of love where the cherubim fly.
There is joy in high heaven; a saint hath returned:
"Bring flowers," fadeless flowers, for the heart that hath mourned;
Let her sit at the feet of the HOLY I AM,
Beloved of the angels, and BRIDE OF THE LAMB!

FOREST RAMBLERS.

THERE go our little ramblers,
Blithe children of the wood,
Who every holiday seek out
The forest's solitude.
They seek the spring's first violets,
They seek the laughing streams,
They seek the emerald moss-banks, where
The snow-white daisy gleams.

A happy elf is Willy,
With his fishing-rod and bait;
And like a shadow at his heels
Goes little dancing Kate.
Their voices far are ringing out;
They are thinking of their spoils,
Their flowers, their fish, their berries, and
Their welcome from their toils.

Heaven bless our little ramblers!
They will hear the wild birds sing,
They will listen to all pleasant sounds
Of the gay, rejoicing spring;
They will breathe the fragrant mountain air;
They will see the young fawns play,
And, with swift feet and eager eyes,
Through dell and dingle stray.

Heaven bless our little ramblers,
And bring them back, at night,
To our fond arms, with happy hearts
And sharpened appetite.
O, sweet the lessons they will hear
From nature's lips to-day!
And whom *she* learns need never go
From life and light astray.

TALE OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

What hast thou to tell me, wild mountain stream?
I will sit me down on thy velvet bank,
Where the daisies and bright yellow buttercups gleam,
Like the Druid whose spirit the moonbeams drank.
Where hast thou been roaming, so merry and free?
Come, give me thy joyous history.

I was born in the depths of a narrow glen,
Of a fountain as pure as the tears of the rose;
Far away from the troublesome haunts of men,
Where the star-flower forever in secret glows,
And the wild-balm flings to the misty breeze
The honeyed breath of the laden bees.

'T was a bright spring morn when I ventured out
From a hiding-place in my mossy cave;
O, merrily gamboled the winds about,
And dashed the spray from my shrinking wave!
And the red sun flaunted his glittering locks
In my face, as I leaped from the threatening rocks.

O, wild are the sights which the mountain stream sees,
Though lonely and shadowed its course may be!
With terror I crept 'neath the frowning trees,
In the craven hours of my infancy,
And scarcely breathed when a sound was heard
That came not from leaves by the zephyrs stirred.

A spotted fawn came down from the hills,
With a stealthy motion and timid eye;

A moment he paused 'mid the murmuring rills,
Then sprang, like a star from the midnight sky;
And an eager greyhound came rushing by,
With a fallen tongue and a bloody cry.

Is such this bright world? I whispered low,
When above me the clashing of swords was heard
And I drank the blood of the fallen foe,
And mingled my wail with the evening birds'.
'T is mournful, I said, but still best, I am sure,
To be patient with evils we cannot cure.

So I danced along with a heart of glee,
Giving out music where'er I went;
And sister rills came from each upland lea,
With the birch and the spice-bush redolent;
And our fond waves joined, till at last I took
The name and pride of a mountain brook.

Sometimes I dashed, with a courser's speed,
Down gulfs where the daylight never shines;
Sometimes I lay in some scalloped mead,
And dallied all day with its trailing vines;
Then stealthily wound away at night,
Like a cautious snake with the foe in sight.

Sometimes I rumbled through haunted caves,
Chatting with goblins and mocking fays;
Sometimes o'er the red men's shallow graves
I swept with a dirge, in the moon's dim rays;
And beauty and verdure sprang up where'er
My voice rang out on the silver air.

A white rose bent o'er my glassy sheet,
And blushed at the beauty she there discerned;
A pale spruce buried her dying feet
In my depths, and the dew to her leaves returned;
And I nursed into brightness those delicate gems
That give but to water their pearly stems.

O, sweet are the sights which the mountain stream sees!
A fair babe fell in my arms and slept;
I bore its soft form 'neath the whispering trees,
And I hushed its last wail like a mother, and wept

As its blue lips I kissed; and its silky white hair
I turbaned with willow-leaves sorrowing there.

A gray-haired parson approached me one day,
With a youthful maiden of loveliness rare;
And he sprinkled her brow with my purest spray,
And offered to Heaven an eloquent prayer.
O, none but I heard the wild music that thrilled
Through the sky when that baptismal rite was fulfilled!

A wanderer sat by my gurgling side,
And repentance came down to his blackened heart;
His hot tears fell in my hurrying tide,
As he vowed with the apple of sin to part.
And I saw the recording angel write
His name in a glorious book of light.

But, mortal, I tarry too long with thee;
I must hasten on to the sounding main,
Gladdening all hearts as I wander free,
And soothing the brows that are throbbing with pain.
Be thou, too, active, and learn of me
To brighten thy road to eternity.

THE TOLLING BELL.

How dost thou vibrate on my trembling heart,
Stern clarion of the grave, with thy deep knell!
Causing dim memory from the past to start,
And o'er again life's dark experience tell,
Tolling bell!

Hush thy cold voice! Too plainly do I see
The mournful throng in long procession swell;
But the dear form, alas, unseen by me,
Must pass, for thou of time dost tell,
Tolling bell!

O, the sweet bird that hushed its song so soon!
Tears ever must from feeling's fountain well,

While 'neath the saintly beaming of the moon
A weary wanderer from my home I dwell,
Tolling bell!

But it is joy to know there is a sphere
Where thy dread sounds on startled ear ne'er fell;
Toll on! I will with hopeful patience hear,
Since time for thee reserves a parting knell,
Tolling bell!

TALE OF AN INVALID.

"We are truly 'beings clothed with veils,' and cannot understand each other scarcely, indeed, can we comprehend ourselves. It is very likely that those we often most envy are most to be pitied, while those we most pity are most to be envied."—*Letter.*

I SCARCE can tell how many years
I 've lain within this darkened room,—
Now buoyed with hopes, now sad with fears,—
The living tenant of a tomb.
But when disease first laid his hand,
With palsying touch, upon my brow,
I had a babe that scarce could stand,—
He wears the look of manhood now.

Slowly the first few years dragged on
Their lengthened seasons; and, to me,
It seemed their round would ne'er be done,
Nor changed their dull monotony.
I saw not, then, the chastening rod,
Which now my lips so joyous kiss,
Nor raised one feeble prayer to God
To mitigate my wretchedness.

My friends forsook me, one by one,—
They who had said they loved me well,—
They wearied of my endless moan,
And pity ceased their hearts to swell.
Why should it not? I could no more
Their worldly interests promote;
They knew my little day was o'er,
And took of me no further note.

E'en those by ties of blood allied
At length grew careless of my fate;
They seldom came to my bedside,
And, lastly, left me desolate.
Months, years went by, and my weak gaze
Scarce rested on a human face,
Save those who fed life's feeble blaze,
And kept, for gold, their tedious place.

My life was one unvarying reign
Of gloomy days and gloomier nights;
Of hours of sorrow, hours of pain,
Without one taste of earth's delights;
Without one single thought of heaven,
Without one effort to subdue
My stubborn heart, that should have given
Its trust to God when life was new.

I heard the voices of the gay,
And mourned the world that I had lost;
My soul grew darker day by day;
Like a poor vessel tempest-tossed,
When storm-clouds sweep across the sky,
And masts are gone, and shoals are nigh,
No guide, no star, no hope had I,
And only wished that I might die.

Such might have been my state e'en now,
Had not all-seeking mercy shone
Across my path, and bade me bow
A humble suppliant at its throne.
There came one morn, — it was in May,
They told me, and I felt the air,
The first I 'd felt for many a day,
Kiss balmily my brow of care, —

There came a laughing child to me, —
Wherefore, I never asked, nor knew;
But her blue eyes suppressed their glee,
As their quick glances o'er me flew.

She oped a little Testament,
And softly leaned against my bed;
I felt she was an angel sent
To raise the sinner from the dead.

And never yet, to mortal ear,
Came sweeter sounds than then were mine,
From those young lips that whispered clear
The lessons of the Book Divine.
I wept, I sobbed, — for backward rolled
The long and blotted scroll of years,
And from my heart sin's serpent-fold
Uncoiled beneath those scorching tears.

God gave me back, in that blest hour,
My childhood's fresh and trusting love,
And to my fainting soul the power
Of fixing all its hopes above.
The burdens which so long had weighed
My sinking spirit to the dust,
At the Redeemer's feet were laid,
And I was numbered with the just.

O, ye gay worldlings! who so oft
In haste past my barred window steal,
Would that ye found your beds as soft
As mine, with all its thorns, doth feel!
I know ye. In your festering hearts
Writhes the blind worm that never dies,
Till sin, with scorpion train, departs,
And heaven its healing balm applies.

I know ye. Waste no thoughts on me;
This dark room is an Eden now;
The blossoms of life's fragrant tree
Fall sweetly on my fevered brow.
I have blest thoughts, e'en when my form
Is writhing in the grasp of pain;
I hear *Him* whisper through the storm,
"My child, thou sufferest not in vain!"

Through the dark watches of the night,
When guilt on seas of blood is tost,
I walk in heaven's unshadowed light,
And clasp again the loved and lost.
And e'er above my couch doth bend, —
Husband and brother, *all* to me, —
With melting eye the Sinner's Friend.
O, worldlings! need I pitied be?

TO A DYING LOCUST.

Thy days are now numbered, thou beautiful tree;
Summer will ne'er again smile upon thee,
Earth can no more to thee vigor impart,
For thy enemy feasts on the blood of thy heart.

No more will the hands of the flower-yielding Spring
O'er thy cold branches a garniture fling;
Henceforward, neglected and lone wilt thou be;
O, I cannot but mourn for thee, beautiful tree!

How oft, from my window, I 've gazed with delight
On thy dark shining leaves, with their blossoms so white;
And caught the rich breath of each delicate bell,
As it gracefully bent to the zephyr's faint swell!

The brightest-winged birds ever sought from the heat
Amid thy cool branches their summer retreat;
And the school-boy ne'er ran from thy glimmering shade
Till the last warning bell-note its music had stayed.

The sunshine e'er lay, with a softer repose,
In thy broad, loving arms, when the morning arose,
And gathered more slowly thy night-borrowed gems,
As they glittered aloft on their emerald stems.

The winds seemed to love thee, though wild in their wrath,
They strewed not *thy* leaves in the traveller's path,
But wailed 'mid thy boughs, when their anger was past,
A hymn for thy brethren who bowed to the blast.

Thou hast many brethren, O, beautiful tree!
Though none are so noble, so stately as thee;

But they will not survive thee, the pride of their race,—
Already they languish and wither apace.

And I, who have made thee a thing of my heart,
With the rest of my idols, must bid thee depart;
Like a loved one I knew in an earlier day,
Who sank in the glory of manhood away.

1839.

A VISION.

"Dream'st thou of heaven? What dreams are thine?"
Hemans.

I stood by the side of a newly-made grave,
One eve, when no brightness the firmament gave,
With a spirit as sad as the night wind which swept
Through the long reedy grass, where my cherished one slept.

I heard the lone owl in his distant retreat,
And the river's wild waves 'gainst their barriers beat,
And the willows their tresses sigh sadly o'erhead;
But my heart had gone down to the home of the dead.

I thought of that beautiful being whose love
Had been bright to my soul as the sunbeams above;
Of the spirit-light quenched in the merciless tomb,
And the whispers of faith died away in the gloom.

When, lo! a soft halo encircled me round;
The winds and the waves ceased their murmuring sound,
And that face, from whose beauty no gazer could flee,
In its newly-clad radiance was shining on me.

She spoke, and her voice was so thrillingly sweet,
That I fell, like the prophet of old, at her feet;
But she bade me look up from the perishing clay,
And the mists of death's valley were taken away.

I saw the far land of our loveliest dreams,
The flowers that ne'er wither, the ever pure streams;
The mansions of glory prepared for the blest,
Where the way-worn of earth are forever at rest.

I bathed in the fountain which cleanseth from sin,
Till the life-drops were glowing my spirit within;
And I tasted the fruit of that beautiful tree
Whose blossoms are faith, and my pinions were free.

Loved forms gathered round me, loved voices were near, —
The low and the sweet which in childhood we hear;
And warmly past scenes did to memory throng
When they welcomed me home with the jubilee song.

And away through their midst came the Saviour of men,
And my heart he engraved with his love-writing pen,
And he gave me the crown which the cherubim wore,
And he whispered, "Go forth, thou art mortal no more."

I arose, and the bliss which were death upon earth
In the shadowless depths of my spirit had birth;
And the wealth of that knowledge no flesh may divine,
When the books were unsealed and its brightness was mine.

'T was a dream, 't was a dream — but its memory hath power
To win me away from "the things of an hour."
Ah! I think upon death as I thought not of yore,
And I long for his voice at mortality's door.

THE YOUTHFUL POET.

The gem is found, the fountain is unsealed,
And now she entereth an enchanted world,
With all her young mind's powers awake to grasp
The treasures it unfolds.

To her how changed
Are all the aspects of this glorious earth,
And the surrounding heavens! The morning sun,
Which erst but half-admiringly she viewed,
Shines now into her heart, and kindles there
Unutterable thoughts. The gentle moon
Has an all-marvellous beauty in her eyes;
And with the sweet and misty stars she holds
Communion as with angel visitor
When other eyes are shut.

Her house is 'mid
The dwellings of the great; but all day long
She lingereth on some moss-clothed precipice,
Or near some forest stream, indulging rich
And ever-varying fancies, while the gay,
The beautiful, the worldly, wonder at
Their favorite's absence. * * * *

On the scroll of fame,
Inscribed in never-dying characters,
Is now that young girl's name. The crowd doth gaze,
And minister of flattery's incense-cup,
Whene'er she passes by.

But she is like the flower
That yields its sweets to every gentle breeze,
And still is not impoverished. Within
The depth of that high heart there glows a fount
Of pure, unsullied feeling, where the streams
Of heartless adulation yet have failed
To make their poisonous way.

May *He*,
Whose cherub bands with flaming sword preserved
The tree of life, protect that sacred fount,
And to earth's sweetest singer teach at last
The triumph song of Moses and the Lamb.

"HOSPITALITY REWARDED;" OR, THE WIDOW'S TRUST.

If there is one noble quality in the human heart which I admire above any other, it is hospitality, — genuine, unostentatious hospitality. In former times a neglect to exercise this benevolent disposition was considered in some countries deeply criminal, and was punished with severity. It is now, in most civilized nations, punished with a loss of reputation. This is as it should be. I have somewhere read a little story, which beautifully illustrated this noble principle, and of which the following is, in part, an abridgment.

Still wildly beat the storm. The hollow winds
Moaned fearfully around the shattered base
Of the poor widow's miserable hut.
The withered leaves went fluttering on the blast,
Like things of life and voice, and the tall trees,

Which peered above the half-uncovered roof,
Dashed down their knotty arms, as if to tear
The last frail covering from the orphan's head.
Cold was the widow's heart, and hopeless tears
Fell thickly from her dim and anxious eye,
As, with a bitter pang, she gazed upon
Her little children hovering around the fire.
She thought upon the morrow, — would it bring
Raiment and food to save her suffering babes?
'T was past all hope! and, with a broken prayer
To God for resignation, she essayed
To still the throbbings of her aching breast.
She heard a sound — was it the creaking door
Half-loosened from its hinges? or the hail
Rattling through each unmortared aperture?
Again — no, 't is a faint and piteous voice,
Beseeching shelter from the howling storm.
The widow hastened to undo the latch,
And, lo! a wretched figure slowly dragged
Its shivering limbs towards the cheerless hearth.
The stranger wore a sailor's tattered garb —
His locks were long and matted, and his head
Boasted no covering save a 'kerchief vile,
From which depended icicles and frost.
His hands were gloveless, and his freezing feet
Peered through his worn-out shoes — and poverty
And grief seemed his familiar elements.
In pity gazed the widow, and well-nigh
In his still keener misery forgot her own.
But when he asked for food, the spell was broke —
The dreadful morrow rushed upon her mind
With all its pining horrors. Could she snatch
The last remaining morsel from her babes
To feed a wandering stranger?

O, reflect,
Thou hast a son, lone widow, who for years
Has been a reckless truant from thy side!
Think of this boy, fond mother; for perchance
This night, this very night, in some far land,

He craves with bitter tears one mite to save
His miserable existence; — and wouldst thou
That *he should be denied?*

"There is an ear,"
Exclaimed the widow with a mournful smile,
"That listeneth to the raven's piercing cry; —
'T will surely hear the orphan's;" — and she placed
Before her guest her cupboard's scanty all.
But 't is untasted. With a varying cheek
And tear-beclouded eye, the stranger turns
Towards his wondering hostess. O'er his face
Are flitting strange expressions, and his voice
Seems choked with words too deep for utterance.
He clasps her hand, and sobs at length aloud —
"*Mother, my dearest mother.*"

'T is her son,
Her long-lost son, comes to her in disguise.
He hath returned well stored with India's wealth,
And, O! what is still more precious in
The pious widow's sight — a heart replete
With filial love and gratitude to God.

JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

She ceased to breathe; and o'er her brow
The clammy dews of death were spread;
And her sweet voice, so bland and low,
Murmured its last; and prayers were said,
And holy vesper hymns were sung,
And trembling lips the dirge prolonged,
And wailing through the wide halls rung,
And mourners to the death-room thronged;
For she, who lay so cold and still
Within the snow-white linen there,
Had been the light of vale and hill —
The star of all Judea's fair.

No newly-gathered spring-flowers threw
Their rich and balmy freshness round —
No funeral wreath of heavenly hue
That pale young sleeper's temples bound;
For autumn's leprosy had been,
With withering breath, through Heshbon's groves,
And lone Elealeh's bowers were seen
Relinquishing their summer loves;
And the small fingering vines which crept
Along Engedi's terraced walls,
Drooped wearily; and cold dews slept,
'Mid leaves, like glittering coronals.

O, t 'is a saddening thing to stand
Beside the beautiful — the dead —
And mark the still, small, lifeless hand
Out o'er the heaveless bosom spread;
To gaze upon the half-closed eye,
The lips compressed, the close-bound hair,
Where dwelt the spark of mystery,
Which flies at death through upper air!
'T is a subduing thing — we turn
With our dissolving hearts, and treasure
Low in the depths of memory's urn
Our sorrows in their utmost measure.

But, soft! a stranger's foot hath crossed
The threshold of yon darkened room —
A stranger bends above that lost,
Frail blossom of untimely doom.
What doth he there? The wailings cease —
The broken-hearted parents rise.
What are his words? They breathe of peace.
Thinks he that death will yield his prize?
"She is not dead, she only sleeps."
They answered him with bitter scorn;
Again despairing Jairus weeps,
All comfortless, his only born.

He heeds them not — the stranger guest
His mild blue eye turns mournfully

From their blasphemous taunts, to rest
Upon the unconscious form of clay.
And O, can aught of earth portray
The holy heaven of that dear glance? —
Silent the scoffers turned away;
Their hearts grew still as in a trance,
Their hands waxed nerveless — for they knew,
By that one look, their eyes had seen
The far-famed dread of priestly Jew —
The persecuted Nazarine.

He took the maiden's hand, and said,
"Return to love, and life, and light!'
The word went forth! the mourned and dead
Broke from the icy thrall of night!
Radiant with vernal health she stood,
Enveloped still in winding sheet;
Whilst the astonished multitude
Fell prostrate at the Saviour's feet.

MOUNTAIN MELODIES.

A MOMENT pause, thou wandering breeze,
And touch my lonely harp again,
Before my wasting pulses freeze,
And darkness wraps this fevered brain.
O, linger yet! but let each tone
Be such as breaking hearts should hear,
As when some spirit's voice alone
Falls gently on the listening ear.

And thou, bright star, whose quivering beam
Spreads melting o'er the liquid deep,
O, gild, this wild, despairing dream,
And leave these heavy eyes to weep!
For every hope, by memory blest,
Hath perished like the blighted flower,
And future years, in gladness drest,
Were but the visions of an hour.

It is not meet for souls like mine
To dwell with those of lighter mood;
Away! in sadness let me twine
My wreath, 'mid bowers of solitude.
Away! But thou, unchanging star,
Companion of my rocky cell,
O, send thy softer rays afar
Within these dusky shades to dwell!

And breathe, ye winds! there is a spell,
A charm, in every varying tone,
That speaks along each echoing dell,
Like streams by magic influence thrown.
Eolian sounds! O, quickly fall!
Disperse these deep, desponding fears,
And let your wild, entrancing call
Dissolve my bursting heart to tears.

SLEEP.

O, SLEEP! thou sweetly, gently soothing power,
How like to thee the Christian's dying hour,
When, hopeful of a glorious morn, he lies
Upon a bed of death, and calmly dies!
And what, indeed, is death? 'T is but to sleep.
What though upon our heads the earth they heap!
Still we sleep on, until the glorious day,
When, bursting from our prison-house of clay,
We join the universe in one glad, joyous cry,
To hail the Friend who for our sins did die.

SPRING.

THOU art welcome again, sweet smiling Spring,
With thy flowers and thy birds of the rainbow wing;—
Thou art welcome again, for thy face is bright,
And thou bringest the sounds of unmixed delight.

Thy warm sun calls from their deep recess
The wild ones that dwell in the wilderness;
The young fawns leap to the slant sunbeams,
And bathe in the foam of the mountain streams.

And the passage birds, with their southern songs,
Come fluttering homeward in countless throngs;
And the golden hues of a varying sky,
Like cherub pinions, are passing by.

Not a vision of wild, entrancing frame
E'er lighted my soul with its skyward flame
But savored of music and smiles, alone
To the softened glories of spring-time known.

Thy song was abroad when my childish hand
First gathered the flowers from the forest land,
And wrought them in fairy wreaths to glide
On the glassy breast of the mimic tide;

When the noise of the dashing waterfall
Scarce equalled the thrill of my mirthful call,
And my young thoughts flew on the passing breeze
To the honeyed bowers with the morning bees.

Sweet Spring! I have greeted thy morning ray
Full oft since the zenith of childhood's day,
'Mid the silvery haunts where the first deep spell
On the wings of my early fancy fell.

I have greeted thee oft, and another tone
Hath murmured thy praises beside mine own;
Another being hath helped me cull
Thy flowers so fragrant and beautiful.

And another eye, more lovely and bright
Than the sun in yon burnished sea of light,
Hath glanced abroad, and pronounced thy gifts
More precious than gold which the sea-maid sifts.

But, alas, for the fate of the cherished here!
They scarcely bloom in our blighting sphere,

For they fade like the wreath on the misty hill,
Or the rainbow that melts in the slumbering rill.

Our brightening springs are hurried away,
Our loved go down to the halls of decay;
And they leave but the harp of the mournful tone
To tell us of pleasures we once have known.

MOMENTS OF SADNESS.

"From my basket of odd scraps
They will come when they *will* come."

Mysterious visitors! why steal ye where
Joy's sunny glance is bright! Ye are like
The unrighteous robber who purloins unseen
The temple's sacred treasures. Ye arise
Ever where least expected, as did he
The storied dread of Venice.

When the wing of peace is brooding above
The wandering spirit's home,
And hope unfurleth her banner of love,
To gladden the hour of gloom;

When the cup of bliss is filled to the brim,
And the heart-glow deepens beneath,
Then gather those images wild and dim,
With the shroud and cypress wreath.

Like shadows that fall
On a silvery lake,
When the moaning surges
Have ceased to break;
Like the sobbing wind
Through channels damp;
Like the startling blaze
Of a dying lamp;
Like an ice-cold hand
On a pulse that 's high;

Like an open grave
To a laughing eye;
Like the lightning that comes
From — you know not where —
And leaves no track
In the misty air: —

So wakes that sad, mysterious tone
In the bosom's depths where pleasure is nigh;
And we feel, though encircled by crowds, alone,
And we yield to tears, though we know not why.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A RECLUSE.

Silent as death's own valley. Not a wave —
A leaf — a breath — a murmur stirs the down
Of midnight's purple pinion. To the tree
Clingeth the yellow foliage, and the breeze
Hath sighed itself to sleep. The stars are few,
But brightly beautiful, e'en like the hopes
That gild young life's horizon, and the rays
Of the fast-sinking moon fall tenderly
Upon the glassy billow, as in grief
To leave the mirror of their loveliness.
O, softly now, sweet memory, doth a light
Steal o'er thy rose-touched pages, and the wing
Of an invisible spirit rustleth 'mid
Their sunniness and shade! Yet to these eyes,
Weighed down with many sorrows, all is dim,
And fluttering, and tearful. Tell me, then,
Kind spirit, what Time's brush hath painted there:

What seest thou, spirit?

"I see a garden rife with golden flowers,
And silver-flowing fountains. In its midst
Stands one upon whose high and manly brow
Life's summer sun hath glanced, yet left undried
The bubbling spring of hope. Beside him sits

A fairy creature, with a voice as clear
And musical as song-bird's. In its tone
The father finds that melody which first
Awoke the answering music of his heart.
He thinks of one in heaven, and well may tears
Half joy, half sorrow, fill his eyes when thus
He gazes on her image."

What seest thou next?

"A house of mourning. Death has laid his hand
With icy grasp upon that parent's heart.
Its pulse is still, and o'er the pallid clay
Bends the bereaved daughter, clad in weeds,
Which faintly speak the anguish of her mind.
They whisper, 'She 's an heiress;' but she feels
Alone that she 's an orphan."

What seest thou next?

"I see an altar — and before it kneel
Two youthful beings, on whose union hath
The man of God pronounced the words of peace.
O, they are lovely — eminently so,
And pure, and high of soul! The bride is one
Whose wealth and beauty might have claimed the hand
Of many a gallant wooer; but she hath
Passed by them all indifferently, and given
Her holiest affections up to one
Unknown to fame and wealth, but ah! replete
With all the high mind covets — INTELLECT.
And all who see them know their hearts are proud,—
His of its nobleness, and hers of him."

What next, O, spirit?

"Decline and early death. Alas, they 're dim,
The passages that follow! Tears have washed
Away each smiling image. I can trace
Naught but the ebon outlines of that form
Which lately at the altar trembling knelt,
With spirit steeped in bliss too pure to last.
She bendeth now at nightfall o'er the grave

Of her heart's dearest treasure; and the grief
Which hath no words, no sighs, no blesséd tears,
To loosen feeling's suffocating cords,
Hath wrapt her in its pall. She is become
Familiar with death's horrors, and would press
In ecstasy the earth-worm to her lips.

"But this is over. Light hath visited
Her winter-shrouded spirit. Night and day
Her eye is riveted upon the page
Which yieldeth peace and everlasting life;
And she hath found it. O'er her pale, mild face
Are flashing now the soft celestial beams
Of Heaven's unsullied glory; all the streams
Of wandering thought are gathered into one
O'erflowing channel; every falling word
Is burning with one high, exulting theme;
Each angel look is kindling with one pure
And all-absorbing sentiment. 'T is LOVE,
Impartial, holy, never-dying love,
Encircling all the mighty realms of mind.

"They gaze with wonder — her professed friends —
They smile, they mock, they spurn her from their sight.
And now she strays alone amid the hills,
A trembling outcast, with a pallid brow,
And slow and weary step. But where 's the heart
E'er touched by spark of God's unchanging love
That cannot 'bide the storm?

"Up in her breast
Hath sprung mysterious strength. The ills of life
Are passed from her remembrance. She doth live,
And move, and have her being, in the light
Of God's eternal presence; and the fears
Of death and hell have now no place within
Her heaven-instructed soul."

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

My mountain home, my mountain home,
Where wild waves o'er the rude rocks foam,
Where subterranean echoes wake
The wizard spell o'er fern and brake; —
My mountain home, where tall trees toss
Their shadows o'er the dark gray moss,
Where flowers their dewy foreheads bare
To catch the sunbeams soft and rare;
Where fox-grapes clasp mischievously
Their fingers round each sapless tree;
And where the eagle "stoops to lave"
His plumage in the flashing wave; —
My mountain home, 'mid cliff and dell,
My home, I love thee passing well.

My mountain home — spring never threw
Her gifts 'neath skies of lovelier hue;
Ne'er waved sweet summer's rosy plume
O'er spot of more unsullied bloom;
And ne'er did autumn's purple ray
'Mid scenes of loftier grandeur stray.
My mountain home — rude nature's hand,
Unaided, all thy beauties planned;
Hill, glen and stream, and hearts whose key
Is nature's own sincerity;
Hearts which, though least of love they boast,
Still closest cling, and feel the most.
My mountain home, 'mid cliff and dell,
My home, I love thee passing well.

My mountain home — earth has no voice
To lure me from my treasures choice;
The swell of nature's thrilling hymn,
Through festooned aisles and grottos dim;
The tones which greet soft evening's air
Of deep, unostentatious prayer;
The words from lips which ne'er deceive,
And whose fond truths our spirits cleave.

O, world! what boots thy cankering gold,
For which such joys as these are sold?
What are thy pleasures, boasted fame?
Kindle they not life's funeral flame?
Away, away! I cannot roam
Beyond my own loved mountain home.

SICK-BED FANCIES.

FATHER! thou call'st me hence. I hear thy voice,
Though others no unusual sounds discern.
There is a low, soft whisper, making choice
Of the wan hour, when stars first dimly burn,
For its revealing, and that voice is thine;
I feel it all my being's depths refine.
O, sweetly solemn do its fond words come,—
"Thy race is o'er, dear, sorrowing child, come home!"

There is a balmy softness in the air;
There is bright sunshine on the distant hills;
God's holy spirit moveth everywhere,
Brightening the dim old trees and misty hills,
Till heaven comes down, as 't were, to this dull earth,
Giving the glorious Indian summer birth—
And all is beauty. But is heaven less fair?
My spirit inly cries, "Dear Father, take me there!"

I have been wedded to the sights and sounds
Of this bright world too deeply and too long.
E'en now, while standing on life's crumbling bounds,
With scarcely strength for one sad parting song,
My weak heart flutters as each woodland tone
Steals through the casement, and again is thrown
The spell of olden scenes o'er heart and brain,
Till I go back to childhood's haunts again.

* * * * * * * * *

O, blesséd spot! Who talks of sickness now?—
I am at home amid the wild, wild woods—
There is no longer fever on my brow,
As free I roam the ancestral solitudes,

A pure, glad-hearted, never-wearied child,
Chasing the echoes through the caverns wild,
And shouting to the-eaglets as they fly,
On tireless pinions, towards the deep blue sky!

* * * * * * * * *

O, 'mid these bleak and rudely scalloped hills —
Solemn and full of stern magnificence —
A life-fraught essence through the air distils,
And God's high presence thrills the weakened sense!
I feel not of the world. I cast aside
All memory of its jarrings. It has died
Unto my soul! I am alone — alone —
With but Heaven's sheltering wings around me thrown!

Here let me linger now. I hear the gush
Of furious waters in yon cavern dim —
And, hark! there comes the tempest's fearful rush,
With the wild sobbings of its hollow hymn.
The trees "do battle," and the air grows black!
Huzza! I walk the whirlwind's dizzy track;
I laugh amid the lightnings as they spread
Their flaming banners harmless o'er my head!

* * * * * * * * *

The scene is changed. O, nature, thou art sweet
In all thy phases! With a pleasant voice
Rolleth a well-known river at my feet.
On its green banks my favorite birds rejoice;
Rich flowers are round me with their honeyed breath;
Old friends draw near; e'en those who fought with death,
And were the vanquished, years, long years ago;
I know them by their trailing robes of snow!

O, bright must be the land from whence they come,
Where bliss, like light, a halo round them flings!
Who would not walk through death's dark valley home,
To drink such joys from life's unfailing springs?
They point to heaven with earnest, pleading eyes,
And, lo! bright visions fill the glowing skies.
They rise! — and earth beneath them waxes dim,
As dieth on the air their parting hymn!

Father! I turn me to the darkened wall,
As did thy erring servitor of old;
But not, O, God! for length of days I call —
Already have too many here been told.
I would be gathered to thy fold above,
If so thou willest — for I know thy love
Such blessings for the mourner hath in store
As heart hath ne'er conceived on mortal shore.

LINES TO DEATH.

Death! dost thou aim at me
With thine unerring arrow, sharp and chill?
Wouldst gain a victory
O'er the poor atom which awaits thy will?
Speed thy winged shaft! I ask no longer time —
My soul is ready for the better clime.

I weary of the world —
I weary of its coarse and heartless show;
Let life's dim flag be furled;
Let the sick mourner to her chamber go;
Let the racked frame and aching heart find rest —
A little space on earth's oblivious breast.

'T is time the feverish strife
Of flesh and spirit should forever cease;
Draw near, thou "better life,"
And rend, O, Death! these bands that yield no peace;
I will not fly thine amputating hand.
Surgeon of God! I wait but thy command!

Let but the few who love
This wasting form, and are beloved by me,
My pillow bend above,
That on *dear faces* my last look may be;
And I will bless thee, with my dying breath,
Friend of the friendless! kind, life-giving Death!

PROSE SELECTIONS.

NIRA MOORE.

Five years ago, this evening, I witnessed the parting scene between two of the dearest friends I ever had, Nira Moore and Morton Fairfield. It was one of those bland, delicious nights, whose very monotony calls forth the slumbering energies of the soul, as if to contrast the ever restless and unembodied shadows which flit through its fathomless cells, with the calm, unvarying surface of things without. The winds had wandered noiselessly back to their dim resting-places, and the broad moon moved in mournful sweetness through the cloudless vaults of heaven, while the pale stars followed meekly along in her shadowless path. We had stood some moments gazing upon the beautiful things around us, when the distant sound of a carriage reminded me that I must soon bid adieu to the noble yóung cousin who stood beside me, and that, probably, forever. He had been with us some months, and during his stay had contrived to steal the best affections of all our warm-hearted neighbors; indeed, he was the general favorite of every circle in which he made his appearance. Possessed of that noble frankness of manners, which so invariably secures the attention of the aged and the admiration of the young, it was no wonder that he was looked upon with peculiar interest; and happy, thrice happy had it been for one being, had his powers been limited to these less rare qualities; but no, *his power* was lodged in that one arbitrary charm which has ever exerted such an

unfailing influence upon every sensitive heart. The high gift of imperishable thought was his, — that rich poetry of feeling, that warm glow of refined sensibility, for which language has no words, and which is only read in the lights and shades which alternately break over the usually dull index of the mind, like the images reflected on the surface of some shaded rill. This gift, this mighty talisman, was his, and woe to the rash being who came unguardedly within the circle of its magic; so responded the hearts of many of our village girls, after a brief acquaintance with Morton Fairfield. But there appeared a Mordecai among them; one proud creature, who "stooped not down nor did reverence," but kept aloof; and, if she addressed the young stranger, it was always with that air of self-complaisance, and that tone of calm, careless indifference which was meant to impress him with the idea that she considered *condescension* a virtue of no ordinary magnitude. *Everybody* (that sage reserved personage) had taken the liberty to predict the immediate surrender of Nira Moore's affections to the gallant attack of this all-triumphant besieger of hearts; but everybody began to think himself a little on the unphilosophical side of correct calculation, when month after month glided away, and the dark eye of the wayward girl was seen throwing the same cold, unfamiliar glance upon the acknowledged irresistible, that it had done the first time they ever met. In private, in the secret recesses of her own twilight bower, the thoughts and feelings of Nira Moore were almost as well known to me as my own. A heart she certainly did possess, (though I was sometimes obliged to use my choicest flow of eloquence, to convince those who knew her not as I did, of the fact) — a weak woman's heart, tremblingly alive to every vibration of acute sensibility, and one that felt intensely for the sufferings of the unfortunate. Nor were those pure devotional emotions, which cast so holy a lustre over the female character, wanting to her, in that softened retreat; and any one who had seen her as I have often, with her beautiful brow bent tearfully to the earth, in the depth of

humiliation, and heard her meek voice ascending in prayer and thanksgiving to Him who dwelleth in the unwrought temple, would have discarded the idea of pride's being her besetting sin. But so it was, and before the eyes of the world she was to all others — and sometimes almost to *me* — a *perfect enigma*. She usually frequented the gayest parties, though she did not seem to participate in their enjoyment. If the sound of laughter fell from her lips, it was when others had become uniformly sad; and if mirth and gayety prevailed, her sudden abstractedness and reserve showed how little she cherished the whisperings of visible sympathy. Fairfield had paid her some attention, not really *marked*, but such as many would have considered flattering; but she received it with such provoking hauteur, made such matters-of-course of all the fine things his gallantry suggested, that he was glad to secure an honorable retreat. I could not help rallying her one day about her wilful eccentricities.

"Strange," said I, "Nira, that you can have the heart to misuse so noble a fellow as Cousin Morton; and one who is, withal, so devoted to the interest of the ladies."

"Misuse!" repeated she, in a tone of mock distress; "do you suppose it possible for me to intentionally misuse that *dear young gentleman?* Why, really, Juliet, you are quite mistaken. I never refused to take his offered arm, and the other day, when he picked up my glove, I thanked him with my very best grace. Indeed, I flattered myself that I had been extremely polite to him."

"Yes," replied I, "thou piece of cold incorrigibility; no one who ever heard you speak, will deny your treating him with *extreme politeness*. It is these bars to familiar intercourse, these everlasting 'much obligeds,' 'very kinds,' &c., of which I complain, and which are enough to provoke the temper of a saint."

"Why, so I guess they must be," retorted she, "since I discover a slight shade of irritation visible on the features of my gentle pattern of piety here; but, seriously, would you

have me prostrate myself before the wheels of Juggernaut, merely because others do? Would you have me fall in love with your elegant friend because other hearts are not proof against him? No, Juliet, everybody's idol is no idol for me."

"*Fall in love!*" exclaimed I; "who on earth has asked you to fall in love? I shall begin to think, then, that he is uppermost in your mind. Do you plead guilty?"

"O, yes!" replied she, "if it will help us into an argument; for I am sure some concessions will have to be made before we quarrel about a thing, of which we know as little as we do of this walking epidemic — this love," and so the matter ended; and I scarcely thought of it after, until the evening of Morton Fairfield's departure.

"Juliet," said he, as the driver reined his horses up to where we were standing, "I fear I shall never see you again. I shall now go direct to New York, and from thence, in a few days, to Europe; but may I hope you will not entirely forget your rude and reckless cousin?" And, turning to Nira, he said he supposed "it would be of no use to solicit the same favor of Miss Moore?"

"Not of the least," answered she in her usual tone; "I presume I can very well recollect you without; indeed, I shall be obliged to, if Juliet keeps on weeping at this rate. Poor child, I fear her heart goes with you."

He made no reply to this nonsensical speech, but, raising his hat to us, was soon out of sight.

"Nira," exclaimed I, as soon as I could master my feelings sufficiently to speak, "was it generous — was it even civil, to part thus with one who has always treated you well, and whom you will never again behold on this side of the grave?"

She did not answer; and when I looked up I was struck with amazement at the wonderful change which a few short moments had produced in her appearance. She was leaning against the trunk of a tall, decayed tree, with her hands

clasped tight across her breast, and the silvery moonlight revelling amid the rich clusters of her dark hair; but there was a paleness, an almost ghastly paleness, on her cheek, and her white lips quivered as with some deep irrepressible emotion. "In the name of mercy," I gasped out, "what does this mean, Nira? Are you ill — dying?"

"No, no!" replied she, in a low, sepulchral voice, "I am not dying; but would to Heaven I were! It means, Juliet — it means that the long, long struggle of pride and dissimulation is at length over, and now it matters not who knows my folly — nay, my very madness. The grave will soon claim its victim, and then all will be well. These sleepless, these corroding thoughts will not cling so lava-like to my burning temples, and the whispers of the unfeeling and malignant will pass unheeded by; the grave will calm all. Do not turn away; no tears for me — I need them not. Look on me and listen. My voice will not be here long; but now I would speak, and you must hear. Yes, I have stooped, — the haughty, unyielding Nira Moore has stooped, — to *love*, to *worship* a creature of earth; but you, at least, my friend, will bear me witness that I have not stooped to *conquer!* A glance at this will make you recollect," — and she drew from her bosom a small unfinished likeness of — yes, it was Morton Fairfield. I could scarcely suppress my surprise at the discovery; but she did not appear to observe my emotion.

"Is it not supremely beautiful?" murmured she, as if in soliloquy, — "the high, pale forehead, with the careless parting of the hair; and the dark-blue, melancholy eye, with its deep purity of expression; is it not indeed a fit subject for woman to cast her strong affections upon?"

"And how came you by this?" I inquired hesitatingly. "I never knew that you could sketch."

"Nor did I ever," replied she, "until I returned from that party at D——'s. He was there; but though he was surrounded by smile and song, and bright eyes beamed gladness upon him, still there was an occasional shade of softened

melancholy upon his features, which seemed to say, the soul within communed with something holier than the gay frivolities of a ball-room. Then was made the impression. I returned home; and this sketch, though my first attempt, shows how well I succeeded in copying that image so deeply engraven on the tablets of my memory. Alas! on what a lowly shrine is the incense of the heart's adoration sometimes offered up. Many are the long, sleepless nights in which I have sat at my window, tracing with tearful eyes, by the light of the dim moon, the shades which my pencil drew upon this bit of white paper; and what hath it availed me? He is gone, — the wronged, the injured, has departed in all the bitterness of mortified feeling, leaving me to the harrowing consciousness that I have made myself detestable in his sight; and yet it could not be otherwise. I could not gratify the vain and curious with the knowledge that their vulgar predictions were verified — no; and though I have thrown far from me the only gem which ever possessed any attractions in my sight, and broken my own heart, still the world knows it not; and in this there is a Cæsar-like victory, a triumph which Joan of Arc herself need not have scorned," — and she burst into a hysterical laugh. I felt a vague apprehension of something, I scarce knew what. The wild expression of her eyes, and her deeply-agitated voice, which spoke the overwhelming tumult within, made me fear (nothing which she might do in her rational moments, for I knew that the laws of religion were binding upon her) the horrid effects of disordered intellect, and I hastened our departure to the house. A servant met us at the door with a light. "I shall not need your assistance to-night," said Nira, determinately, and the girl withdrew.

"But," said I, "you will allow me to occupy a part of your room?"

"You!" and she gave me a searching look.

"Why, is there anything so improper in the request?"

"Improper or not," said she, "I shall take the liberty of

possessing my own apartments exclusively. I shall be alone to-night, and" — she turned away. It seemed, however, that she relented her harshness, for she looked round, after reaching her room, and smiled so languidly, with such a despairing heart-brokenness of expression, that I could scarcely help weeping outright.

"Did we not agree to walk in the morning?" she whispered; "you may call for me early. Good night, dearest Juliet; I shall be ready *very early*."

I lingered some moments at her door; but, as all appeared to be hushed into silence, I at length retired to my own chamber, but not to sleep. Pale images were continually hanging over my pillow; low, mournful tones sounded in my ears, and my disturbed imagination almost led me to rouse the family and see if, indeed, some dreadful casualty were not about happening. But my better judgment prevailed, and I kept my bed till morning. The first gray streak of twilight found me at Nira's door; it was locked, and I almost fainted with apprehension. I awoke a servant, and went in another way. Never, never will the scene which then presented itself be banished from my memory. The yet unextinguished lamp threw a sickly glare upon the disordered objects around. The windows had been left open, and the early breeze waved aside the damp tresses from the brow of her who had once been radiant in intellectual beauty, and whose half-closed eyes and mournfully compressed lips still retained their original angelic sweetness of expression, as though the light which gave variation to that expression had departed forever. The spirit of my beloved friend had indeed left its frail habitation, and the emptied phial upon the table alone unravelled the dreadful mystery of its exit. The fatal likeness — the cherished representation of Morton Fairfield — was clasped firmly in her right hand, and by her side upon the sofa were found the following lines, apparently written a few moments before the fatal elixir terminated her existence, and which I give the reader in their

original form. They show what were the feeling of that victim of love and pride, in her last moments of frenzy and despair :—

Why burn ye so coldly, ye stars above?
Why veil ye your gentle eyes?
Do ye tire of your watchings o'er earthly love,
Pale children of the skies?
Ay, rest ye now, for the pulse is low,
The thoughts of the brain wax thick and slow,
The warm blood curdles about the heart,
Farewell, pale stars, you have done your part—
Ay, go to your rest, pale stars.

Winds, ye have borrowed an aching tone.
Do ye come from the halls beneath?
Did ye gather these murmurs, wild and lone,
'Mid the solemn haunts of death?
Go back, wild winds, to the sounding deep,
And rock with your whispers the waves to sleep;
Go back, for the heart which is breaking now,
In silence would rest in its home below—
Back, back to the sounding deep!

Shadows of memory, bland and dim,
With your smiles and your many tears,
Ye rise on my soul like some wailing hymn
From the funeral-chanting spheres.
Away, dim shadows!—I hear your call,
I see your white fingers array the pall,
And a marble cheek and a rayless eye
'Mid your twilight tresses are passing by—
Go shadows, I hear your call.

O, for this earth, this sad, sad earth!
What hath it to bind me here,
Save the drooping flowers on the cheerless hearth,
And the hopes that are chilled and sear?
What hath it to keep me? The early light,
Which beamed on the wing of my spirit's night—
Alas! it departed with thee, loved one,
Like the charmless rays of the setting sun—
Earth, earth, thou hast nothing here!

Forgive me, Morton, that I have seemed
So careless and cold to thee.

O ! in thy heart thou hast never dreamed
Of the wild idolatry,
The worship which language may never tell,
So locked in the depths of my spirit's cell,
Rearing its altar mid blight and gloom,
Like the taper which flashes above the tomb,
Deepening the shadow's swell.

Thou hast not known, and may thou never,
The anguish, the wasting pain,
Which the sound of that one dark word, *forever !*
Flung back on my 'wildered brain.
Thou wilt wander abroad, like the spring-bird, free,
To the rose-wreathed gardens beyond the sea,
With fame on thy youthful brows ; while I
In the dreamless chambers of death must lie,
'Neath my star's dark destiny.

'T will soon be over, — the fitful scene
Is closing, — and now I go,
Like the blighted flower from the meadow green,
Seared, "seared on the heart I go,"
Far from the smiles of the sunny spring,
From the earth in her beauteous apparelling ;
I go in my hopelessness away,
To mingle my dust with its sister-clay,
A lonely, forgotten thing !

1830.

THE BLIND WIDOW AND HER FAMILY.

It is a pleasant thing to cast, occasionally, life's little cares and perplexities aside, and let oppressed memory fill up her beautiful casket with the gem-like reminiscences of early years. She brings us the impression of many a bright form, now mouldering in earth; she recalls to us many a thrilling scene of the long, long past, whose very remembrance sends the warm blood to the heart, and we awake and look round us for the performers of those generous deeds, those high and princely acts, which were, in early manhood, the themes of our admiration; forgetting the partiality of

change for our fair earth's loveliest features, and that the north wind scatters not more readily the frail flowers of summer, than does change the cherished blossoms of humanity. But they leave (thank Heaven!) their memory, and we linger with melancholy fondness upon the Christian fortitude, the self-denial, the pure, impartial benevolence; until, from these, we go back to the holy principles from whence they emanated, and lose ourselves in contemplating the religion which taught those blessed ones to gather smiles at the fountain of tears, and overcome the temptations of this world by the low-voiced spirit of pious love.

I was but a child when Mrs. Hamilton became a widow; but I was permitted to attend her husband's funeral, and can never forget the small group of darkly-clad forms that clustered round his grave, nor how, with childish curiosity, I caught the hand of one of the little orphans, and gazed rudely into his face, to see if he were crying. Nor can I forget how I turned away and wept when I saw the widow, with clasped hands, raise her sightless eyes to heaven, and heard the deep sobbings of the eldest daughter and son, who had led their blind mother to the grave. I wept, but with infantile selfishness; for I reflected, what if it were *our* own dear father who was dead, how would Charles and Harriet cry; and how bad we should all feel if *our* poor mother could not see! Such were the natural suggestions of simple, childish feeling; and so deeply does the pen of early impression engrave its characters on the tablets of the immortal mind, that the little scene just described, though of no particular importance to myself, shines forth to recollection as vividly as if but a yesterday's transaction, although many long years have since gone by. But to my narrative.

Mr. Hamilton married with very good prospects in life,—I mean in *humble* life. He was the owner of a small dry goods shop in one of our southern cities, and his well-known honesty, and persevering business habits, rendered it probable that he would arrive, if not at opulence, to at least respect-

able independence. But who, alas! may calculate on the certainty of any human event? Mr. Hamilton had the misfortune to render himself unpopular among his friends, by the open and earnest advocacy of a system of religion (Universalism) which was deemed, in those days, the root of incalculable evils, and the very kernel of heresy. This was an offence not to be tolerated, and it injured his business materially. He had, beside, one failing (for it is conceded that Universalists *have* some failings, although, in view of their doctrines, one would almost deem the thing impossible), which was not at all calculated to win the smiles of father Mammon; namely, a benevolence of heart, which always caused him to shed tear for tear with the unfortunate, and to open freely his purse for their relief.

Notwithstanding, however, the unpopularity and too-far-carried effects of his religion, there was little doubt of his having obtained a competency but for the breaking out of a fire, which resulted in the destruction of his shop, and nearly all its uninsured effects. This was an almost overwhelming disaster, as it reduced him to the necessity of accepting an offer of clerkship in a large mercantile establishment, the proprietor of which, a Mr. Ward, enjoyed no very enviable reputation. This man had been recently excommunicated from some Christian church, the doctrines of which he continued to advocate, long after his expulsion, for the purpose, it was said, of furthering the more easily his dark intrigues, under the fair covering of piety. But we will leave his character to develop itself in the course of these details.

Long and faithfully had Mr. Hamilton labored in the service of "Merchant Ward," as he was called; the avails of that labor barely affording his family a subsistence, including the expense of educating his two eldest children — the first, a beautiful daughter of seventeen, and a son two years younger, — when he was taken away, by sudden and severe sickness, from the active scenes of life, leaving his afflicted

wife and five children to struggle unprotected through a cold, uncharitable world!

It was with a heavy heart that Widow Hamilton returned from the funeral to her humble home. "The one dear voice" was not there to welcome her; neither the kind hand which had often, since the development of that dreadful disease, called cataract of the eye, been extended to direct her uncertain steps. The pale mourner sank for a moment, overcome with painful emotions; but the many sweet consolations of the faith whose hopes had brightened her whole life, and sustained her husband in the hour of death, sent down their precious encouragements to her heart, and gave her peace. "Thou art not an orphan, my little James!" cried she, clasping her youngest son fondly in her arms. "Neither are ye fatherless," she continued, drawing closely together her little bevy of bereaved ones; "the father of the fatherless is yours. He watches you, and will spread his mantle of love over you, and ye shall not be hurt. He watches you, and will gather, in due time, your immortal spirits, with the whole world's purified intelligences, to bloom like sweet flowers, as it were, in his own bright garden forever! The storm of adversity, 'tis true, is gathering darkly above your heads; but remember the injunctions of the dear parent that is gone, and trust in your Saviour. Let your hearts go up to him in frequent prayer, and, believe me, O, my precious sorrowing ones! believe me, he will bless you,— *he will bless you!*" Oh! who could have seen the grateful tears of those affectionate children, as they caught the inspiring words of their pious mother, — who could have felt their young, innocent hearts beating warmly with high, devotional resolves, — who could have heard their fervent aspirations to Him who once took such as themselves to his bosom, and blessed them, — who could have seen and felt all this, and said, This is the spirit of Antichrist? Or, rather, who could have witnessed these things, and refrained from saying, This is the light which

must ultimately dawn upon every one that cometh into the world?

The death of Mr. Hamilton, it will of course be supposed, from his extremely small income, left his family in very depressed circumstances. The expenses incurred in his sickness and burial were considerable; and the widow found herself under the immediate necessity of disposing of her pleasant home, and removing to miserable lodgings, in a narrow by-street, in order to save the additional cost of high rent. Here, with the assistance of her eldest son, Robert, — who, at his father's decease, was taken into the establishment of Merchant Ward, — the slight avails of Marian's sewing, and her own small jobs of knitting, being the only work her afflicted situation allowed her to do, — she contrived to live, although the strictest and most ingenious economy was necessary to keep them from a state of actual pauperism. But no complaint was made; and when they were all seated around their scant evening fire, — for Robert staid with them at nights, — the closest observer could not have detected a single cloud upon their smiling faces, nor heard a sentence from their lips, betokening aught but the most peaceful serenity. And when the long evening's sweet and cheerful conversation was over, they all joined in singing a family hymn, which was succeeded by the low-voiced mother in prayer and thanksgiving, and the young members of that holy family sought their pillows with the seeds of eternal life spreading beautifully their warm roots through the soul's deep avenues. But the hour of temptation was at hand, for one, at least, of their number; and wily were the snares of the enemy laid, to entrap his victim.

Merchant Ward had, during the lifetime of Mr. Hamilton, tried every art in his power to obtain the services of that excellent man in some of his dishonest schemes. He commenced by endeavoring to sap Mr. Hamilton's religious principles; thinking that, by converting him to his own partial system, by doing away the parental relationship between

man and his Maker, he might destroy that love for his fellow-creatures, which had ever induced Mr. Hamilton to consider *their* interest as *his own*. But it was of no use; and of this the crafty merchant was soon convinced, and therefore changed the form of his attack. He next attempted to confound principle with interest and necessity, — to erase those nice distinctions between virtue and the form thereof, and lead his victim blindfolded, as it were, into "by and forbidden paths." The practised eye of James Hamilton, however, detected all his subtleties, and scorned them; as, also, his delicately managed hints at bribery; and the vexed and baffled merchant would have discarded him, but for the reflection that he could find no one to fill his place. Of the young and inexperienced son, however, he hoped different things; and many were the guarded lectures to which the unsuspecting young man was obliged to listen, often wondering to what such things tended.

It was late one stormy evening, when, in a dark and unfrequented street, some one touched Robert's arm, and the voice of Merchant Ward sounded in his ear. "Robert," said he, "I forgot, to-day, to speak with you on a subject of some importance. But, I presume, 't will do just as well now, as this spot seems to be perfectly private. You recollect, I dare say, Col. Hartley's giving me a check on the Mobile Bank, a few days since, while in the store?"

"I recollect, sir," replied Robert, after a moment's musing, "seeing him sign a check; but I thought it was on a bank in this city."

"No, no; 't was Mobile. Don't you know he spoke of its permanency, and also mentioned his extensive interest in it?"

"He did; but I have still an impression that the check related to a bank *here*."

"No doubt you have; but a moment's reflection must convince you of your mistake. 'T is a subject of considerable consequence to me, and it will, I assure you, be greatly to *your* advantage to *remember right;* for, should the matter

be called in question, as report says it will, I shall depend on you to evidence the facts of the case. The thing is undoubtedly coming to your memory?"

"No, sir," answered Robert, after some pause; "my mind is quite confused on the subject, and reflection only seems to confirm my first impressions."

"Well, it is very strange," muttered the merchant, inwardly provoked to find the lad's memory so perversely pertinacious; — "'t is very strange you should get things so mixed up. You remember the colonel's mentioning, particularly, the Mobile Bank, — you recollect his signing the check, and *I* remember that said check related to said bank. You will, therefore, I presume, have no objection to telling the good jury of the court, should one be called, that you saw Colonel Hartley give me a Mobile check, remembering, all the time, that in performing this little act of friendship, or, I might say, duty, you are materially benefiting yourself?"

"I will, most cheerfully, tell them all I know about it," rejoined Robert, "for I should be glad to oblige you; but I would not, for worlds, testify to a circumstance of the truth of which I am not perfectly positive."

"Poh!" replied the merchant, "there can be no harm in it, at all, — you have my word for its truth; and you have got it all yourself, except the little minutiæ. Beside, if that exquisite conscience of yours should ever trouble you, a priest will absolve it. Or, you may repent on Protestant principles, and be none the worse. And then," he continued, in a soft, insinuating tone, — feeling the arm he had taken endeavoring to withdraw itself, — "the reward you shall receive will make your family independent; and the day may come that will see you a partner in my establishment. Only think, Robert, a partner with Merchant Ward!"

Robert Hamilton was by no means destitute of ambition; and we will not say that his heart did not beat quicker at the thought of seeing his dear mother, and her little ones, in a more comfortable situation; or of being, himself, at some

future period, in independent circumstances. But whatever his thoughts may have been, they glided by, like shadows across the dial plate, without marring the pure polish of pious virtue.

"You have certainly mistaken my character!" said he, slowly, but firmly, — his fine, youthful form expanding into manliness, as the tide of indignant blood rushed impetuously through his swelling veins; "you have mistaken my character; for, young as I am, I have learned to love and keep my heavenly Father's commandments. And sooner shall this body be consumed by hunger, — sooner shall this tongue be torn out by the roots, than it shall infringe one little hair's breadth upon the law which says, Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

"Then, may these curses fall upon thee!" shouted the enraged merchant, his voice almost choked with the hoarseness of immoderate passion; "may these curses, and worse than these, fall upon thee, baser son of a base father! Ay, and they shall, if I have any influence over thy destiny. Presume not, henceforth, to set thy foot within my door, — but beware! Thou hast goaded the lion, and may test his strength!"

"Say, rather," said a deep voice near him, "he has disturbed the *viper*, and may feel his *fangs*."

And at that moment two human figures passed them, but slowly, as if to witness the result of the conference. The merchant turned upon his heel, without another word; and Robert hastened home to relieve the anxiety of those who, he knew, must be wondering at his long absence.

"What ails you, Robert?" said his little sister Rose, as the light fell upon his face at the door; "what ails Robert, Marian?"

"You are very pale, my brother!" said Marian, laying aside her work. "I hope nothing has happened."

"Are you sick?" added the anxious voice of Mrs. Hamilton.

"No, mother, I am only a little melancholy. I have been strongly tempted to-night, and —"

"And you resisted —" half-exclaimed, half-inquired the widow, hurriedly.

"Yes, mother, I did."

"Thank God! — thank God!" came from the full heart of Mrs. Hamilton.

"I *did* resist!" continued Robert; "but Heaven knows whether it may not be the ruin of us all."

"Fear not that, my beloved child," she replied, clasping her hands affectionately round his neck; "thou hast foiled thy most bitter enemy; and dearer, far dearer art thou to me, with thy pure, unspotted heart, than if thou hadst returned laden with the spoils of many conquered nations. Fear not, but trust in Him who never forsakes the innocent, and thou shalt ever find cause to rejoice!"

The circumstances of his meeting with Merchant Ward were soon related by Robert, with the exception of what had excited in his mind a suspicion of forgery. This he carefully suppressed; and, after a few brief and charitable comments, the evening passed away as if nothing had happened.

It was but a few days after this, that, as Robert was strolling through the city, hoping to find some employment, he met John Surrey, a former companion, of nearly his own age, who was living with Merchant Ward, and with whom Robert had associated on terms of affectionate intimacy.

"We were all sorry to lose you, Robert," said John, grasping his hand; "and I guess master 'll be sorry, too, some day. And this brings me to a secret, which I want you should promise to keep for me."

"I do not like secrets, John," replied Robert; "they are very apt to make mischief."

"That is because they are not well kept. This will hurt nobody, unless it is told; and I hope you will not refuse to gratify me in so small a matter."

"Why, certainly not," rejoined the warm-hearted, unsuspecting boy, "if it can do no harm."

"You promise, then," said the other, "not to reveal what I am going to tell you?"

"I do."

"Well, then, here it is; the very eye-tooth of old hard-hearted Ward;" and he took from his pocket an elegant gold repeater, suspended by a chain of great value. Robert drew back with a look of painful astonishment.

"It cannot be possible, John," said he, "that you have really — really — "

"That I have *really* learned *hocus pocus*, you would say, Bob. There is nothing truer, I assure you; and master is undoubtedly looking for it, by this time. Now, he will suspect me, in the start; and I want you to keep it for me till the fuss is over, and then you shall have half it is worth."

"O, foolish, ruined boy!" exclaimed Robert; "what have you done? Did you not know that a greater eye than Merchant Ward's was upon you; and that you might as well attempt to escape the shaft of death, as the thunderbolt retribution of thy God? Go back to Mr. Ward, John; — confess before him, and your heavenly Father, your fault; and you may yet obtain mercy. But ask not me to become a partaker in your wickedness."

"Am I an idiot, Robert," answered the boy, sullenly, "that you expect me to beg forgiveness of a man whose very creed is *revenge?* But I see you are not disposed to befriend me, and I suppose I must stand or fall by myself." And, starting off abruptly, he was out of sight ere Robert could renew the exhortation, which rose with redoubled tenderness to his lips.

It was on the evening succeeding this event, that a loud rap was heard at the door of Widow Hamilton, and, on its being opened, two police officers entered, and seizing Robert by the arm, pronounced him their prisoner.

"And of what, gentlemen, am I accused?" asked he, eyeing them with a look of calm surprise. But how was that look changed to one of deep consternation, when, from his outer pocket, one of the officers produced the identical watch which he had seen in the hands of John Surrey! The whole truth and its fearful consequences flashed upon him at once; and, turning away from them, he said, in a mournful voice, "Mother, I fear it is all over with me. I am caught in the toils of the adversary, and see no chance of escape. But pray for me, dear mother; for, believe me, I am innocent." And he tore himself from the sobbing group that surrounded him, and accompanied the officers to prison.

One moment gave the widow to tears, and petitioning for Heaven's aid, but the next was for action. Counsel must be obtained; but how, alas! could it be, without that general stimulator to good deeds — money? Various plans were thought of, and rejected, till at length Marian proposed selling her harp, — a present from her dear father, in his prosperous days. A sale was ultimately effected, and the services of a young and inexperienced lawyer, — the only one, however, with whom they were acquainted, — were immediately engaged.

The trial came on at an early day, and Merchant Ward and the treacherous Surrey were nearly the first to enter the court-room. The prisoner was soon called, and the spectators were surprised to behold, instead of a dark, heartless-looking culprit, a lad of frank, open countenance, on which sat an expression of sweet, but melancholy resignation.

"That does not look like guilt," exclaimed one, as he passed.

"It may be but the hypocrisy of its callousness," was the reply.

The trial commenced. The evidence of the officers who arrested the prisoner, was first taken; and then arose John Surrey, who detailed very correctly the conversation had between himself and young Hamilton, a few days previous,

— with which the reader has been already favored, — taking care, however, to put his own dark words into the mouth of poor Robert. The case seemed too clear to need any further investigation; and when the counsel for the defendant commenced cross-examination, his extreme embarrassment showed plainly that he was convinced of his client's guilt. He had asked but two or three faint, irrelevant questions, when a stern voice, from the further end of the room, cried, "Stop!" and a tall, manly figure strode fearlessly through the room, and, after consulting the prisoner a moment, and whispering to his lawyer an emphatic "Sit down!" took the latter's place.

"'T is the People's Lawyer," said an old gentleman near Robert, in reply to the question, "Who is he?" "'T is the People's Lawyer, — the best and wealthiest man in the city, and one who never pleads except when he sees oppression preying upon poverty and innocence. Merchant Ward had best look to himself; for, an old man's word for it, something is going wrong!"

The People's Lawyer, as he was significantly termed, was a man aged about twenty-eight, possessed of superior beauty of person, and it was said of commanding eloquence, which was often successfully employed in the cause of the widow and orphan. He was, therefore, the fear of the oppressor, and the almost idol of the poor and honest. He was master, moreover, of a penetration of mind, which, in some cases, seemed almost intuition. And as his dark eye now glanced upon the face of the witness, it seemed to read his character at once. He gazed for one long moment, sternly and fixedly upon his quailing eye and varying cheek; then, raising his right hand, and pointing his forefinger at his very heart, he cried in a voice that might have startled the conscience of a Nero, —

"John Surrey — John Surrey — knowest thou not that the eye of the eternal God is upon thee? Knowest thou not that his pen hath this day written perjury against thy soul? And

knowest thou not, O thrice miserable young man! that he will lay in thy sickening bosom the fiery coilings of that worm which dieth not, but writhes, and writhes, and sends its deadly venom into all the channels of thought, and feeling, and hope, until the poor victim looks down with melancholy longing into the gloomy grave, and would give worlds for its cold serenity? Knowest thou not that peace shall visit thee no more, day nor night, forever, unless thou dost recall the dark words which thou hast this hour spoken? Look at thy victim, deluded boy! Think of his affection and brotherly kindness to thee, and then tell me how thou wilt feel to see his youthful form wasting away under the cruel labor of a State's prison? Tell me how thou wilt feel to see his friends weeping over him as one dead, — ay, worse than dead, — disgraced, — and all for a few false words of thine? Look, young man, and tell me!"

The eye of John Surrey turned involuntarily towards the prisoner's box, and his cheek grew paler, and his lip quivered, for memory was busy at his heart. He thought of the unvarying gentleness of that injured friend, — of the many little sacrifices he had made for his comfort and gratification. He thought of their many sweet moments of tender intimacy, when Robert had talked to him of heaven, and called him dear brother; and his own black treachery rose in hideous contrast. He forgot Merchant Ward and his bribe, — he forgot his own danger, — he forgot everything, save present injustice and former love, — and rushing forward, and throwing his arms round the neck of Robert Hamilton, he sobbed out a full confession of his own and his master's base schemes for Robert's ruin, upon his bosom. Twice did the enraged merchant rise, — twice did he attempt to speak, — but the eye of the People's Lawyer frowned him down, and he was glad to escape, unharmed, out of court.

Who shall describe the joy of the little family of Hamiltons, on the evening of Robert's restoration to their society?

"If I could only see your benefactor, the People's Law-

yer," said Marian, "I am sure I should quite worship him. And did you not find out where he lives, Robert?"

"No; in the hurry of the moment, I suppose, he forgot to mention his address; but I remember, perfectly, the few words he spoke to me on leaving. 'Go home,' said he, 'dear, honest boy, and gladden your friends by your presence; but come to me next week, when I shall be at home, for I would like to have further conversation with you. But forget not, meanwhile, to return thanks to your Maker, for the happy termination of your difficulties.'"

"Noble, generous soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton; "let us not forget his injunction, my children, but return thanks to Him whose hand is so plainly manifest. Let us not cease giving glory, and honor, and praise to his name, forever and ever." And her two pious children responded, fervently, "Amen."

It was while Robert was in prison that Mrs. Hamilton received a letter from a distant relative, in the city of New York, offering to procure a lucrative situation for her son, near him, and requesting his immediate presence. This chance was not to be neglected; and Robert accordingly set out the next morning after his release, regretting deeply, however, the necessity of leaving his mother and her family in so unprotected a situation, as also his inability to testify his deep gratitude to the People's Lawyer. It was not until after her son's departure, that Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter began to reflect upon their almost hopeless pecuniary circumstances. Robert's travelling expenses had taken nearly the last penny that remained of the money received for the harp, and they knew not where to look for more. Their quarterly rent had become due, — their stock of provisions was running low, — the little ones were almost destitute of clothes. It would be some time before they could expect remittances from Robert; and, to add to their embarrassment and distress, the youngest child, a fine boy of six years, was taken ill of the disease which terminated his

father's existence. The heart of the poor widow was sorely tried in these accumulating difficulties; but she forgot not to look to the true source for comfort and assistance; nor did she look in vain. A newspaper accidentally came into Marian's hands, containing an advertisement, by a Mrs. Brownson, for some neat, original scenery-paintings to grace her centre-table. Marian had been acknowledged, while at school, to possess splendid talents for drawing. She, therefore, set immediately about the task; and her anxiety to earn something for the support of her suffering family seemed to give her a species of inspiration; for in a short time, notwithstanding the increasing illness of little James, she had succeeded in finishing two rich and delicate pieces.

Taking advantage, one evening, of her sick brother's hour of sleep, she and Rose set out, with beating hearts, for the residence of Mrs. Brownson, into which they were admitted as soon as their errand became known.

"Send them in here!" exclaimed a shrill, treble voice to the servant who announced them; "I would not go into that cold room to see West himself."

They were accordingly ushered into a splendid drawing-room, where several young ladies and gentlemen were congregated, for the apparent purpose of abusing Father Time with unmeaning prattle. The beautiful cheek of Marian became suffused with the deepest crimson, as she beheld the eye-glass of one of the young ladies ranging itself in the direction of a faded breadth of her almost threadbare pelisse. But she conquered the feeling of shame and indignation; and, walking with a calm but respectful dignity to the table where Mrs. Brownson remained sitting, she submitted her paintings for inspection. They were soon handed from one to another, accompanied by comments, many of which seemed made without the least regard for the feelings of the humble artist.

"Well, Kitty, what do you think of them?" inquired Mrs. Brownson of her daughter, the second time.

"Why, ma," drawled out the silly girl, in a tone of affected contempt, "I think they look very much like my own first attempts."

"Then your first attempts must have been very beautiful, Miss Brownson!" exclaimed a rich, manly voice; "and your mother had best, by all means, collect them immediately."

Marian could not see the speaker, for he sat in the shade; but she felt that there was balm in his words.

"Well, child," said Mrs. Brownson, in a somewhat softened tone, "what do you ask for your paintings? I suppose, from your looks, that you need all they are worth, and perhaps charity should add a little more."

The color again visited Marian's pale cheek, and a tear stood in her dark, intelligent eye; but, remembering that forbearance is one of the greatest Christian virtues, she replied modestly and calmly, "I have not priced them, madam, but you may give me what you think they are *worth*; I wish nothing more."

"If you had only come in the day-time," continued the unfeeling woman, "I could have judged better of their merits. Why in the world didn't you get here before dark? Perhaps, though, you thought some defects in your pictures might be more easily detected by thus doing."

The recollection of her poor mother, and her little brother's distressed situation, — of the high hopes which had animated her on her setting out from home, — and, above all, the imputation of low trickery in coming at the time she did, sent an arrow to the heart of poor Marian; and she could only falter out, "I could not leave my sick brother," ere her feelings burst forth in a torrent of irrepressible tears.

"You need not feel so bad, my dear," said Mrs. Brownson, with an awkward attempt to soothe; "but give me your name, and place of residence, and I will send you the pay for these scraps in the morning."

The information was given, and Marian was glad to find herself and sister once more in the street.

"Where are you going, my pretty misses, in such a hurry?" asked a vulgar-looking creature, staggering up to them. "I am just in time to be a beau for you;" and he caught hold of Marian's veil.

A loud shriek was the reply; and in the next instant a powerful arm prostrated the reeling figure upon the pavement, and a voice, which Marian thought she had heard before, begged her not to be frightened, but permit him to protect her home; an offer which she was glad to accept. The stranger bade her good-night at the threshold, and the agitated girl hastened to inform her mother of her indifferent success.

It was at an early hour, the next morning, that a gentle rap was heard at the widow's door; and a young man, of very prepossessing appearance, habited in the plain garb of a mechanic, entered, and gave Miss Hamilton a card containing Mrs. Brownson's compliments, accompanied by a bank note of some considerable amount.

"There must be some mistake here," said Marian; "I did not expect half so much."

"But she has examined them by daylight," replied the stranger.

Marian colored to the very temples; not so much at the remembrance of the ill-treatment of the preceding evening, to which the stranger's words recalled her, as at the sound of a voice which, it seemed to her, she had twice heard before, and which she all at once recollected to have gone so far as to dream about. The young man, perceiving her confusion, and not suspecting, probably, its cause, soon took his departure; not, however, until he had obtained permission of Mrs. Hamilton to return with an eminent physician, a friend of his, to see the sick boy, who was evidently getting worse. He soon came back with the worthy doctor, who pronounced the child in very precarious circumstances. From

this time the young stranger, whom the doctor called Mr. Clayton, became a constant visitor at Widow Hamilton's, somewhat to the good lady's surprise. It might, to be sure, be from a feeling of sympathy at their unprotected situation, or from a humane desire to assist in taking care of the sick boy. But Marian's ever-varying cheek told that she suspected a far different story; besides, his visits continued after little James' recovery; ay, and long after the restoration of Mrs. Hamilton's eyes to the blessed light of heaven, by the removal of those painful cataracts, through the skill of Mr. Clayton's eminent physician. What, then, could it be?

"We had almost given up looking for you this evening," said Mrs. Hamilton, as Horace Clayton seated himself between her and Marian; "and we were getting melancholy; for you have been with us so long, — have ministered so kindly to us in sickness, — have mingled so cheerfully in our devotions, — that a day seems lost without you. Indeed, you seem to fill the place of our dear Robert."

"Would to Heaven, my dear madam," he replied, "that you *would* consider me as another 'dear Robert!'" and he glanced significantly at the blushing Marian. "Must I speak plainer?" he continued, after a moment's silence; "must I tell you how very, *very* necessary to my happiness is the possession of this inestimable girl?" taking in his own Marian's trembling hand.

Mrs. Hamilton looked confused. "I had not thought of this," she answered, after a long pause. "Besides, you know not what you ask. I am alone, as it were; Robert is a great way off, and how do you suppose I can think of parting with Marian, Mr. Clayton, — WITH MARIAN?"

"Pardon me, my dear madam," he replied; "I was not so cruel as to think of Marian's leaving you; indeed, I could hardly love her if she were willing to do so, under existing circumstances. My desire is, that we shall all live together. My provident father made me, in early life, master of *two*

trades, and I have no doubt but we can render ourselves a very comfortable and happy family."

The face of the widow brightened up; but she would not consent to tax him with such a burthen until, from repeated assurances to the contrary, and an appealing look from Marian, she concluded it to be the best way.

"But I forget," said she, as her eye caught the heartfelt smile that played upon Marian's lip; "there may yet be an impediment to your union. I trust, Mr. Clayton, that you are perfectly acquainted with the liberality of my child's religious sentiments. Her faith, I trust, is firm, though in a proscribed religion; and you may not covet the honor of having for a wife a decided Universalist."

"This shall be no objection," replied he, gravely; "for, had my prejudices against this sect been ever so great, the piety of my dear Marian would long since have done them away. No, believe me, this shall never cause difficulty."

The final arrangements were then made. The wedding was to take place in a few weeks, and Marian wrote to Robert, requesting his attendance; but he returned for answer that he could not possibly leave. The ceremony was, therefore, performed only in the presence of the family at home, Dr. ——, and an invalid lady, to whom Marian had rendered many services. The morning was a beautiful one; and, as Mrs. Hamilton had not been out since the recovery of her sight, Mr. Clayton proposed her accompanying him and Marian in a short drive to their "cottage home," as he romantically termed his place of residence, "that they might judge of its comforts and convenience," he said, "before moving."

"And may not I go to-morrow?" asked Rose.

"And I?" said Lewellyn.

"And I too?" said little James.

"Yes, dears, you may all go to-morrow," replied Mr. Clayton, kissing them severally; and, jumping into the hack, they were soon out of sight.

"You may stop here, driver," said Mr. Clayton, as they reached an almost princely residence, a short distance from town.

"And why here, Horace?" inquired Marian, looking surprised.

"O," said he, smiling, "your mother is fatigued by this time; and as I am on very intimate terms with the gentleman who resides here, I thought we would just take a peep into his bachelor's hall while the horses are resting." The ladies accordingly alighted.

"What a splendid situation!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, gazing admiringly upon the spacious marble mansion and its highly-finished out-houses.

"Your friend must be very wealthy, Mr. Clayton."

"He is worth many thousands, madam," was the reply.

"And, O, what beautiful, *beautiful* scenery!" ejaculated Marian, as she looked from the porch upon the far-stretched hills and meadows, through which ran streams of silver beauty. "Mother, we are in a perfect paradise!"

They soon entered the elegantly-furnished parlor, where Marian found many rich paintings to admire, one of which particularly riveted her fancy.

"Here, mother," said she, "is a beautiful likeness of our own beloved John Murray. It cannot be possible, Horace, that your friend is a Universalist?"

"He is," was the answer; "and his enemies say a very *bigoted* one; and if zeal is one of the symptoms of bigotry, they may say true, for he displays the most zeal in what the 'good people' term a 'bad cause' of any one I ever saw."

"O, how I should like to see him!" said Marian.

"You shall have the privilege before long," replied Mr. Clayton, smiling at her eager enthusiasm. "But now, while your mother is viewing his reverence, let us look into the next room."

It was a large library; and Marian was delighted at the array of richly-bound books, which met her eye in every

direction. But what was her pleasure and astonishment, to behold, in a shaded corner of the room, what proved to be a harp. Ay, upon examination, the very harp she had some months before sold, to fee her brother's lawyer!

"What does this mean?" exclaimed she, almost gasping for breath. — "Is this my very own, *own* harp? What *can* it mean?"

"It means, dearest," whispered Clayton, affectionately kissing her cheek, "that my sweet Marian is henceforth mistress of the place she has so flatteringly called a paradise; and that her husband, knowing he could not do too much for one so deeply loved, has purchased back her harp, that she may often be reminded of the dear father who gave it, and who is now an angel among the blest."

"O, this is too, *too* much!" sobbed out the grateful girl upon his bosom. "If Robert were only here now."

"Robert *is* here," exclaimed a well-known voice; and in the next moment, the son and brother was in their arms. It was a bewildered-looking group. Robert gazed a moment upon Mr. Clayton, then, turning to his mother and sister, begged to know what accident had brought them to the house of the "People's Lawyer"?

"*The People's Lawyer!*" exclaimed they in a breath.

It would be useless to attempt describing the scene which followed this annunciation. It will suffice to say, that Mr. Clayton made an explanation, which showed that he was, unequivocally, "the People's Lawyer," who, having accidentally overheard the conversation between Merchant Ward and Robert, and being thereby thoroughly convinced of the honesty of the latter, determined to save him, although a stranger. He saw and admired Marian at the house of Mrs. Brownson, and, determining that she should love him for himself, alone, he disguised himself, as he had often done before, in the dress of a common working-man, — to which he seemed entitled, as his father had, through caprice, given him two trades, — and had succeeded in winning the heart of one,

whose virtues were the effects of a doctrine dearer to him than his own life. He had written a statement of his situation, under injunctions of secrecy, to Robert's employer, and through him requested Robert's presence at his house at a given hour, on *special* business; "which business," said he, taking him affectionately by the hand, "is, that you should leave New York, and make us all happy, by taking up your abode with us, where you shall have abundant opportunity of glorifying, with us, your heavenly Father, by doing good to your fellow-creatures."

"O, our God hath dealt very, *very* bountifully by us, my dear children," exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, raising her streaming eyes to heaven; "let us not neglect to acknowledge our heartfelt gratitude at the footstool of his great mercy."

And those happy children knelt around their beloved mother, and listened to a prayer as humble, as fervent, as eloquent, as ever fell from human lips. And the pure devotion and piety, inspired by the belief of, and trust in, God's impartial, universal grace, — thus tested by adversity, suffering, and temptation, — continued brightly to glow, and give light to all around in the hour of prosperity, enjoyment, and triumph.

THE INFIDEL HUSBAND.

O! ask not, hope not thou too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the hearts whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountains flow;
Few — and by still conflicting powers
Forbidden here to meet —
Such ties would make this life of ours
Too fair for aught so fleet. *Hemans.*

"SUNDAY morning is certainly different from all others in the week," exclaimed Irene Bentley, as she drew her husband towards the open window, and gazed out upon the beautiful fields surrounding their pleasant dwelling. "There is a dif-

ference in its very air,—it hath a balmy freshness and sweetness, all unlike other days; and the sunshine seems to fall more reverently upon the meek, uplifted flowers and silken grass; and even the little bird, which yesterday sang so gayly upon the sweet-briar, hath now a tenderer melody, and singeth a holier song. Yea, all things seem to remember the Lord."

"You are a sweet enthusiast, Irene," carelessly answered her husband; "and had I not vowed, before marriage, never to tolerate a fanatical wife, I know not but I should even love you the more for these little bursts of insanity, they are so becoming to one of your peculiar cast of beauty."

"Bursts of insanity, Herbert!" mournfully rejoined the wife, while a deep, sickening pain, — the nature of which needs no explanation to those who have bent with crushed feelings over hope deferred, — crept slowly through her quivering heart, and drew from her cheek its warm and mellowing tide. "Bursts of insanity! O, Herbert! how can you deem the simple aspirations of a spirit conscious of its sins and weakness, — conscious of its entire dependence on its Maker, and alive to the beauties of nature and to the beautiful character of him who framed their excellences, — how can you deem these at all coupled with insanity? Let me convince you," she continued, eagerly opening the book-case and taking from thence a much-worn Bible, — "let me convince you that you are wrong."

"No, no. Another time will do just as well. Besides, you know conviction does not flash instantaneously upon my obtuse intellect, and it would be a waste of your precious Sunday moments; therefore, another time will do as well;" and he, too, advanced with an ironical smile to the book-case, and soon threw himself upon the sofa, though Irene's streaming eyes dared not attempt to discover the book he had taken with him. She thought of an interesting religious work which she had long urged him to peruse. But no; she had been too often disappointed, to hope that he had now turned his atten-

tion thitherward, and she bent her eyes close to the open Bible; but the words looked dim and wavering.

"What a delightful writer Captain Marryatt is, though!" exclaimed Mr. Bentley, after a long interim of silence. "The manner of Japhet's taming the royal tiger is really admirable. Ha! — where are your responding words, Irene? You sometimes give me three for one. Well, obstinate if you will! 't is the way of all you *pious* folks." And the novel-reading husband turned again, carelessly, to his lightsome pages.

Irene did not reply, for her heart was full; full of sorrow, full of choking remembrances, full of the corroding grief-drops of spiritual Marah. "O, Father of mercies!" sighed she, mentally, "must it ever be thus? Wilt thou leave me always alone, — always unblest by the gentle communion of a *kindred heart?*

'Yet I was formed to be so richly blest.'"

And the tears fell faster and faster, as she remembered a vista of happiness which had once opened to her eyes, but closed again just as the light entered her spirit, and told her what a blessed thing happiness must be. "And they do call me blest," she continued, half-rejecting, half-encouraging the visions which had risen from the obvious fountain of memory.

"They call me blest, but did they know
The grief which this sad heart consumes, —
The deep, the voiceless stream of woe,
Which gilds with tears soft fancy's plumes:
Would they still call me blest, and bind
Young roses round my aching brow?
No! fitter flowers their hands would find,
And fitter words their lips bestow.

"I gaze upon the rising sun
Ere crimson sleep hath left his eye,
And my dark thoughts revert to one
Bright as that pilgrim of the sky.

I listen to the dreamy note
Of some wild melancholy bird,
And youth's bright visions round me float,
Till all life's feeble strings are stirred."

Irene did not repeat the other stanzas, for the contrast of a former blissful but unfortunate attachment, and her present unhappiness, was too painful for long contemplation, and she again bent her eyes upon the words of consolation. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." "O, if he would but search the Scriptures!" murmured the wife, bitterly; — "if he *would* but search the Scriptures, that he might have life, then, indeed, might I catch a glimpse of life's sunshine. But O! to think that we have lived together three long, *long* years, and that never once in that time has he voluntarily opened the lids of this blessed book, — never once listened with even complacency to the few beautiful chapters which I have dared to read in his presence. O, God! O, God! can I look with calmness upon the alienation from thee, Saviour of the dying? Can I forgive such contempt of thy cross?" And for the first time the flush of indignation threw its intense crimson upon her cheek, and she forgot for an instant that Herbert Bentley was — her husband. 'T was but for an instant; — the recollection of her marriage promise, to love, honor and obey him, flashed across her mind, and she felt that she was wrong. True, she had loved him little when they were married; but he professed a belief in her peculiar and holy sentiments, and she rightly thought it would be no difficult task to love any one who, like herself, had a heart full of love for the Saviour. But he had deceived her. His profession was a *ruse*, and instead of the long-expected, long-coveted communions of a Christian, kindred heart, she had as yet experienced nothing but the cold cavillings, the coarse and bitter revilings, of confirmed infidelity. The iron seemed to enter her very soul, at the cruel retrospection; but she asked herself if his depravity had

altered, in the least, the nature of her obligations; and conscience immediately answered her in the negative, — her promise was unconditional. Her heart smote her, and she arose and moved tremblingly and weepingly towards the sofa. Her husband was asleep. The book had fallen from his hand. She knew that he slept soundly. She knelt by his side, she took his hand in her own, she lifted her voice to her God. The spirit of earnest prayer is like the spirit of the mighty winds. It heedeth not the control of man. It riseth almost silently from some pure and humble desire, — with scarce a form of expression from some tender, half-formed wish, — yet soareth aloft as if upon the wings of the tempest, till space is made vocal with its vivid thoughts, and the air vibrates with its deep and importunate petitions. The silver voice of the kneeling Irene Bentley awoke like the first soft whisper of the breeze upon a mountain stream. But as her feelings became more intense, her deep, thrilling words reverberated loudly, but to herself unconsciously, along the lofty ceiling. — "Bring him back, O, Almighty Father!" she cried; "bring him back from his miserable wanderings, to thine own dear fold, — to the care of the one faithful and true Shepherd. His soul is in darkness, — shine thou into its benighted recesses. His wishes are against the prosperity of thy kingdom, — convert them, O God, to thy cause. Father of the fatherless, healer of the broken heart, smoother of the dying pillow, hear me! By thy great kindness and mercy, hear me. By the mercy of his darkened soul, by the groans of this breaking heart, by the oil and blood of thine anointed and bruised One, hear me, and bring him back, bring him back!"

A convulsed hand was thrown round the neck of the fair petitioner, and a low, deep, agonizing sob was in her ear. She gazed around in astonishment; — her penitent husband was at her side, and his shaken voice continued her prayer, "Take me back, O take me back!" The long, violently suppressed springs of his soul were awakened to action. Like

Saul's was his conversation, — sudden, but lasting, — and his beautiful wife soon learned by experience, that it was indeed an easy task to love one whose heart, like her own, was filled with love for the Father of our spirits, and the Saviour of man.

ALICE SEABURY.

I was well acquainted with Alice Seabury. She was young, amiable and beautiful; but she was unfortunate. The hand of fate had ever seemed ready to mar her brightest hopes, and cloud the horizon of all her earthly prospects with the gloom of adversity. The ice of indifference, from one near and dear, came first to curdle the warm outpourings of her heart's strong affections, and ere her wounded feelings recovered their wonted tone, the finger of insidious disease had imparted its consuming influence to the forms of her small, but choice circle of relatives; and father and mother, brother and sister, yielding to the gradual, but sure ravages of decay, were gathered, one after another, to the burying-grounds, until the strickened one beheld herself standing, as it were, alone in the world, with no hope but heaven, no friend but her heavenly Father. Yet was no rebellious murmur ever heard to fall from her lips; for "an angel had appeared unto her, strengthening her," and, though her cup of affliction had overflowed with the wormwood and gall, still was the dove-like voice of that "peace which passeth understanding" alive at her heart, and she was enabled to say, while her pale lips pressed the chastened rod, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

But the work of the spoiler was not finished. The hour was at hand when the voice of Alice Seabury would cease to impart its enlivening tones to the social band. The pastor of the village church observed each "first day," with increasing solicitude, that the place of the sweetest singer in the choir was vacant; and many a tearful eye was seen at the

Sabbath-school when another was called upon to take charge of the little class, which she had so long watched over with all the care and tenderness of an affectionate sister. The fair mourner had, indeed, left the world, but it was not because society no longer possessed attractions for her broken spirit. With all her soul's desolation, she would willingly have lived on in the sweet hope of again blessing and being blessed. But her long nights of tedious restlessness, the craving appetite she felt for, she knew not what, her incessant fits of sighing, and the deeply caustic sensation at her fluttering heart, told, but too plainly, that the foe of the family was rapidly undermining life's yielding temple. She felt that the hour of her departure was at hand, and she longed for the hushed quietings of her little room, where she might hold uninterrupted communion with her God, and be ready to hearken with joy to the trumpet of Azriel. Yet had she a smile and word of kindly greeting for all who approached her; and many who went to administer the consolations of the gospel, finding the Comforter there before them, returned with rather an envy for the patient sufferer than a pity for her early fate.

It was late one evening, in the early part of September, that I was called upon hastily to visit my dying friend. The night was indeed most beautiful. The rays of a cloudless moon were revelling amid the dark vines which hung in thick clusters above the window, distinguished by a faint light from within, as belonging to the sick apartment, and the low breeze stole, in scarce perceptible murmurs, through the half-opened door, as if afraid to disturb the departing spirit. I paused at the threshold, and my eye fell instinctively on the almost inanimate form of my beloved friend. The lamp threw its softening rays full upon her features, and O! if I had before considered her lovely, I now thought her doubly so, and I could hardly refrain from repeating aloud the words of a favorite writer: —

" And is this death? is death so fair
So beautiful a thing? "

Her dark hair was parted smoothly upon her alabaster forehead, and slightly shaded a cheek where the hectic flush still remained, as if to mock the icy approach of death. Her thin, attenuated hands were meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her mild blue eyes were lifted upwards with an expression of happy resignation, which I never saw equalled, and which I never shall forget. It seemed as if the mysteries of the invisible world were unveiled to her view, and that her enraptured spirit was already basking in the day-beams of eternity. " This is indeed none other than the gate of heaven," whispered I. The invalid unclasped her hands and sighed out heavily, " O, why will she not come? " I felt the reproof, and was at her side in an instant. " Pardon my impatience," she exclaimed, eagerly taking my hand. " I feared you would not arrive in time, for I felt that my moments were indeed few; the flame of life burns but faintly in its socket, the silver cord is fast loosing, and I must depart. But you are here now, and I am glad. My heart craves sympathy. It burns to utter forth the things which are unseen, even the unsearchable riches of Christ; and to speak of his mercy and loving-kindness to one who knows him even as I have known him. O, how wonderful are the workings of his Spirit! how mighty the manifestations of his love! He has poured out the balm of consolation, till even pain has become a pleasure, and turned the bitter channels of sorrow into fountains of living joy. He has written *victory* in undying characters above the waning sands of life, and transformed the king of terrors into an angel of light; but language is weak. O, there are ' thoughts o'ersweeping death,' — feelings that mock the idle interpretations of words! Yet, can I not be silent; I will sing. My voice shall spend its last failing breath in praising ' Him who spake as never man spake,' who is alone worthy to receive glory and honor, and power."

" Jesus, I have heard the warning
Of thy ministers of fate,
And with joy I hail the dawning
Of a blest immortal state.
Hushed is every fond ambition,
Buried each unholy thought;
Hope is changing to fruition,
Thou thyself my soul hast taught.

" Few have been my days, and dreary,
Much of sorrow have I known;
Take me, Jesus, I am weary, —
Bliss is found with thee alone.
Death hath lost its former terror,
Thou the lonely vale dost cheer;
'T is alone the creeds of error
That o'erwhelm the soul with fear.

" Hark ! the voice of inspiration
Now descendeth to my heart, —
' Daughter, know thy full salvation,
Daughter, haste thee to depart ;
He who calls thee hath redeemed thee
From the spoiler's cruel hand;
He it is who died to make thee
One of heaven's rejoicing band.

" ' Daughter, know thy full salvation,
All thy kindred thou shalt meet,
Every tongue and every nation
Shall thy ransomed spirit greet.
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Shall be crowned with bliss above,
All their sins by Christ forgiven —
Daughter, has HE not thy LOVE ?'

" O, how vain were each endeavor,
Blessed Saviour, to convey
By the power of language, ever,
What my grateful heart would say !
All who know thee must adore thee,
None can name thee but to praise;
Souls must melt like wax before thee,
When thy love its power displays."

The last words, though uttered with a sweet distinctness, had a faint and tremulous accent. The uplifted hands sunk gently upon her bosom, the flush of agitated joy disappeared from her cheek, her dark eyes closed, and her spirit was in heaven.

LEGEND OF THE ISLE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

THERE is a legend connected with the little isle which Miss Edgarton has so faithfully and beautifully described, that any further account of its peculiarities would be, at my hands, but a work of supererogation; — a legend, which, though distinguished by no particular moral, may, nevertheless, possess interest to those who have a love for the romantic, or for the scenery of "the river of the hills."

Many years ago, — soon after the dreadful butcheries at Wyoming, — there resided on the western bank of the Susquehanna, near where the sweet village of T. now stands, three Indian families, of the almost extinct tribe of Delawares; the most important of whom was an aged chief, and his only child Ameta, or the Evening Star. These isolated people held little communication with their haughty neighbors, the whites, whose prejudices were at times so bitter that they considered an Indian little better than the beast that perishes. They sold them moccasins and baskets, and there the intercourse ended, — except with the daughter of the chief.

This young squaw was so very beautiful and guileless, that the girls of the village were fond of having her with them in their rambles through the yet unsettled country. There was a little selfishness in this. Ameta was acquainted with every rood of ground within the circumference of ten miles. She knew where all the best prospects were to be obtained. She knew where were the finest beds of winterberries, the coolest

springs, the richest clusters of rock-laurel and honey-suckle, and, more than all, she was ever ready to row them, in a moment, to the Isle of the Susquehanna, in her little red canoe, whenever they were in want of particularly fine blue-bells and adder-tongue, for flower-pots.

There was something peculiarly sweet and tender in the disposition of Ameta. She was susceptible of the purest and most ardent attachments of our nature, and to oblige was with her an impulse quick as thought. But beneath it all lurked the inherent, indomitable pride of the Indian. Ameta would have died to serve a friend, — she would also have died to sustain the dignity of the aboriginal character. She had one warm, steadfast friend, in Lucy Lanning, the daughter of the most wealthy and aristocratic man on the river. Lucy loved the "wild girl," as she called her, with all a sister's affection. Lucy's brother, unfortunately, loved her with more than a brother's affection.

Somers Lanning had spent some years at the east in acquiring an education, not easily obtained in a new country; and when he returned, the picturesque beauty of the young Indian excited the highest admiration of his romantic mind, — an admiration which soon deepened into the most passionate, absorbing love. Ameta was not wholly uneducated. Lucy Lanning had taught her the first rudiments of learning, and her own intuitive perception of the useful and beautiful, taught her the rest. She was a scholar. I speak in the sense attached to the word by the first settlers in those early days. Young Lanning contrived to have Ameta included in all the rustic excursions of the village, much to the secret dissatisfaction of the young ladies, who, all at once, discovered in the unoffending girl many imperfections, and the open disapproval of his father, who more than suspected the state of his son's heart.

It was an evening in spring, — one of those soft, delicious evenings which come but in lovely May, with its air of mel-

ody and skies of deepest blue. There was a little sailing-party upon the river, and Ameta was among them. She was unusually animated, for Somers Lanning had found opportunity to whisper a word of warm admiration in her ear; and where is the woman, savage or civilized, who ever resisted the influence of sincere admiration, from one beloved? Ameta sung several songs, with thrilling effect, both in her own and the English tongue, as their canoes danced over the rippling water toward the fairy isle. Her rich, untutored voice rose and fell with each bound of the boat, and Somers thought such strains could only proceed from a heart overflowing with the warm poetry of untrammeled nature. The canoes made, as if by instinct, for the "slant old sycamore" at the cove, where the party landed and separated, to roam at will over various parts of the island. Somers and Ameta kept along the pebbly beach, until they reached a wild old tree, called the "Mammoth Sycamore,"— a tree whose trunk measures forty-five feet in circumference, — where they sat themselves down, amid the odor of violets and sweet fern, to listen to the sobbing waves as they rushed up like things of life to their very feet. With a deep and trembling voice Somers Lanning poured forth the story of his strong, unchanging love. There were no words of reply; but the warm tears that fell upon his hand, as Ameta, with bowed head, listened to his eloquent pleadings, told him that the heart of the maiden was his. One moment of deep, unbreathed, undisturbed bliss, — such as is known but once in a long life, — succeeded, when Somers broke the silence by adverting to the unjust prejudices of his father against the Indians, and proposed deferring their marriage until he was independent of him; or, — and this he was prepared to urge, — of having it solemnized immediately, in secret.

Suddenly, with a faint cry, as if an adder had stung her, Ameta sprang to her feet. The branches of the old sycamore parted above her head, and let down the light of the full moon upon her queen-like person. Her black hair was parted in

the middle of her intellectual forehead, and its heavy braids confined with a band of ingeniously-woven red feathers, which terminated at the left ear in long tassels of crimson silk. A white slip, fastened at the waist with a rich belt of wampum, descended to within a few inches of the glittering moccasin, and over these was thrown a trailing robe of black velvet, edged with the finest otter, and musical when stirred with the tinkling of many a rare shell and carved stone.

Such was the attire of Ameta, on the evening which was, to her, at once the happiest and most miserable of her existence. A deep flush passed over her face, as she stood with her large, intensely black eyes fixed upon her lover, but it was succeeded by a deadly paleness. There was a slight movement of the scornful mouth, as if she were about to speak, but no words came from her parted lips; and ere Lanning could recover from his surprise, she had disappeared among the wild old trees.

From that evening, Ameta shut herself in the wigwam of her father. The bright sun and happy birds tempted her not out, as they ever before had done, to wander amid the flowers and trees that surrounded her dwelling. Her moccasins and beautifully-wrought willow baskets were seen no more in market, though often inquired for. No smile again visited her eye, — her cheek paled, — she was hastening to the land of shadows.

Often did Lucy, the gentle Lucy, visit her; but her presence was unheeded, — the victim never spoke or looked up. Deeply did the Lanning family regret the fate of her whom one word had "sufficed to kill." The haughty father himself relented, when he saw the bitter anguish of his son, and even consented to have his family "disgraced" by their immediate marriage. To the all-affectionate, all-hoping Lucy was assigned the task of reconciliation, and she flew to the dwelling of her friend with a glad heart; but her message, like everything else, was disregarded, and the poor martyr was left to her fate.

* * * * * *

"Father," said Ameta, one bright morning, — it was the first time she had spoken since the fatal eve, — "father, I am going home! Bury me, by moonlight, beneath the big sycamore of the island, — BURY ME BY MOONLIGHT!"

* * * * * *

There was the dull, melancholy sound of muffled oars that evening, upon the placid waters of the Susquehanna; a few canoes glided slowly towards the fairy isle, but one lingered far behind. It contained no "sable sail," but within it was a heart upon whom the blackness of darkness seemed to have settled forever. Somers Lanning and his sister arrived at the place of burial in season to breathe one low prayer above the remains of her they so deeply loved, and scatter a few fresh flowers upon the sequestered grave.

Soon after these events, the remaining Indians removed to the west, and the Lanning family was broken up by the death of the father. Lucy married and moved to New York, and Somers travelled into foreign parts.

* * * * * *

Thirty years from this time, an aged man was seen wending his way along the banks of the Susquehanna, in search of a habitation in which to spend the remainder of his days. He at length fixed upon a small, retired cottage near the village of T., and was seldom seen out, except on Sundays, when he always preached to the poor of the village and surrounding country. The people asked his name, and he told them to call him the "Minister." This was all they had to satisfy a curiosity which was considerably increased by observing him every Sabbath afternoon, fine weather or foul, to visit the fairy isle. And whoever happened there the next day, discovered fresh flowers beneath the boughs of the mammoth sycamore.

Several years passed by without any clue to these singular circumstances; and people had learned to deeply love the venerable man, whose only desire seemed the extension of his Master's kingdom, and the comfort and spiritual welfare

of the poor and sorrowful, when he was discovered one morning in a sitting posture beneath the mammoth sycamore. His head, with its long, white hair o'ershadowing his face, was resting upon his knees, as if in a pleasant sleep. A few dying flowers were dangling from his clasped hands, — a tastefully-wrought but much worn willow basket contained some more at his feet; and beside him, with a pen-knife pointing to the words, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," was his pocket Bible, saturated with the dews of heaven. They spake to him, but he answered not; they parted the snowy locks from his face — he was dead! They buried him there beneath the old sycamore; they buried him there by moonlight, — for his papers had revealed his name, and the story of his sorrowful love; and they thought he would rest more sweetly beside her whose untimely death had widowed his heart for life. They buried him there by moonlight, with but the quiet stars watching them, and the eddying waters singing a mournful lullaby.

Peaceful be the rest of the sleepers beneath that wild old tree! The lark breathes his earliest melody above their heads, — the whip-poor-will and plaintive katy-did sing in a low wail of sadness a requiem to departed worth; while the wild winds and wilder waves of the daughter of the mountains chant around them an eternal hymn!

Peaceful be the rest of the sleepers beneath that wild old tree! For their spirits have entered the mansion of their God; — they have met, and they shall never part; they have drank, and they shall never thirst! The tie that was so rudely severed here hath been reünited, and the sorrows of a few short days have been rewarded by an eternity of bliss!

PEACEFUL BE THE REST OF THE SLEEPERS BENEATH THAT WILD OLD TREE!

1840.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

'THE little dear is gone," sobbed the nurse, as the last quivering breath died away from the lips of the sufferer. "I am glad his troubles are over at last. Bring in his mother.'

A small, pale woman came hurriedly through the door, and, clasping the still warm corpse convulsively to her breast, she covered its little open eyes, its lips, its hands, its blue little feet with innumerable kisses, and then burst into a loud wail of uncontrollable grief.

"Do not take on so, Mrs. R.," said a tall, hard-featured woman in attendance; "we must all die some time or other; and, my mind is, the younger the better."

"Compose yourself, my love," whispered the bereaved father, with a strong effort. "Do consider your health."

But they might as well have refrained. The *mother* heeded nothing but her dead child, and shriek after shriek burst from her agonized heart, as she gazed on his blue lustreless eyes, and felt his little limbs stiffening in her grasp. It was a touching scene, and such as the sun probably beholds, in some part of our vast globe, every day. Thankful indeed should we be that we have not an equal power of vision.

Four years had Mrs. R. been a wife, and two years of that time a mother. Those years had been all sunshine. Her husband was rich, moral, devoted; her child sprightly, a general favorite, and deeply attached to his mother. Happy creature! She had not thought of death, — but death had thought of her. The little boy was uncommonly healthy from his birth; he had never known a day's illness, until a week previous to his death, when he was attacked with dropsy of the brain, and so dreadful were the paroxysms incident to that disease, that they were obliged to force the frantic mother from his side, nor permit her to return till the dread conflict was over; when the scene which I have just described took place.

It was with the greatest difficulty that we tore from her the beloved object long enough to prepare its delicate limbs for burial. Neighbor after neighbor dropped in, in the course of the morning, to offer assistance and consolation; and each new face caused in the mourner a fresh outburst of grief. Some begged her to resign herself to the will of God; others offered a few common-places of comfort; others, still, told her 't was wrong to murmur against Providence, as it had an undoubted right to recall what it had bestowed; and two or three — the most sensible, I thought, of the number — said nothing at all, but shed a few tears over the babe and went their way. The day wore heavily away. The violent sorrow of the miserable mother had subsided into a kind of apathetic despair, and she sat most of the time with her head resting on the cold bosom of her babe, without observing anything that passed around her.

Towards evening a carriage stopped at the door, and a lady, richly clad and of very prepossessing appearance, alighted and unceremoniously entered. She seated herself beside Mrs. R., took her passive hand, and, in one of the sweetest and most plaintive voices I ever heard, exclaimed, "My dear sister, though thou knowest me not, I have come hither to sympathize with thee. I, too, have lost my first-born." These words seemed electrical. The mourner threw her arms around the stranger's neck, and long did they mingle their tears and sobs together. "Yes, I, too, have lost my first-born," repeated the lady, when the torrent of grief had somewhat subsided; "and many times since have I had reason to thank Providence for calling him in the happy, sinless dawning of life, ere one drop of bitterness had mingled in his joyous cup. Nay, he was just such another dear little lamb as your own, and he loved me to idolatry. It nearly cost me my life parting with him. But Heaven be praised for the bitter trial! It was my salvation. It drew me nearer my Saviour, — it taught me to sympathize in the afflictions of others, and made me more useful in society. It caused me

to search the Scriptures and ascertain for myself the foundation of my hopes of immortality. And, ever since, my soul has been at rest. I know that my Redeemer liveth. I know that no *actual harm* can befall those who trust in him. And I also know, my dear, stricken sister, that my child and thine both live in his presence. And could thy agonized spirit for one instant imagine the deep bliss of all upon whom the unveiled glory of the Lamb of God doth shine, thy tears would be changed to smiles of exultation." * * * *

The stranger arose to go. The mother also arose. Together they approached the shrouded clay, and turned back the linen from its pallid face. The expression of pain and grief, which the death-struggle left upon the features, had disappeared, and in its place was that calm, sweet light which so often illumines the face of the dead, and for whose existence no arrangement of the features can account. Long did they gaze upon the beautiful face, — doubly beautiful in death, — and the tears of the mother fell fast and thick upon it; but they were no longer tears of despair. "I bless thee, O my God," exclaimed she passionately, "for all things! I blessed thee when thou gavest me this precious babe. I now bless thee that thou hast taken him unto thyself. For all things do I bless thee, O my God!"

Her eyes were raised to heaven, and a radiance, such as rested on the face of the sleeping child, irradiated her countenance. The cold-hearted sceptic would have called it the excitement of fanaticism. The phrenologist *might* have pronounced it the result of an increased action of the organs of marvellousness and veneration; but *we*, who *saw* it, *felt* that it was the descent of the Holy Ghost; and we knew that the mourner would sorrow no longer as one without hope.

1841.

THE BAPTISM OF TEARS.

It was a bright Sabbath morning in June, that I started with my cousins for meeting, — I cannot say church, for churches in that new country were, at the time I speak of, unknown; there was not even a school-house within three miles. Consequently the minister, who had happened along the day before, was expected to hold forth in the most central private house in the neighborhood, situated about two miles from the uncle's whom I was visiting for the first time in my life.

In order to avoid the fatigue of a hasty walk, we started an hour and a half before the time of meeting, which was ten o'clock. I shall never forget that delightful walk; we took a road which had once been a highway, but, on account of a "shorter cut" made by the inhabitants, it had remained untrodden for some time, except by those who were fond of enjoying undisturbed the sweet revelations of nature. It was very wide, and covered with short green grass, of such velvet softness that fairies might have sought the spot for their evening promenade. On one side were deep, dark, interminable woods, composed of old giant trees, their outstretched arms covered with dewy leaves, and slightly elevated with every motion of the breeze, as if whispering a prayer for the sunbeams to shine more warmly upon them. From their crooked trunks depended long festoons of moss, that swung to and fro with a wavy, solemn motion, like the beard of ancient dervishes; and at their feet mingled the sere leaves of the past season with the newly-blown flowers of the present, as mingle the youths and patriarchs of human life.

Far, far away, amid those old veterans of the forest, might be seen wild arbors of laurel and honeysuckle, from whose pale pink cups arose clouds of delicious fragrance. And many a tall, slender sapling was bowed by the broad-leafed grape, and scarlet bitter-sweet, till its topmost branches kissed

the ground. The spirit of beauty had, on that holy morn, laid her hand on everything around us.

On the other side of the road, and but a few steps from it, ran, in a parallel line, one of those clear, sparkling brooks, which ever make so beautiful a feature in woodland scenery. Its bed was a strata of slate rock, sufficiently uneven to draw from the little wanderer that delicious murmur, half-querulous, half-melancholy, which no sound on earth can successfully imitate. In places the irregularity amounted to a kind of mimic precipice, over which the bright waves sprang with a joyous outburst of melody, as if glad to break the monotony of their morning hymn. The roots of many an old tree were washed white in this little streamlet, and the pale-green mosses crept down, to fill their tiny cups with the spray that fell in misty showers above them, gemming with pearly drops rich clusters of wild rose, and prickly goose-brier. The little brook was our companion the whole way; sometimes wandering a little out of sight, but again returning to us with its thrilling song; like the friend, whom misunderstanding may cause, for a moment, to diverge, but can never wholly estrange.

We had little conversation on the way. Now and then, when we came to some particularly romantic spot, my cousins would wish they had brought along Childe Harold; and we occasionally burst into ecstatic exclamations at the carol of some melodious bird, or when the leafy screen above us allowed the sunbeams to fall in unusual splendor upon our path.

With all our loitering, we arrived before the time of meeting. The house in which it was holden was an old one, built of hewn logs, and contained two square rooms in front, with an entry between, and a kitchen and two bed-rooms back. The room into which we were ushered, by a little boy at the door, presented a very cool and picturesque appearance. The cracks between the logs were pasted over with strips of clean newspaper; and, wherever there was a

nail or opening in the edge of the roof, rich festoons of evergreen and freshly-gathered laurel were placed in delightful relief to the rude walls. One small broken looking-glass and two windows were ornamented in the same manner. In one corner of the room was an old-fashioned clock, standing *on* a tall green case, and embellished with a yellow, fat-faced sun, just rising above the figures. In another was a red cupboard, containing three rows of bright pewter plates, set up edge-wise, a dozen spoons, with the handles thrust through holes in the shelves, made there for the purpose, and two large platters, a coffee and tea-pot, of the same material, shining brightly below. Seats of pine boards, upon blocks, ran round the room, and a few splint-bottomed chairs, for the old people, stood in the centre. The oak floor had been scoured until the boards were white as the snowy sand sprinkled in such profusion upon them; the long Dutch fireplace, running nearly across the room, was filled with pine-bushes, intermingled with box-wood and june-berry, — the white flowers and crimson berries contrasting beautifully with the dark-green verdure surrounding them. On the wide hearth stood a small oak table, covered with snowy home-made linen, on which was a family Bible, and a bowl of clear water from the spring which ran bubbling and sparkling at the door. This spot was evidently intended for the minister, who had not arrived.

But three or four people were there on our entrance; and it was my lot to get seated quite near two elderly ladies, who were so earnestly engaged in conversation as not to heed my approach. I was therefore compelled, willing or unwilling, to listen to their talk, which, though carried on in a low voice, was evidently waxing warm when I reached them.

"I say," said the one nearest me, with a sprinkling, I thought, of anger in her tones; "I say, what is the use of all this mummery, after all? What better will this blind

woman's baby be, after the priest has dedicated it, as you term the ceremony? Or what better will she be?"

"I cannot foresee," replied the other, mildly, "what effect it *may* have, because I cannot read hereafter events; I can only say what effect it is *designed* to have, — what it has had upon others, — and what I think it will have upon them."

"Well!"

"Well, I think the ceremony will make the young mother realize, more fully than anything else can, the deep gratitude she owes *Him* who hath lent her so many blessings, more particularly the blessing of so lovely a child. The solemnity of the scene will impress her mind with the greatness of maternal responsibility; it will leave upon her heart a never-failing picture of the innocent child and guiding parent; and the promise she thus publicly, but tacitly, makes her Master, to bring it up in his nurture and admonition, cannot but influence her to a more watchful and tender care of its moral and religious interests."

"Well, it may be so, but I doubt it; besides, I think our denomination is trying too much to ape the fashionable religious world. I suppose the next step will be the one of forming a church, and partaking the Sacrament."

"I sincerely hope so," was the answer; "for, although I would, as much as any one, dislike to have our order *ape* orthodoxy, or infidelity, as a matter of obsequious fashion, I would equally dislike to see them, from narrow prejudices, discarding measures which, in two hundred years, would make *our* religion the religion of the world; measures, too, which the New Testament not only allows, but, in the minds of many, requires; measures which our own, and the experience of ages, prove to have kept even a bad cause from sinking, and whose effects, any one may see, have been good, and only good continually. Even if the Bible did not require these things, as our peculiar state of society warrants us in doing many things which were not, in the olden days,

necessary, and we do them, and think no harm therein, I know not why people should feel hostile towards two or three harmless and exceedingly impressive ceremonies, which they cannot deny having been immensely beneficial."

"We do it because they foster self-righteousness; we do not like to see people trying to make the world believe them a great deal better than they are, and, in effect, saying pharisaically to others, 'Stand back, for I am holier than thou!'"

"But what reason have you to suppose we thus feel? Have our words or conduct ever warranted you in thinking us desirous of mere empty, deceptive show? And have you a right to impugn our motives without evidence? You would call it unchristian if we should treat you thus in return; you would think it very hard if I should say you have come to meeting to-day merely to make people think you a little better than you really are, — a little better than some of your neighbors, who have chosen to stay at home."

"Well, I withdraw my accusation against your sincerity; but I will not give up my bad opinion of the priest so readily. I believe priestcraft is at the bottom of all these mummeries. The ministers are determined to get the power into their own hands; they are determined to have a dash at the 'loaves and fishes,' and, to effect this, are leading people blind-folded back into all the rituals of popery."

"My dear Mrs. R., how *can* you talk thus; and particularly about our poor, self-sacrificing clergy, who have left profitable trades and professions, to preach among the erring and sinful the despised Gospel of our Lord, with scarcely the prospect of thereby obtaining bread for their families; and none of whom have ever, by *preaching*, obtained more than a competence, and that often given grudgingly, and more as a matter of alms than justice? I have no doubt that one quarter, at least, of our ministers through the United States, receive scarcely enough to feed and clothe them decently; leaving out of the account the books they

should purchase for the improvement of their minds, the conveniences of travelling to benefit destitute societies, and the yearly amount they *ought* to be able to lay up for their families, if they have them, against hard times, sickness, and the like; while, I presume, there are many at this moment who have not where to lay their heads, and could scarcely muster money to bear them a week's journey, for dear life. *Priestcraft*, indeed! People-craft, you should have said; for the truth is, the word priestcraft has been bandied from mouth to mouth, until our people are afraid of their own shadows; and our ministers, instead of being the servants of one Master, are obliged to become the slaves of many tyrannical people, or leave the ministry altogether. The latter alternative some have, I had almost said *wisely*, preferred. I know those who cannot take a step towards *any* measure for a more perfect organization and improvement, without incurring the charge of trying to aggrandize themselves, or of getting power for pecuniary purposes; men who get small salaries, of inconvenient payment, and yet have no more liberty of speech and action, than if living under an inquisitorial government. Is this making the laborer worthy of his hire? Is this giving the vine-dresser a chance to prune his Master's vineyard? Believe me, Mrs. R., you should never pronounce the fruit of a tree bad, before you can discover a flaw in either its leaves or blossoms. Even if our ministers *should* take it into their heads to gull the people for their own emolument, is it at all likely, with all these argus eyes about them, they could succeed? Is it probable that when the flame of jealousy is constantly breaking out without a cause, that a *reason* for offence *could* pass by unnoticed? Fie, fie, Mrs. R., on your priestcraft! Do consider our poor ministers what they really are, — honest, toiling disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, who labor by day, and study by night, to ameliorate the condition of men, and fill the world with the glorious hope of immortality, with scarcely a thought for themselves."

"Well, even if you are right in your opinion of the ministers, which, mind, I do not acknowledge, I don't see why you should insist upon the organization of churches; the spirit should be *free*, — untrammelled by the creeds and devices of men. If the people read their Bibles, and go to meeting, I should think that sufficient."

"For some, perhaps, it is; but for me, and, I believe, most others, it is, I assure you, insufficient. I need not point out to you the importance of close church or society organization, if you will but look around you a moment, and observe the effect of association and organization in everything else, — in the cause of temperance, — politics, — in *everything* where a great object is to be attained. I certainly would advocate freedom as strongly as yourself, but not freedom without order; the mind is never in greater bondage than when it is ungoverned. France was never in so despicable a state of servitude as when every man undertook to be his own governor, without any regard to organization. Our forefathers did well to trample British creeds and British chains under foot, but would they have done well to substitute nothing in their place? Would they have done well without senate, without laws, without officers? But it is folly to speak of this farther; there is not an argument in the world against it. Of its effect upon us individually, I may say that we have neither of us yet to learn that our senses were given us for use; that they are the avenues to the soul, and that we must ever, in this world, be more or less affected by outward impressions; the body cannot get along without the soul, nor the soul without the body; they are helpers to each other. Now the very act of joining a church will leave an impression which cannot be easily effaced; we publicly profess ourselves believers in Christianity, and feel measurably responsible to the world, as well as the Master whose service we enter, for the fulfilment of the Gospel requirements. In addition to this there is formed a tie, — a palpable tie, — between the members, which links

them all in one kindly brother and sisterhood, zealous for each other's moral improvement and happiness, and rejoicing over every wanderer admitted to their Master's fold. But I will not dilate upon this subject, dear as it is to my heart, but turn to the ceremony you so much dislike; that is, of the celebration of the Eucharist. But first I would say, with St. Paul, in such matters, 'Let every one be fully persuaded in his own mind, and let not one be a stumbling-block to another.' Every one should have the privilege of believing and acting according to his own convictions in such cases, without the persecution of even harsh words. There is, certainly, a doubt whether this ceremony was originally designed to continue through all generations of Christians, although I am inclined to think it was. It was enjoined and practised by the apostles; and, had any bad effects from the rite been foreseen, it would undoubtedly have been discarded at once. That it has a purifying and happifying effect, I can testify from my own experience; I have, a few times in my life, had an opportunity of attending to this ordinance, and must say that the tender, solemn enjoyment of the ceremony exceeds anything I had ever imagined. Nor did the impression wear away on leaving the table; it was a bright amulet about my heart, accompanying me home, guarding me against temptation, and enlarging my affections towards all mankind."

"But, if you continue this old Jewish rite, why not introduce the whole Mosaic code? Ay, and the papal too?"

"Because most of the Jewish rituals were abolished by our Saviour; but this, if it was Jewish, was sanctioned by him, and practised by the apostles. The popish ceremonies are, many of them, not only useless, but idolatrous; besides, a great number of forms is apt to render religion cold and unspiritual; and, with none at all, is equally liable to wax cold, and at length decay. It should be the philosophy of the true Christian to avoid each extreme; common sense always teaches us to do thus in other matters, why not in

religion? We are ever crying '*a medium, a medium*,' in worldly things."

A slight bustle, and a confusion of voices at the door, prevented my hearing the reply to the last word, greatly to my regret. Presently the whisper of "the minister" ran around the room; and a tall, middle-aged man, with a pleasant countenance, entered, and took his seat at the oak table, by the hearth. The house was soon thronged with people; and, in a few minutes after the noise had subsided, the minister arose, to commence services. His face was very intellectual, though a good deal browned by exposure to the elements; and his mild blue eye seemed to say that the love of God and his fellow-men dwelt deeply in his soul. As he rose, a small door near him opened, from which a young, hale-looking man emerged, leading by the arm a fairy being, with a young babe, clad in white, clasped closely to her bosom. I gazed enraptured on the sweet pale face of the young mother, thus early approaching the altar, to consecrate to the Father she loved and worshipped, the first young lamb of her bosom. Her features were delicately chiselled, and their complexion exceedingly fair, but her eyes were closed, and I saw that the light of this bright world would never again visit them. She was blind! A sweet flush of emotion passed over her face as she approached the table. She listened, with bowed head, to the words of the minister, on the importance of early religious culture; but her lip quivered; and, as he raised the bowl for the baptism, the intensity of her feelings could no longer be suppressed, and a torrent of tears fell from those sightless orbs, on the upturned face of the sweet creature who lay smiling and crowing in her arms. The minister paused; a few tears fell from his own dark lashes, and he said, in a very low, but distinct voice,—"YOUNG MOTHER! THERE NEEDS NOT THE DROPS OF THIS BOWL TO SANCTIFY THY BABE! THE TEARS OF THINE OWN PURE HEART HAVE BAPTIZED HIM IN THE NAME OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. LET US PRAY."

THE SACRIFICE.

A CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

I HAD been nearly a year settled in the city of Z., before I became acquainted at the house of Deacon Daniel Cummings, although he was the very corner-stone of our outward temple, having built the meeting-house at his own entire expense, been chiefly instrumental in getting up revivals, by which our members were generally obtained, establishing Sabbath schools, and rooting out of our councils every weed of heresy that dared show its head; or, in other words, in crushing, with an iron heel, the monster LIBERALITY. And no man was ever better calculated to carry his points, in all religious undertakings, than the good deacon. In the first place, he was *very* wealthy. This gave great *solidity* to his opinions with the multitude. Secondly, he possessed a persevering zeal, which, if not according to knowledge, was deprived, on that account, of none of its fervency. And this principle, set in motion by early prejudice, that great moving wheel in the grand structure of fanaticism, made him a very Samson among the Philistines of Z. None could gainsay or resist him. If he said, "Let there be a revival," there was a revival. If he said, "The Saybrook platform is without fault or blemish," where was the being rash enough to contradict him? Such was Deacon Cummings; and, with my then views and feelings, he was to me, as to others, an object of wonder and admiration.

I could hardly account to myself how I had resisted so many urgent solicitations to visit his beautiful residence, which was only one mile from town. One reason, I believe, was, that, being young in the ministry, it took up considerable of my time to prepare lectures suitable for the ears of a large and somewhat difficult audience. Another was, — though I was too proud to own it even to myself, — that Mr. Cummings was always accompanied to church by a couple of beautiful

daughters, twins; and being no "ladies' man" at all, as the phrase is, I heartily dreaded a tête-à-tête with those lovely girls, although one of them was a member of my church. But the deacon became at length importunate, and would hear excuses no longer. I accordingly found myself one morning stepping very courageously into my sulky, for a drive to Three Hills, as the deacon's residence was called, from the circumstance of three very singular hills, something of the form of pyramids, shooting up within a short distance of the central building. It would puzzle any one to find, either in nature or imagination, a lovelier spot than Three Hills. Its numerous buildings were arranged in such a manner as to give it, at a distance, the appearance of a little villa, shut out from the commotions of a wicked world, — a sweet paradise for humble and pious hearts. I involuntarily checked my horse, as we reached an eminence from whence I could enjoy an uninterrupted prospect; for I was then one of Nature's most ardent worshippers.

The hills were nearly in the centre of a large and rather irregular plain, whose borders were skirted with a variety of handsome forest trees, which the woodsman had probably wanted heart to destroy. The loftiest of these prominences was crowned with a clump of beautiful cedars, whose lofty tops seemed a resting-place for the clouds. The second in height had nothing remarkable in its appearance, save a perpendicular ledge of blood-colored rock, whose dark cavities were nearly obscured by tendrils of the ivy and wild grape. But the last, and smallest, possessed some peculiarities upon which the eye could not fail of resting in sweet, though sorrowful, contemplation. A narrow road communicating with the broad gravel-walk which led to the mansion, and shaded each side with thrifty young locusts, wound round this little hill until it reached the summit, and opened a small enclosure, containing two plain, marble grave-stones, and a white cottage, which stood, like Alciphron's love-bower and tomb, side by side. A short distance from this repository of the

"loved and lost," were seen two large and flourishing trees, though of very different appearance, — the one being a dense weeping-willow, whose tearful branches waved silently above the sleepers; the other a lofty fir, with its dark arms, like the turrets of a watch-tower, flung aloft to the skies. An excellent device, thought I; a beautiful emblem of the sorrow which clings to the buried dust, and the hope which pointeth to heaven; a beautiful emblem of death and immortality. I could have lingered long upon this interesting scene, and the reflections it naturally suggested; but the deacon had seen me with his spy-glass from the window, and was already opening the gate for my admittance. He expressed much pleasure at beholding me, and soon engrossed me so much in conversation that I had hardly an opportunity of glancing at the beautiful arbors, grottos and artificial fountains, with which the gardens through which we passed were decorated.

I did not find the Miss Cummings half so formidable as I had anticipated. They were certainly very elegant and accomplished girls; but they were frank and social, and entirely free from that affected reserve which puts to flight the power, as well as desire, of intimate acquaintance. There was a striking similarity in the features and expression of their faces, as is usually the case with twins; but one three days' visit convinced me that their minds were dissimilar. Harriet was one of earth's happiest creatures, — all imagination, kindness and light-heartedness; unaddicted to deep and conclusive thought, but with a well-stored memory, and a heart overflowing with pure and gentle affections. Helen, the least handsome of the two, — I quote public opinion, — was by no means a being of sorrow; but possessing a quicker penetration than her sister, and taking a deep interest in the happiness of all around her, whether known or unknown, the various scenes of hopeless misery which came so frequently under her observation, had given to her pale, sweet face, young as it was, a tinge of that tender melancholy which seldom fails to affect an amiable and sensitive heart. Yet was she not deficient in

the more shining qualities of the mind. She was gifted with a calm and winning dignity of manner, which "every eye followed with benisons;" and if she made fewer professions of attachment to her friends than many others, the strength of that attachment was never doubted by those that knew her. Such were the two sisters. The one resembling a wild cascade, flinging out its light and beauty in glad murmurs to the laughing sun; the other a subterranean stream, casting up no boisterous waves, but hushing its low, sweet music in its own silver depths.

I spent a most delightful day at Three Hills, and it may easily be guessed that my *first* visit was not my *last*. No; I found too much congeniality of taste and sentiment to allow me to remain long a stranger, or even casual visitor. I soon became a constant one. And do you wonder at this, dear reader? Now, without inquiring into your right to be indulged in such equivocal curiosity, I will frankly confess that I was operated upon by two causes, in my visits at Three Hills. In the first place, I was not long in discovering that the favor and approbation of the good deacon was equivalent to that of the whole religious world of Z. Of course his good will was a matter of some importance. Secondly, I learned, in a much less period, that one look of kindness from Helen, the beautiful, dark-eyed Helen, was sufficient to create a world of itself in my heart. The feelings of that heart I had long neglected to analyze; and when the reckoning did come, I was astonished to find so small a thing so very complicated. Its motions even to me, its owner, were perfectly mysterious. I had, at the age of twenty-one, that most susceptible season, been thrown in the way of two very fascinating women, one of whom was a fair-haired daughter of my own native state, the other a converted Jewess, who was beautiful and talented as the Rebecca of Ivanhoe; but I escaped unscathed.

I afterwards boarded three years in the same house with a West India heiress, whose immense wealth was considered

the very least of her attractions, and who condescended to treat me with marked deference. I was still heart-whole; — my friends added, "heart-hardened." And I almost concurred in their opinions, when, after listening to the wild warbling of Harriet Cummings' voice at the piano, and drinking the light of her bewildering smile, I detected no answering tone among the harp-strings of feeling. But my hour came at last. The kneeling form of Helen at the hour of evening devotion, the tremulous earnestness of her dark-blue eye,

> "As through its raised and moistened lids
> It sought the spirit throne,"

produced a sensation which convinced me the "star of my heaven" was revealed; and, like Zoroaster, I bowed in rapt admiration before it.

There is no denying it, — love is the universal talisman — the magician of all hearts. Its empire is human nature, and profession offers no bar to its despotic extravagances.

The acknowledgment of my affection for that gentle and high-minded girl was more like the confession of a despairing criminal than the suit of a trusting lover. It partook neither of hope nor fear, for of these I had not thought. It was simply an involuntary and unreserved outpouring of my soul's warm admiration, — a releasing of pent-up sympathies, of wild and dream-like thoughts. I asked, I expected, nothing in return. But the generous being, to whom I confided my heart's dearest secret, understood better the wishes of that heart. She spoke not of love, but she acknowledged sincere regard, and —— and she consented to be mine. O, the happy days of our betrothment! Bear with me, dear reader, if I linger a moment in that sunniest spot of my existence, — that one green isle 'mid the turbulent waters of a long and wearisome life. The lovely Helen little suspected the depth of my idolatry. I would not have had her for worlds; she would have shrunk from me in terror. She knew not that her sweet

image continually hovered between me and heaven; that she was ever present to my mind in seasons of contemplation, and even prayer. She knew not that my increasing perseverance in pastoral duties was chiefly to gain favor in her sight; and that the overpowering eloquence, which gained me such bursts of applause, was wrung from a heart more deeply consecrated to her than to that Divine Master whose name so often trembled on my lips. Such was the mad worship of my love; and bitterly, bitterly was I punished for disobeying the first and great commandment.

Time passed on. Our sky was still unclouded. We strayed through the green fields of Three Hills with light and happy hearts. We lingered amid the melancholy beauties of the cottage grave-yard. We bent together over the inspired pages of holy writ. We mingled our voices in the vesper hymn, and at the altar of family devotion. But the fall drew near, and Deacon Cummings thought it time to propose the renewal of a right spirit among the churches. The reader is sufficiently acquainted with the character of the deacon, to anticipate the result. A revival was soon in operation in Z., and never did I know a greater excitement. Every visage suddenly underwent a longitudinal extension; every mind seemed depressed. All labor was suspended; the children were seen kneeling in groups in the corners of the streets, and the aged and the middle-aged collected in praying-circles, with countenances which seemed to forebode some impending calamity. And a calamity was impending. Harriet Cummings, unlike her sister, had ever resisted the influences of the Holy Spirit. Not that she could be called really irreligious. The doctrines of the blessed Redeemer, the ceremonies of his visible church, were sacred in her eyes; but, agreeably to her own admission, their beautifying principles were not, as with Helen, the streams from whence every thought, and word, and action of her life issued. She had not "given herself to God," as the saying was in those days. She still loved the carnal allurements of the world better than the things of the kingdom.

She loved gay company. She loved the theatre, and was often known to prefer a tête-à-tête with some of Sir Walter Scott's heroines in her own little room, to the sober salutations of pious sisters at the house of prayer. The deacon often remonstrated, and with harshness, as was his manner; but it affected her not. Helen entreated and prayed. We both of us prayed for her, and with her. Still it availed nothing. For though she listened with the utmost sweetness to all we said to her, — nay, would sometimes even weep at the anxiety we manifested for her eternal welfare, — she, nevertheless, continued the same happy child of nature, until the revival of which I have spoken, when a change suddenly became visible in her appearance.

A preacher from a great distance, by the name of ——, conducted the meetings, and he was the most powerful revivalist I ever knew. Harriet attended his meetings strictly. She soon became thoughtful, then melancholy, and was, at last, carried home in a state of insanity. Two days and nights did Helen and myself watch by her bedside, and dreadful were the ravings to which we were obliged to listen. On the third day, towards evening, she became calm. She called us both to her. She spoke of her past life as one of bitter rebellion, one that deserved not forgiveness; "and," added she, "it will never obtain forgiveness. Do not weep, Helen. Have you not always said we should be resigned? I am resigned. I have seen the great book of fate, my sister. Thy name was written among the blessed few who are chosen to minister through a long eternity at the throne of the Almighty, while mine was on the dark and blotted list of the damned! Yes, we shall be separated, Helen; but do not weep so sadly now, — save your tears till the day of judgment, when the mighty King shall frown me down to the pit. I can bear them then, for my heart will be harder. But now I must sleep. Leave me, Helen, for my head is very heavy;" and she clasped her hands across her swollen eyes. We left the room. Helen went below to her father, while I thought

it more prudent to remain in an adjoining chamber. I listened some time at the door, but could hear nothing save an occasional half-breathed sigh, as of one in an uneasy slumber. I took a book and retired to a distant window. I had read through several pages, and quite forgotten my fears, when suddenly my ear was pierced by a low, agonizing groan. To burst into the room was but the work of an instant; but, alas! I was too late. That dreadful sound had been wrung out by the parting spirit. She had committed suicide; how, I cannot tell, for my senses, even now, reel at the horrid recollection. To describe the feelings of the family at this shocking occurrence, would, of course, be impossible. An almost idolized daughter — a twin sister — the reader can imagine how the survivors were affected.

The funeral was held in the large hall of the deacon's own house, which was filled to overflowing. The officiating clergyman was from a considerable distance, and, though a stranger to me, I felt encouraged to hope, while gazing on his silver hairs and time-dimmed eyes, that he had come prepared to speak peace to the broken-hearted. I was mistaken. It was too good an opportunity for a dreadful warning, to be left unimproved. The harrowing circumstances of the poor girl's death were minutely and callously detailed. Could he only have stopped here! But no! She had died a hardened, impenitent sinner, despising, and despised of God. She had died by her own hands, and thereby precluded even the possibility of salvation. And he quoted the oft-repeated, though unscriptural, text, "No self-murderer can enter into the kingdom of heaven." My very heart ached. But even this was insufficient. He pronounced the final doom of the wrathful Judge upon the lost spirit. He described the parting scene on the confines of the two worlds — he pursued it to the very verge of its flaming, its eternal abode, and there —— He was interrupted by a wild and piercing shriek, and the next moment Helen Cummings was carried senseless out of the room.

O, how long, and in what agony, did we hang o'er that pale and apparently lifeless victim! Our hopes waxed faint, and even the physician — who was luckily in the house at the time — began to despair of restoring her; when, suddenly, she astonished us all by springing like a frightened fawn from her bed. We were perfectly electrified. A single glance, however, at her distorted features unravelled the mystery. She was mad. Her beautiful dark eyes sparkled with all the frenzied fury of a maniac; the white froth bubbled on her lip, and her hands were both clenched in her soft brown tresses.

Weeks, long, long weeks, went by, and the dread disease abated not. I seldom saw her. I could not bear to behold her delicate form writhing under restraint, though necessarily imposed. I could not listen to her piteous supplications for her sister's soul. But I could stay near her; I could pray for her, and for myself; ay, and I did pray, as it were, without ceasing. Yet how impotent, how childish were those prayers! "Let her but give signs of returning consciousness, let me but hear one word, see one look of dawning reason, 't is all I ask." This was the burden of my midnight orisons. Alas! so little do we know the wishes of our own hearts. The spell, for spell it seemed, was at length, contrary to all our expectations, broken. She was restored. Her lips played with their former sweet smile; her eye assumed its usual bland and beautiful expression. But she could not speak, or even lift a finger, so completely was her strength wasted; and death seemed still to hover near her, unwilling to yield so fair a prize. The physician ordered every room adjoining hers to be evacuated — every sound of labor to be suspended; for, said he, a word, even a breath, may waft her hence. For three weeks not a human being, save himself and the nurse, were admitted. At the end of that time she was allowed to see her father, and afterwards me. She wept like a little child when I entered the room, and I shame not to acknowledge that our tears were mingled together. She spoke of her long illness, but made no

allusion to the cause. She also avoided everything relating to her deceased sister; of which I was glad, for I dreaded the probable consequences to herself.

"Yes, Frederick," continued she, "I have been very, very sick, and nurse says I was hardly myself some of the time. I remember my head did feel strange, and I think I had some singular fancies. But I am so much better now! I have had a long time for reflection, Frederick; and though I have not been able to read, I have revolved in my mind many of the sweet and comforting sayings of our blessed book, and I hope it has bettered my heart. O! I shall rejoice when I am again permitted to read and listen to its sublime instructions. And will you not read me a chapter now, Frederick?" "Of course. Have you any choice?" "None, excepting I think I should prefer something in the *New* Testament." "Well, then, I will read wherever the book happens to open." The leaves parted at the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. I read to the twenty-third verse, when she interrupted me with, "Excuse me, Frederick, but you must have miscalled one word. You said, *As* in Adam *all* die, *even* so in Christ shall *all* be made alive. I presume it reads, 'even so in Christ shall *many* be made alive.'" "No, Helen. I read it right. It is ALL." "Indeed!" replied she, musingly. "Well, read on, perhaps it is somewhere explained." "Is it not strange," said she, when I had finished and laid by the book, "is it not strange that I have no recollection of ever reading that chapter? It is entirely new, and I think very interesting, too. Does it not contain some new doctrines? It speaks of a mystery — that we shall all be changed after death. Do you suppose this possible?" "Why, yes, Helen, we shall undoubtedly appear at the resurrection with bodies different from those we now possess." "But does this change regard only the outward form? It says we shall be made alive in Christ; that this corruptible shall put on incorruption; that Christ is to rule until he has put all enemies under his feet; and Death is called the last enemy, and that is to be swallowed up in

victory. What can it all mean?" I did not inform her what it meant, for the simple reason that I did not happen to know myself; but I told her I presumed she could easily satisfy herself in relation to it, when she was sufficiently recovered to investigate abstruse subjects; and here the matter dropped.

I was, soon after this, summoned home — about forty miles distant — to see my father, whose demise was daily expected. He, however, recovered, though almost miraculously, and I was enabled to return in a couple of weeks, being much sooner than I anticipated. I found strange rumors afloat in Z., to which, as rumors, I at first gave little heed. The substance of them was that Miss Cummings had become sceptical in regard to the main doctrines of the church, and that the matter was soon to be investigated in due form in council. I soon visited Three Hills. The deacon, as was his custom, met me at the gate; but I saw, at a glance, that all was not right. A settled gloom was on his brow, partaking, I thought, however, more of anger than sorrow. I hastened to inquire after the health of his daughter. The old man bit his lip. "Frederick Grey," said he, sternly, "that perverse girl will be my undoing. She will bring these gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I thought, when our poor Harriet was taken away, that my cup of bitterness was drained; but it was nothing to this, Frederick; it was nothing to this." "And to what, pray, can you allude?" asked I, in a faltering voice; for his manner alarmed me. "What can you possibly mean?" "To what do I allude? And have you not heard — do you not know — that Helen, our pious, our sainted Helen, has become a rank Universalist?" "A *Universalist!*" ejaculated I, scarcely able to articulate the word; "God forbid! 'T is impossible. She has never read their works; she has never heard one preach, or even seen one. How then can it be? 'T is impossible — there is some mistake." "No, Frederick, 't is too true; for though she does not plead guilty to the *name*, her sentiments are precisely theirs. She talks of the promise made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; of the fulness of the

Gentiles; of the whole world's remembering and turning to the Lord. She *is* a believer in that most abhorrent doctrine. Alas! that I should live to know it." "And how, pray, has this been brought about?" "Ah! that is the mystery. She says that a better acquaintance with the character of the Divine Being has convinced her of the unreasonableness of the doctrine of endless misery. And she draws arguments in support of her favorite theory, both from nature and revelation; only think, Frederick, from *revelation!* And it seems as if she must be leagued with the prince of the power of the air, for she has, by the aptness of her woman's tongue, put to flight three of our most enlightened brethren. To you, alone, do I look for hope. *You* have some influence. Save her, if possible, from this dreadful infatuation, this suggestion of the devil, and thereby wipe off the foulest blot that ever darkened the name of Cummings."

The unconscious subject of our colloquy met me, at the parlor door, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I have been hoping all this afternoon," said she, "that you might get back in time to help me to admire this splendid sunset. Just so it looked yesterday, but there was nobody to enjoy it with me; for papa is quite abstracted lately, and seems to be losing his taste for our quiet scenery." "And Miss Cummings is resuming hers." "Why, yes, I don't know but I am. The world certainly unfolds new beauties every day. The flowery fields look fairer, the sun brighter, and my heart feels light, and almost happy. For

'I cannot go where *Universal Love* smiles not around.'"

"Helen," I exclaimed, rather reproachfully, "from recent circumstances I should think your feelings would be of a very different nature." "I perfectly understand you," replied she, her soft eyes filling with tears; "but I fear you do not me. When our dear Harriet died, I felt as if my very soul was halved. O! you know, Frederick, that my sorrow was greater than I could bear. But what added to the poignancy of that sorrow? Was it not the thought that our separation

was eternal? That bitter cup, my brother, has been removed from me. The Lord has shown me that we shall meet again in peace, when he shall gather together in one all things in Christ. And is it strange that my poor heart should become buoyant at this sudden transition from despair to hope?" "Helen," said I, deeply agitated, "you are certainly tampering with your soul's salvation. You are clinging to a wild and dangerous heresy; you are fastening in your soul a doctrine which takes away every salutary restraint from society and loosens the darkest passions of the human heart." "Your accusations are very, very serious," she replied, "and they shall not remain unnoticed. You say, I am tampering with my soul's salvation. And is it doing this to place myself unreservedly in the hands of my Saviour; to build my faith upon the immovable Rock of Ages? Is it a dangerous heresy to believe that the will of the Lord shall prosper in his hand, until he has done all his pleasure?—that he will turn away ungodliness from Jacob?—and that all the ends of the earth shall behold his salvation? Is it loosing the darkest passions of the human heart, to be convinced that the way of the transgressor is hard?—that his punishment is certain and immediate?—and that it is the *goodness*, and not the *badness* of God, which leadeth to repentance? Believe, me, Frederick, you have greatly mistaken the nature of the sentiments you so cruelly impeach; for they not only correspond with the plainest declarations of Scripture, but also with the holiest desires of the human heart. You bring this argument in support of Christianity against Deism, that the Almighty has implanted in every heart an unconquerable thirst for immortality. Hence, if he is a God of goodness, that desire must be gratified. And may not this argument be extended? Has he not also implanted in every breast a desire for the immortality of others; yea, for the happy immortality of the whole human race? And may we not on the same grounds expect it? While I was a Partialist—and I have been one, many, alas! too many years—I enjoyed many seasons of what

I then thought devotional happiness. That happiness I now feel to have been but negative; a miserable exemption from the pangs of acute suffering; an occasional forgetting of the uncertainties of eternity, or a slight and scarce perceptible hope that the mercies of the Lord might at some far-off period encircle the whole creation. Of how different a character is my present enjoyment! The scales have fallen from my eyes. I *know* that mine and the *world's* Redeemer liveth; that he is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. I have found the golden thread of promise. I have traced it in all its beautiful windings back to the ocean from whence it emanated, even the shoreless ocean of Almighty love; and no more do I doubt the final restitution of all things, than I do the truth of my own existence."

Her father, who had stood in the door, unperceived, during a great part of the conversation, now entered. His eye flashed fire. "Helen," said he, in a voice hoarse with conflicting emotions, "Helen, you have pronounced your own doom; you have acknowledged yourself a —— a —— I will not pollute my lips with the ungodly name; but you have pronounced your final doom. Henceforth you are to me a stranger. Prepare to depart; for, as I hope for mercy, this house shall no longer be contaminated by one, child though she be, professing such damnable heresy. You shall go, Helen — ay, and pennyless, too; a beggar, like the rest of that miserable and deluded denomination." "Father! father!" cried the trembling girl, flinging her arms wildly around his neck, and bursting into tears, "father, I would not leave you for worlds. Poor Harriet is gone, and who would be left to take care of you in your declining years? Who would nurse you in sickness? Who would love and comfort you like an only daughter? O! do not drive me from you. I will submit to any restriction. I will not be called a Universalist, if the name is so disagreeable; I will only be called a *Christian*. But I cannot, dear father, I am sure I cannot, leave you." "And will you give

up your mad notions, then?" inquired he, slightly relaxing his stern features at this strong evidence of filial attachment. "Will you renounce the Christless doctrine of free salvation?" "Never! father," she answered, hastily drawing back, and pressing her hand to her heart, "never will I do this! I cannot be a hypocrite! I cannot deny the Lord who bought me! If *these* are the conditions, then, indeed, *must* we part, though my heart should break in the struggle. *Father, I am ready for the* SACRIFICE!" "Go, then, destroyer of my peace," exclaimed he, "go as soon as may be; but *remember that the curse of an abused and gray-haired father shall follow you to your grave.*" The old man left the room with measured steps, while Helen sank, almost fainting, to a seat.

For a long time all was hushed in silence. Neither of us spake, and but for an occasional deep-drawn sigh, apparently wrung from an aching heart, I should have feared the wounded spirit had sought its native element—the skies. But the oil was poured upon the troubled waters, and they were calm. She arose and sought me at the window, where the rays of the full moon were dispelling the gloom of twilight. "Frederick," said she, in a voice of tender melancholy, "there still remains one unsevered tie. It also must be broken, that I may be wedded alone to my Saviour. Yet, may it not be rudely severed. O! Frederick, I could not live to hear a curse from *your* lips." "And I, Helen,—I should die in pronouncing it. No, I cannot speak harshly to one so fondly loved; but I can pity you, and I do heartily. O! is there no hand to pluck you as a brand from the burning? Will neither arguments nor entreaties avail? Must you sacrifice everything—your home, your friends, your reputation, and even your immortal soul—to this wretched fantasy?" "Frederick," murmured she in a voice, low, and sweet as an angel, and taking my hand between her own, "Frederick, do you see yon beauteous moon? Its beams are gentle and subduing. They visit alike the sterile rock and fruitful field,—they linger upon my hand as well as yours; *there* is no par-

tiality. Such, dear brother, is the love of our Father above. It has no favorites, — it is limitless as the blessed light of heaven. Like the sweet rains of spring, it falleth upon the just and upon the unjust; it encompasseth the whole earth. And call it not a fantasy, Frederick, that my heart should burn to proclaim that love. A flame is kindled on the altar of gratitude; it would flash out into the surrounding darkness; it would communicate a portion of its light and warmth to the spirits of others. Frederick, my resolution is taken, irrevocably taken. I will forsake all things for Christ. I may effect little; but if I succeed, by divine grace, in releasing one soul from the bondage of that fear which hath torment, — in speaking peace to one error-stricken heart, — I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. But, pardon me, I would now speak of different things.

"Our vows are registered in heaven, but our hands can never be united on earth. Frederick, you are free! Yet look not thus reproachfully on me. You cannot surely doubt the sincerity of my attachment. O, you may doubt almost everything sooner than that! And now that we may never meet again this side of the grave, I will confess to you, what in its extent no other circumstances should ever wring from me. My love for you has been pure and deep as the fountain of life itself. It reared its altar in the very temple of feeling; it sent up its sacred fires through all seasons; it mingled its glowing incense with every thought and hope of my being. Seldom, O Frederick Grey! seldom hath woman loved as I have loved. The sentiment is still strong at my heart. But stronger is the love of truth and a crucified Redeemer. WE MUST PART! Yet do not quite forget me, Frederick. Let the beautiful seasons of our past happiness and communion sometimes be present with you. And may the Lord bless you, and give you that peace which passeth understanding. FAREWELL!" I could not speak — I could only press her hand in silence to my lips; for my heart was crushed, and my spring-day hopes, like the seared and

withered leaves of winter, lay quivering at my feet. I did not see her again; for, receiving the next day an invitation to settle in one of the Western States, I immediately accepted it.

Nine years passed away, during which time I heard nothing from Helen Cummings, save that she had left her father, and that father had willed away her inheritance to a dissipated nephew. My own little history, meanwhile, was distinguished by nothing remarkable, save a change of sentiment in regard to religion, and an installation as pastor over a small but interesting Universalist society, in lieu of a flourishing Presbyterian church. This change in my views of the divine character was produced by a variety of causes, though I always believed the first good seed to have been sown by Helen Cummings. Business at length called me to the east, and as the city of Z. lay nearly in my route, I concluded to visit it, and exchange a friendly greeting with the friends of "auld lang syne." It was early one bright spring afternoon that I drew up my horse at the door of a small public house in the village of Sullivan, a little place forty miles west of Z., and which I very well remembered as being some years before the diocese of a brother clergyman, who wrote me, soon after his removal there, that the inhabitants were below all hope of reformation, and that he was about leaving them in despair. This recollection would probably have carried me directly through the village; but I saw what I took to be a funeral procession forming a short distance ahead, and concluded to wait till it was past. I found no one within, except a very old lady, who sat at the parlor window, watching the people as they came out of the church door. She arose at my entrance, and politely offered me a seat, which I accepted. I observed that her eyes were red with weeping, by which I naturally conjectured the deceased to have been a near relation. The procession soon came by. It consisted of several hundred very respectable-looking persons, nearly half of whom were dressed in deep mourning. As the hearse passed, followed by several young women, whose forms were nearly

shrouded by long black veils, the old lady buried her face in her hands and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"The deceased must have been very dear to you, madam," I ventured to observe. "O, yes!" sobbed she, "she was very, very dear to us all, — dear as our own lives. Could you but have known her, sir, — so beautiful, so learned, so pious! She came a stranger among us eight or nine years ago. O, we were in a sad state then! Our minister, who loved us not, had just left us. We had neither meetings nor schools. Our young men were intemperate and profane; our young women ignorant, idle and mischievous; and our children ran like so many little savages about the streets. But she came, like a ministering spirit, among us, and the aspect of things changed. She told us of the dear love of our Father in heaven, and her words were sweet as the manna in the wilderness. She taught a day school and a Sabbath school. She encouraged reading meetings, until Heaven should send us a good minister; and she planned sewing and other societies for the improvement of our young ladies. We were soon a changed people. Everybody loved the young school-mistress for her sweet face, and mild and affectionate disposition; and the interest she took in all our little affairs made us anxious to please her in return. Idleness and intemperance rapidly decreased. Our children became obedient and refined, and none of our young men were hardy enough to indulge any longer in the disgusting sin of profanity. But, alas! she is gone, and never, *never* shall we look upon her like again. Yet does she speak to us, — her last words are with us, — they will never be forgotten. 'Weep not for me, dear friends,' said the departing angel, 'weep not for me. I am only called a little before. You will soon follow, and we shall sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb, in the dear presence of our Father and our God.'"

"And pray, madam," said I, deeply affected with her singular narrative, "pray, what was the name of this extraordinary young person?'

"It was Helen Cummings."

THE DWELLER APART.

"It 's of no use trying any longer to make anything of her," cried Mrs. Scranton, putting on her glasses with an angry jerk, and rummaging a large work-basket, filled with soiled articles of dress, for her knitting. "I have got almost to wishing she were not my child; and I sometimes wonder how she can be, or yours either; I am sure none of *our folks* ever acted like her about anything. I never heard of a Higgins or Scranton wanting to spend all their time with books and posies, or in running about the fields and woods, or of being so pesky proud as to want everything slicked up about them, as she does. I am glad none of the other children take after her. Ben won't touch a book no more than a snake, nor Mime either; and, as for flowers, Hetty pulled up the last four-o'clocks yesterday, and I was glad on 't, much as Miss Bookworm cried about it; for she would always have some of the flaunting things in her hair, or fingers, when I wanted her to do anything, and I was tired of seeing them. I really wish such a thing as a flower or book had never been made. It was but a few minutes ago that I went into the buttery, where I sent her an hour ago to wash dishes, and there she was, wiping plates and reading at the same time. She does n't earn the salt in her victuals, and that 's the truth! If we could only get her off upon some one that does n't know her! I am clear out of patience with her refusing young Jennings; such a nice little farm, and a good house and barn on it, all paid for! — and then two of the children could have gone with her, and saved me so much work. She has n't common sense, and that 's the truth; but they say there is a black sheep in every flock, — so I s'pose we 'll have to put up with it."

At this moment a door opened, and the object of the affectionate mother's vituperations entered, looking very little like the animal to which she had just been compared; or, indeed, like the offspring of the uncouth beings before her.

"Mother," said she, in a faltering voice, as if expecting denial or reproach, "I have done the work; may I take a ramble in the woods? I will take knitting-work with me, and be back in an hour."

"No, not a step shall you go!" was the answer. "How should I know what you are gadding off there for, every week of your life? I will take care, and keep an eye upon you hereafter. I have no notion of having our family disgraced by such a senseless thing as yourself; and I have not forgot the time you were seen running down the lane with the finely-dressed gentleman that Mime said you were so nearly in love with; the Millers have n't got done talking about it yet."

The face, neck, and even arms of the girl grew crimson at these words. "Mother," said she, in a voice piercingly bitter, "I have borne, and had determined to bear, everything from you. Such intimations as these, however, I will not bear. I shall go to the woods to-day — I shall go to-morrow, if I choose, and every day, — and will return when I like; but under your control I will no longer be. Your abuse and insult have broken the tie between us. I am no longer your daughter."

Mrs. Scranton half arose to her feet, as if to administer the usual admonition of a blow; but apparently changing her mind, she sank back with a loud laugh, and complimented "Miss Katy" on the fine speech she had made; while her father, who began to be roused from his intoxication by the loud talk of his wife, asked his daughter if she could not repeat some of the poetry found under her pillow that morning. Without a word of reply, the indignant girl took from the clothes-press a tattered book, a pair of stockings she was knitting for her youngest brother, and, putting on her sun-bonnet, went hastily out of the house, and made her way to the dense forest that skirted her father's farm.

Poor Kate Scranton! Never had she traversed that green path with such a hurried step or anguished heart, before. The quick voice of conscience reproached her for the language

with which she had addressed her mother, and it required the remembrance of all the wrongs that had been heaped upon her from her birth, to reconcile her to the unnaturalness of her conduct, or restore a particle of her self-respect. Fortunately for the process of self-reconciliation, it was no difficult task to recollect that these wrongs and abuses had, within the past two years, increased to a degree quite beyond the power of her patient, loving nature to endure.

It may not be amiss, at this point of a narrative intended to chronicle feelings rather than events, to glance at the causes of the scene in which we have seen fit to introduce our heroine. In order to do this, it will be necessary to deal with certain peculiarities characterizing her family, which, however unpleasant to discuss between writer and reader, are absolutely indispensable to a mutual understanding.

Mr. Scranton was the descendant of a long line of ancestors bearing the same melodious name, whose habits and dispositions had varied so little for several generations, as to make it a proverb, that "A Scranton *would* always be a Scranton." This proverb was true to the letter; for no intermarriages with families of different breeding and temperament could keep down the family blood. The specific gravity of everything in contact with it was found to predominate; the *Scranton* would come bubbling above, like water over heavy metals. The *eccentricities* of this family were avarice without thrift, petty meanness in the pecuniary department, total barrenness in the intellectual region, with a corresponding hatred of schools, and every species of intellectual and moral improvement; a total disregard of order and regularity in everything, with a tendency to perpetual indolence.

What seemed rather singular, they manifested a kind of pride in view of these hereditary traits. Mr. Jake Scranton, the father of Kate, was often heard to boast that he had never an ancestor who could more than read and write his own name; and his wife (he was fortunately linked with a congenial spirit) frequently declared that her children were all regular

Scrantons; that none of them would learn their A, B, C, without being whipped; they hated books like *pison*, and had no notion of being "dressed up," whatever.

These assertions came less boldly, however, when little Kate had attained her eighth year, for she had, by that time, passed the stage of premonitory symptoms, and given indubitable evidence of having that incurable disease called a *mind*. In a word, they discovered that she was not a Scranton, but a *lusus naturæ* in the family. She did not look like them; she did not act like them; she had not the large, turn-up nose, the wide mouth, nor the sallow complexion, and low forehead. She loved adverse things, — things that had never been tolerated in the Scranton philosophy, — nature, books, order, neatness, refined manners, and, worse than all, she loved to be loved! Poor Kate! she had better have been born among the Esquimaux, or, with the unfortunate Riley, gone into captivity to the Arabs.

Mr. Scranton was the owner of a large, rich-soiled farm, which had descended to him from his great-grandfather, and which, by his peculiarly ingenious management, yielded his family bread, and a surplus sufficient to furnish a few yards of coarse calico and factory-cloth *per annum*, and an occasional pound of tea and sugar, though the female part of the house usually contented themselves with a beverage of sweet-fern and sage, without sweetening; while the male portion luxuriated in the delicacies of cider and whiskey. The fences and buildings of this farm, originally miserable, were ever out of repair; and all things about it, taken together, realized admirably the sketch of "Unthrifty," in the old Webster spelling-book. The windows of the house, which was a high, narrow one, with steep roof and broken porch, were always stuffed with old hats and worn-out clothes. The kitchen and stoop were *let* to pigs and poultry; and even the "best room" was the receptacle of tattered quilts, mammoth skeins of tow and woollen yarn, and ornamented with strings of birds' eggs, and caricatures of various animals, done in poke-

berry and pigweed, and framed by strips of shingles, glued together at the corners.

Kate had a remarkably keen perception of the proper and the beautiful; and the daily contemplation of these outrages upon taste and decency, instead of deadening that perception, only seemed to increase its intensity, until disgust became the inseparable companion of her at-home life. At the age of ten, she begged her mother to let her work out; she felt willing to do anything to free herself from the squalid wretchedness of her situation. But such a thing was not to be thought of, her mother said. Who ever heard of a Scranton's living out? Such a disgrace should never, through one of her children, come upon the family; and she wondered "Katy" could be so low-minded.

The poor girl had but one alternative, which was, to spend as much of her time as possible apart from her family, whose coarse vulgarities grew daily more disgusting. To accomplish this, she begged all the out-of-door drudgery, such as milking the cows, bringing wood and water, and even helping her father and brothers in their haymaking, digging potatoes, — anything that gave her communion with the green fields, and bright, blue sky. Being an expert knitter, she was allowed an occasional ramble in the woods, by promising not to idle away her time. These were to Kate seasons of special delight. She had learned to knit and read at the same time, by laying a twig across the leaves of her book to hold them down; and many a happy day had she spent in this manner, drinking in knowledge and poetry from everything around her.

This state of things, however, was too joyous to last long. Her mother and sisters began to suspect her of too much enjoyment; and, in consequence, began a series of petty annoyances and persecutions, which nearly drove the poor girl to distraction. She was kept closely confined to the house, obliged to do the kinds of drudgery she most disliked, eat the sort of food they knew she had almost loathed from infancy,

and listen to conversation that made her delicate mind shudder.

The faults of the whole family were laid upon her. If an accident happened, it was, somehow, Kate's carelessness. If anything was mislaid, it was Kate's forgetfulness. "*She* never thought of anything but books and fine clothes." Her books were forbidden her; her few clothes, of which she was particularly careful, were purposely soiled; the flowers she planted under her window, to relieve her aching eyes, were pulled up. She was completely wretched. She often wondered whether Cinderella could have been more so; and then Cinderella's mother was a step-mother. There was but one comfort for poor Kate in her trials, beside her little brother and pet lamb, which were the only animate things she really loved. She could sit at her window by moonlight — not being allowed a candle, lest she should read — and scribble on the blank edge of some newspaper, in the form of verse, the burning, melancholy thoughts which oppressed her. This would, for a time, relieve her overburdened heart. It was to a scrap of this kind that her father alluded, which, having been discovered by her sister, and deciphered by the united efforts of the family, had been ironically sung and repeated to her by nearly every member. Kate bore all with the fortitude of a martyr, until her mother's stinging remarks, when she inly determined to leave her home, and abide the consequences, whatever they might be.

It is not to be supposed that one lovely as Kate Scranton, — for lovely she was, *very lovely*, in face, air, person, — could reach her eighteenth year without admirers from among that sex over which beauty holds such indomitable sway. She had many in her own neighborhood; but they were of the coarser sort, and she turned from them with disgust. Not so, however, with one she had known abroad. The only event in her monotonous life had been a four weeks' visit to a cousin, living in a city-like village, some distance from her father's. This cousin contrived, by the aid of her own ward-

robe, to give the poor girl, in spite of her rusticity, quite an interesting appearance. She became acquainted with a young lawyer, of some eminence, with whom, almost without knowing it, she thought she might pass life happily under any circumstances, so much were his thoughts and feelings in unison with her own.

This feeling was, at the time, fully reciprocated by Mr. Herbert. He admired, nay, he loved the artless, feeling girl, and was on the point of telling her so, when an officious friend whispered to him, "A Scranton will be a Scranton." The spell was broken. Had it not been, a professional visit at her father's, at the time he overtook the blushing girl in the lane of which her mother spoke, would have deterred one of his fastidious nature from any serious step. Kate felt, when he had gone, that all hope was over. Nevertheless, when, three months after, she read his marriage to another, a pang shot through her heart which brought her senseless to the floor.

This was not the only conquest her beauty had effected during her visit. Mr. Staunton, a widower without a family, an excellent match, as all the mammas declared, had made her, while with her cousin, a lawful tender of his hand and estates, which she unhesitatingly rejected. With this, however, he was not satisfied; and she had since received from him several letters, urging his suit, none of which she had thought of answering, except one of great importunity, received the day before the one in which we have introduced her, to which she had determined to return an unappealable negative.

Now, however, the matter seemed to strike her in a different light; for, as she hurried past the black-stump field, which had always been an especial abhorrence, her features seemed working with some unusual resolve; and she at length exclaimed with sudden energy, "I will marry him! There is no other way; and what does it matter — when that dream can never come again — what does it matter what becomes

of me? Though I may never love him, I can at least perform the kind duties of wife and sister, and I shall get rid of these galling chains. I will marry him!"

Kate passed swiftly the soft red-clover fields, without once glancing at them, or at the little lamb who was trotting patiently at her side, and turning upon her an occasional look of mute wonder, at not receiving his accustomed words of endearment. Poor Kate was too much agitated to notice anything. Tears fell at every step, and she wondered why people should think it a hard thing to die. Tears were as natural to her as rain to an April cloud; but she possessed a wonderful faculty of controlling them in the presence of others. She was never suspected of being that very interesting character, a weeping young lady, though scarcely a day passed without her having a hearty cry, all alone by herself.

The poor girl wandered about all that day among her dearly loved haunts, like one bewildered. It was quite evident she never expected to visit them again. She bathed her brow in the little spring overhung with goose-brier and witch-hazel; she pulled the moss from an old flat rock where she had often sat; and took some little white pebbles from the mountain brooklet, and put them into her book for mementos. She walked the dim, shady, velvet wood-path far as it went, and then clambered up a steep, rocky hill beside it, till she reached a little recess made of laurel and birch, where she had often passed the day in reading, and gazing on the valley beneath. Here she seated herself as usual, and opened Hervey's Meditations; but she could not read. She gazed on all the dear old trees around, and down into the little valley, with its low, vine-covered cottages, and the blue sparkling river, winding so gayly among them. She looked off upon the blue Alleganies in the distance, their lofty ridges rising one above another, till they seemed like lines of pale, cold clouds, stretched across the horizon.

"O, that I could stay here forever!" exclaimed Kate, enthusiastically, as her eye wandered from one object of inter-

est to another. There were the small, picturesque islands of the river, where she had often been to cull anemones and blue-bells in the spring, and in harvest-time the large, brown beach-cherry, and low, purple, dewy wild grape. There were the sloping, pebbly banks, where she had so often searched for Indian arrows, and other aboriginal curiosities; and there, the line of tag-alders, where she had spent many a Saturday morning in pulling silver tassels from the long boughs, and in wringing willow twigs to make whistles for her little brother. Kate looked on all, on everything; on the old spire-like Lombardy poplars, the broad-spreading black walnut, the little willow-shaded coves, the strawberry knolls, the choke-cherry ridges, the smooth clover pastures, all sleeping calmly in the afternoon sunlight, as if there were no such things as trials and vexations in the world. She looked as a miser might be supposed to look upon his gold for the last time, and again ejaculated, "O, that I might stay here forever!"

There was one spot, however, still to be taken into the survey, — the miserable habitation of her father. As her eye fell upon this, the events of the morning rushed fully upon her mind, and she could not avoid a fresh outburst of grief. It was sundown when the wanderer reached home. She was received with rather more than the usual quantity of taunts and sneers. Of this she was rather glad than otherwise. It strengthened her resolution of leaving home, when one kind word would have broken it.

In the course of the evening, Kate, with some difficulty, succeeded in mustering writing apparatus, and framing a note, very little to her satisfaction, as is usual in such cases, to Mr. Staunton, her widower-lover. "I wish his name were not quite so much like my own," murmured she, as she folded and directed the missive, which seemed to her about as much like a death-warrant as anything she could think of. "Staunton! Scranton! They sound dreadfully alike. Kate Staunton, however, is not quite so horrible as *Katy* Scran-

ton, which our people have persisted in calling me ever since they knew I preferred the sound of Kate."

We are tempted to betray so much of our heroine's confidence as will show her straightforward way of disposing of a matter which many of our highly-bred misses of the present day would have refined and metaphorized until the actual meaning were lost, and also as a sample of brevity to those who are in the habit of having their love-epistles of "linked sweetness long drawn out." Here is the letter:

"MR. STAUNTON:

"*Sir*,—I have thought better of your proposal, lately, and have determined, on certain conditions, to accept it. The conditions are these: First, the marriage ceremony shall not be performed in my father's house (where else, I care not); second, I shall be allowed, with my parents' permission, to take with me my youngest brother, and educate him as I see proper; lastly, none of my family shall be invited, or allowed to visit me until I desire it.

"I will not deceive you, sir, in my object for acquiescing in your oft-repeated proposal of making me your wife. It is no love I bear, or ever may bear yourself. My home is disagreeable to me, and I see no other way of leaving it. (If you think this mercenary, you can act accordingly.) Let me, at the same time, assure you, that I do not love another, and that I hope to be able (if you treat me kindly), in time, to bestow upon you the affection necessary to insure, at least, your fraternal esteem; and I am willing to promise the faithful performance of a wife's duties, far as I know them. If your mind is not changed by the nature of this communication, you can come for me any time within two weeks. I shall be ready. Yours, KATE SCRANTON."

We hope none of our readers will entertain as harsh an opinion of our heroine, after the perusal of the above, as she did of herself. "It is too heartless," said she, in a self depre-

eating tone. "I almost hope he will be disgusted with me, as he certainly ought to be."

Mr. Staunton was, however, so far from being disgusted with the abrupt straightforwardness of the young rustic, as to start for her immediately. There was the anticipated quantum of astonishment, expostulations, reproaches, sneers, and abuse, on his arrival at the Scrantons', Kate having been perfectly secret in her plans; but it all ended in the widower's carrying off his prize, accompanied by the little brother, — the family wisely concluding, after the boy had vehemently declared that he would live with Kate, and no one else, that it was best to let him have his own way, as it would make one less to work for. The ceremony was performed at the house of a friend of Mr. Staunton, a minister living on their road.

Kate was delighted with the elegance of her new home, everything was so rich, so appropriate. It was astonishing with what ease and grace she bore her new dignities, as if, as the old housekeeper observed, she were really born to them. The usual round of parties, rides, calls, etc., were gone through with, greatly to the *eclat* of the young bride, and delight and admiration of her husband, who had never courted anything so much as a beautiful and intelligent wife. It was matter of astonishment to many, that one bred in the low manner poor Kate had been, could so readily comprehend and practise all the formula of fashionable life, without embarrassment, or any appearance of affectation. They did not know that she had ever been a dweller apart, and was no more of her family than if never with them; and that her society had been the ideals of Walter Scott, and J. Fennimore Cooper.

Some months passed away before the whirl of dissipation allowed Mrs. Staunton to look within and around herself, enough to calculate her chances for domestic happiness. When she did, she was surprised to find that many of her old heart-aches had given place to new ones but little easier. True, she was surrounded by all that was refined, orderly,

neat. Her fine ear was never shocked by vulgar voices, or vulgar expressions; her discriminating eye was never pained with outrages upon taste and propriety. She was treated with all the outward tokens of respect and admiration. She was even openly proclaimed the star of M., and evidently held a high place in the heart of her husband. What more could she desire? Alas for a worldly nature! God has wisely ordained it shall never be satisfied.

Kate soon looked deep enough into the material set around her, to find it all hollowness; and she sometimes thought she would prefer even the coarse, open enmity of the associates of her former life, to the refined, but secret and piercing envy and hatred of those of her present. The unkindness Kate experienced in early life, from a source whence every one expects the deepest affection, operated upon her exceedingly sensitive nature like a slow but concealed poison, which needed but the slightest accident to develop. A few insinuations from those "parlor serpents" who crawl into all families, had led her to doubt the sincerity of nearly all around her; and she shrank from their overstrained civility, as if a pestilence lurked beneath.

It required, however, very little fortitude to bear this trial, compared with others. The skeleton was in her own house. Mr. Staunton was a man about twice the age of his present wife, highly educated, wealthy, of dignified, gentlemanly manners, possessing, if not a warm, at least a kind heart, and keeping up a style of living almost princely. Notwithstanding all this, Kate discovered,— that most harrowing of all discoveries to a woman of sensibility, — that there could be no congeniality between them. By congeniality, she meant that understanding which persons of ardent temperament have of each other's feelings, as if by intuition; that oneness of perception, that seeing with one eye, hearing with one ear, feeling with one pulsation of the heart.

There was nothing that Kate, from her youth up, had courted like sympathy; and it was only by imagining a kind

of understanding between herself and various objects of nature, that she had hitherto contrived to exist. If she wept, she was sure the flowers at her feet bowed their little heads. If a feeling of joy came over her heart, the stars understood her; there was a sweet smile in their soft glances. She had often thought, if she had a sister, or cousin, or any one, who could always be with her to reciprocate these emotions, to whom she could speak the very thoughts of her heart, read the beautiful ideas of her favorite authors, she should be perfectly happy. Should she ever marry, she thought all these heart-cravings must be satisfied. Simple, ignorant Kate!

Mr. Staunton had a very large library. His wife was delighted with it; but when she began to speak, with all her enthusiastic heart, of the dear passages of her favorite authors, she saw her husband turn away with a cold smile, and her heart sank within her. But she might be mistaken; she would try again. Alas! his pulse always ticked with the clock, his nerves never became excited, and Kate soon found him to be, without hope of reformation, that horror of sensitive persons, the man who feels, and speaks, and acts, by rule. It seemed unaccountable to Kate how he could be so different from herself; one who had looked up, from childhood, to the same beautiful sky, had listened to the same thrilling music of nature, and read the same soul-stirring books, to heighten in her mind the effect of this enthusiasm.

She was often thrown into the society of him who had awakened her youthful fancy — Theodore Herbert; and the contrast was so perfect as to give acute pain. O, that he were like *him!* she often found herself sighing, before she was aware of the nature of her thoughts. And then she turned from him with a shudder, and wondered how she could so far forget herself. Woe for the woman who finds herself making invidious comparisons between her husband and another! She has little hope of happiness thereafter.

When Kate first saw Mr. Herbert, after her marriage, she

took a very natural pleasure in showing him that a Scranton *could* be something besides a Scranton; for the story had been whispered to her, and she was not sorry to observe that he did not think her defects of person so very conspicuous. But when, upon farther acquaintance, she saw that he felt a sincere and rather too hearty admiration for her, she endeavored to avoid his presence. This, however, was difficult. Herbert was the intimate friend of her husband, and there was, consequently, scarcely a day that they did not meet. It was not that she feared becoming too deeply interested in this man. With all her faults, and they were many, as the reader has discovered, Kate's truly feminine nature shrank from the slightest approach to an unwarranted regard for any one beside her liege lord; and she felt that she could defy the machinations of the powers of darkness in this particular. But she dreaded the effects upon her heart as it regarded her determination of becoming attached to her husband. She dreaded the effects of this perpetual contrast of eloquence with reserve, of warmth with indifference, perception with obtuseness; and she rightly conjectured if Mr. Staunton were removed from these depressing influences, it would be a much less difficult task to discover, or, if necessary, to imagine those qualities which are necessary to fix and retain the affections.

This, however, was a forlorn hope. There was not a day that Kate did not find herself turning for sympathy to one who was — not her husband; and those bitterest words of a bitter heart,

> "Yet I was formed to be
> So richly blest!"

if unspoken, were ever playing upon her lips.

Kate was again wretched, completely so, when her little brother — the only being she had ever truly, deeply loved — was taken from her by death. She wept, she repined; but there was one thing she did not do — she did not pray.

Poor Kate! she found some relief in her old occupation of

penning poetry; and the world crowned her with laurels. Her name was a word of admiration through the land, but she was still wretched —

She "turned from" all fame "brought, to all it could not bring."

Her husband's manner grew indifferent towards her. She was not surprised at this. She had long been satisfied that his first admiration of her was but a passing fancy, and the conscientiousness of her nature prevented her attempting to awaken feelings she could not reciprocate. This, with all his obtuseness, he could not help perceiving. There arose, however, no misunderstanding between them. There seemed to be a tacit agreement to avoid each other's presence as much as was compatible with their relative situations.

Mr. Staunton appeared perfectly satisfied with having a woman of beauty and talent at the head of his establishment; and his wife, with all her pent-up emotions, yearning to overflow into a kindred bosom, tried to satisfy her cravings for sympathy with the heartless amusements of fashionable life. But again she felt herself a *dweller apart*. She was with the world, but not of it. She talked, she smiled, she visited, she received visits; but her warm heart was shut, the treasures of her mind locked from prying eyes; for the world had learned her the application of the homely proverb of the pearls, and she turned from it with her original disgust. She despised its honeyed flattery, she shrank from its utter hollowness, and almost wished herself again the inmate of her father's wretched mansion, where coarseness was not clothed in soft words, nor cruelty united with deception. Poor martyr of a mistaken philosophy, dying of thirst, with all the waters near! — diseased in heart and soul, with the great Physician bending over thee unperceived, and thy hand resolutely, with the caprice of a sick babe, rejecting his medicines! How many of the inhabitants of this vast globe are, at this moment, in the same miserable situation!

It may be wondered at that Kate Scranton had yet learned

nothing of religion. The truth was, she had seen so much of its counterfeit as to doubt the existence of the reality.

In her youth she had been familiar with those devastating tornadoes called protracted meetings, whose power was shown in exciting the lower passions, and whose fruits were intolerance and the display of coarse sanctimony. Since, she had been acquainted with professors, on the one hand, leading in fashion and wasteful extravagance; on the other, with those ridiculously conscientious regarding everything pertaining to dress, style, etc., and rather, in effect, advocating a falling back into the customs of barbarism. Kate could perceive nothing spiritual in either class; and, without an effort to investigate the claims of Christianity for herself, she became the most unhappy of intelligent beings, without hope and without God in the world.

It was a soft, cloudy morning in July that Mrs. Staunton threw on her calash, sauntered out of her house, and took a by-lane leading out of the village, and over a small hill. It was called the lumber-road, being traversed chiefly by wagons, loaded with boards and shingles for market. There were many wild, sweet wood-paths leading into the dim forest from this highway. Into one of these Kate diverged for her morning walk. She had often taken it before, for, at its extremity, on a small, cleared plat of grass, shaded by a large black walnut, was the grave of her little brother.

The land was her husband's, and the child had been buried there at her solicitation. It was the favorite resort of her lonely hours. She had shed her bitterest tears there, — tears of disappointment, remorse, and despair. On the present morning, her husband had left town to be absent some days; and, with that loathing of society which latterly had greatly increased upon her, she had determined to pass the day in melancholy, beside her dead.

A rude seat had been made by her order near the grave; and there she seated herself, with a deep-drawn sigh, scarce glancing at the blushing wild-roses that almost touched her

cheek. The country about was uneven, and thinly wooded; but the trees were very large, and shaded the softest green grass imaginable. Here and there were thick clusters of wild honeysuckle, rose and sweet-brier; and, occasionally, the bright blossoms of the tulip-tree were seen, entangled with the dark foliage of the long ivy. Beneath the far-stretched boughs of a large, white pine was a small spring, whose waters glided so silently and slowly over the velvet grass as scarcely to bend its delicate blades, and emptying its silver treasures into a mimic lake, whose glassy surface was sparkling with the flowers of the white pond-lily.

Kate gazed listlessly, despairingly upon everything around her. She felt no longer that flush of delight which was once awakened at every glow and tint on nature's diversified page. She knew that her heart had grown old, that the freshness of feeling had prematurely faded, and left her the prey of a fruitless past and hopeless future.

"I shall never love anything again," sobbed she, placing her hands over her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of what had become indifferent to her. "There is nothing in the world worth loving! All is soulless, changeful, decaying; death is the finisher of all. O! what is life, and why was I made a recipient of it? A curse, and only a curse, has it been!"

"Woman! woman!" said a voice near her, "talk not thus. *Life* a curse? I, an old, homeless, childless man of eighty winters, tell thee, that whatever may have been thy afflictions, *life is not a curse*. It should, and may, be to every thinking, breathing, creeping thing, *a blessing*, and the greatest of blessings."

Kate had, at the first sound of his voice, sprung to her feet in alarm; but seeing no one but a tottering, white-haired man, she sank again to her seat, and resumed her thoughtful attitude, without deigning a reply.

"My daughter," continued the old man, in a subdued voice, taking off his broad-brimmed hat, and advancing

nearer, "forgive my harshness. I had heard much of the coolness of your spring, and stepped out of my way a little, to enjoy its deliciousness, when your words — pardon again my harshness — came so gratingly to my ear."

His listener interrupted him with a haughty stare. "My dear child," continued the old man, in a still more kindly tone, "reserve that expression for those whom it may profit; it is wholly lost upon me. An old man, who has been to the verge of the grave with all the buffetings which sin and misfortune could rally against him, is not likely to be discomfited by a lady's frown, especially when that frown cannot conceal that the wearer carries a wounded spirit, which can only be healed by the words of the Comforter."

Kate grew ashamed of her moroseness, and begged the old man to be seated, and rest himself, which he accordingly did. She prepared herself for the usual homily upon sinning away the day of grace, and striving to make peace with God while the lamp should hold out to burn; but she found it had been a work of supererogation. The old man never touched upon those subjects. He descanted, with an eloquence which surprised his listener, on the scenery around them, and pointed out many beauties which her eye, all practised as it was, had never detected. There was a refinement, a spirituality in his words, which sounded to her like the solemn, beautiful prophecies of the ancient seers of God (for her love of the sublimely poetical had made her acquainted with the writings of the prophets); and she listened, with bowed head, while he unveiled to her many hidden treasures of the metaphysical world, and until he came to the all-absorbing truths of Christianity, when the intense earnestness of his manner caused her to watch his varying countenance, as he poured forth, in burning language, the hopes and joys of the religion which the Man of Sorrows had died to establish.

"My dear child," said the old man, "there has been dust heaped upon Christianity since the days of the fathers. Beautiful and elevating was it then, in all its ministrations. It

made no appeal to the lower propensities. It had no cords but those holy ones of its Founder, which every purified heart was so glad to hold in its embrace. Even thus it is now to those who can put aside the veil of prejudice, and look into its beautiful truths. Search the Scriptures, and learn by the eye and the understanding, rather than by the ear and the passions. Were it not for this sun of our moral atmosphere, how many thousands, like yourself, would speak of life as a curse, who are at this moment, perhaps, thanking God on their knees for its heaviest afflictions. My poor child, I see that this is all dark to thee. So might it seem to many who have risen many degrees in the heavenly kingdom; but to me, who, in scholastic lore, am, perchance, the least in the kingdom of God, it is as plain as the shining of yonder sun. One little sentence expresses it all, — unceasing trust in the goodness of God. By this have I learned to set at defiance all the ills flesh is heir to."

"Perhaps," said Kate, "the philosophy of your creed has not been fully tested."

"Has it not?" said the old man, sadly. "Listen. I began life with wealth; it was wrested from me by fraud, and the wife of my bosom was murdered by my enemy, as the greatest vengeance he could wreak upon me. I loved her next my Saviour. My children were swept off by a pestilence; my relations deserted me in my misfortunes; my friends turned their backs upon me, and I became a stranger in my own land; but my watchword was, *Trust in God!* and it carried me through. I knew all must be for the best, though darkness sometimes settled over me like a heavy cloud."

"But did you fulfil," said Kate, "that hardest of Christian injunctions, — did you forgive your wife's murderer?"

"Did not Christ forgive his?" replied the old man, quickly. "I aided him in escaping the fangs of justice. I knew that vengeance belonged to the Lord; and, even in the exercise of this Christian requirement, proved the divine

origin of the gospel. I had, according to the prophecy of the Saviour, heaped coals of fire on my enemy's head, and he became mine, and the Redeemer's friend. He confessed his crime, with tears of contrition; and, with the full opportunity I had procured for his escape, surrendered himself into the hands of justice, and died on the scaffold, an humble, rejoicing disciple of the Lord. Since then, I have had no abiding place, but have journeyed from country to country, speaking to all who would listen, of the blessings of the Master's love; and (I would not say it boastingly) it has pleased God to bless my labors abundantly. I have seen many a sad heart made glad by the words of eternal life, many a despairing soul filled with joy unspeakable from above. But let me not speak of these things. I would breathe to thee, pale mourner, a few messages from Him who spake as never man spake, and his blessing rest upon thee. Think not I seek a history of thy woes. I know, full well, the heart-burnings of the worldly; full well, the history of all who walk not in the light of the new Jerusalem. They have no rest, day nor night, who worship the beast and his image. They are harassed continually with the sting of sin, the goadings of conscience, the emptiness of all worldly things, the fear of death, the horror of annihilation. My poor child, it was to free us from all these miseries that the Redeemer poured out his blood. Has it never occurred to thee that his pitying eye might be watching thee in all thy bitter conflicts? Believe me, my dear child, it has. No tear of thine has ever fallen without his observation and sympathy. He is ever with thee; he will never forsake thee, and waits but the awaking of thy better nature to reveal all the glories of the celestial world, through faith, to thy spiritual gaze."

The old man arose. "Wilt thou reject," said he, with much emotion, "the love of this, I may say, *only* friend? for this world is a cold one, and it cannot furnish thee such another. I must leave thee, dear child, but not till I have begged from *Him* a blessing to rest on thee when I am gone."

The old man fell on his knees. Kate, scarce knowing what she was about, did the same. At first, a feeling of humiliation came over her when she found herself in a position she had never been in before, and then a blush of shame that such a thought could find access to her heart. But the low-breathed prayer of the kind old man made her forget everything but the holy presence in which her soul told her she was; and when she arose from the earth the old man had been some time gone.

"Is not this all a dream?" said she, hastily putting on her calash, and going towards home. But the words had impressed themselves too strongly on her heart for fancy. How fully were the secrets of that heart laid bare for her inspection, and how did she shrink from the survey! Selfishness — cold, uncompromising selfishness — she discovered to have been hitherto the mainspring of all her actions. She reviewed the events of her past life, and shuddered at the utter worthlessness of all her thoughts and actions. Who had been made happier and better by her exertions? Who could say she had returned good for evil? Who could say she had given consolation to the dying, or whispered comfort to the sorrowing? And how had she dishonored her parents! Cruel, coarse as they were, they were still her parents. How had she, from an unrestricted desire for kindred feeling, rewarded her husband, who had heaped upon her all the refinements and luxuries of life! Above all, how had she crucified her Saviour, if, indeed, she had a Saviour! — but this she hastened home to ascertain.

Kate took not her tearful eyes from the sacred Record till the sunlight shone through her window; and how much more beautiful seemed that sunlight to her than ever before! The night had been one of prayer and bitter anguish; but it had worked out her salvation. She had become convinced of truth, righteousness and judgment, and hope threw a sacred halo over the bitterness of the past; and when she threw open the shutters in the morning, she thought the air had never felt so

balmy, the flowers and the grass and the blue sky had never looked so tenderly beautiful as now. Resurrection from the dead, and immortality, found written on everything! and an angel voice seemed continually whispering in her ear, "The love of God, — the love of God!" Kate thought it was the voice of her brother.

Her husband returned in the course of the day, and she threw herself into his arms, and told him all — everything.

"Well, my dear," said he, in his usual calm way, after she had got through, "what does all this amount to?"

Now came the first test of her faith. The bitter waters came bubbling to her eyes, but she forced them back, and replied, with a smile, "O, nothing, only I shall make you a better wife."

"Who has called you a bad one? — not I, certainly."

Kate was glad he turned away at that moment, for she feared the weakness of her nerves; "but no," said she, with energy, "I have tasted the heavenly bread, and *will not* go back to the beggarly elements!" And she kept her determination.

How precious, now, seemed every moment of her time! She had ever been careless of her health; now, she was extremely careful of it. She feared death would come ere her ten talents were faithfully accounted for. Her first step was to visit her family, and beg their forgiveness for her treatment. They could not understand her; but this gave her no uneasiness. She knew the day was coming when the veil must be removed from all nations, and they would know her as she was. She labored to make her home pleasant to all within it, and she succeeded. Her efforts did not stop here. She became, in a short time, all things to all persons, that she might win souls to Christ; but this was done so quietly, so craftily, that no one suspected her design. She was not known as that ever-dreaded person who goes from house to house, making inappropriate remarks on religion, at all times and seasons. The importance of her object taught her wari-

ness, as it did the apostles, and she did no harm where she could do no good.

Silently, but resolutely, did she pursue her good work, until there was a perfect reformation in M., without any one suspecting where it originated. The follies and extravagancies of the fashionable class were moderated, for her vigilance penetrated everywhere. She feared not contamination from the sinful and degraded, but deemed that the field in which her Master had labored should be the place for the servant. The industry of the poor quickened, the despondency of the unhappy exchanged for contentment, the hopes of the sinful raised and purified, and the hearts of the sick and dying made joyful, — these were the fruits of her ministration. There was no good work that she was not ready to perform, whether it consisted in advice, appropriation of her own money, or labor with her own hands; for she knew that there were many services to be performed for the poor and dying, that money could not procure, and she had easily disposed of her fastidious notions regarding physical drudgery.

Happy Kate! when she contrasted the joyous activity of her present life with the miserable indolence of the former, she could hardly believe it a reality. There was one thing, however, to keep her constantly reminded of it, — her husband's continued uncongeniality of heart and habit. Yet even this, in time, she learned to disregard; and, when alone, could sing, with a smile, half-joyous, half-melancholy,

"O, hope not, ask thou not too much
Of sympathy below;
Few are the chords whence one same touch
Bids the sweet fountain flow."

She learned to be satisfied with those more reliable qualities which he so abundantly possessed — good sense, practical morality, and the most amiable of tempers; and would often whisper to herself, "It is better as it is; his equanimity of thought and feeling is just the proper regulator for my foolish

excitability; and I am confident that his excellent nature is winning upon my affections every day. He is, of all others, just the husband I need; just the one my better judgment would select."

She was no longer a Dweller Apart, save from the sinful corruptions of the world. These she sedulously excluded from her heart, and lived in the pure practices of Christianity, as serenely happy as she had once been restlessly miserable.

VIEWS FROM MY WINDOW.

NO. I.

WHAT a delicious morning! Is it not a temptation to "throw medicine to the dogs," — as elegantly saith a friend of mine, — and flee to the mountains, to the river, or to some sweet, quiet valley, where the sun is shining warm, and the little violets peeping out from the soft, green grass? Ah! I know such a valley —

* * * Where the sun is shining,
This blessed morn, with a celestial light;
A small, deep valley, 'mid the hills reclining,
Like a rich emerald, half-revealed to sight.
Round its green borders fall the blue hills' shadows,
Giving soft twilight to the dewy flowers;
Gay mountain rills are singing through the meadows,
A happy exit to the passing hours,
* * * In that valley of the wilds.

I have a picture of that valley, in all its variegated beauty, on the very first leaf of my heart. The blue river on the west, with many a little isle upon its lulling bosom; on the east, on the north, on the south, yea, on the west, too, across the river, are high, "o'ertopping" hills; for, like the happy valley of Johnson, it is rendered nearly impassable by reason of nature's fastnesses, there being no outlet but the river. In the centre is the pretty white church, and, far up and

down the green-edged and tree-shaded street, may be seen, at irregular intervals, varying with the width of the farms, picturesque dwellings, surrounded with shrubbery. In the midst is the school-house, shaded by sturdy oaks, and, not far off, the saw and grist mill, with their lulling music tempered by distance. And then there are the walks to the marsh, to the hollows, the river; and the long green lanes to the creeks, that came rushing between the narrow openings of the hills, where we used to steal away to gather winter-green berries, rushes, bee-balm, and the precious birch. Ah! what joy, of a Saturday spring morning, when there was no school, to clamber over the numerous fences, which necessarily obstructed our passage to "the creek," and spend the long day in sailing wild-rose wreaths over mimic falls; gathering curious pebbles; torturing "silly fish" with the always receding bait of our pin hooks; piercing the thicket for squaw-berries; taking care, however, to avoid the beds of moss, as tradition had certified us, that they were the couches of bears, and that they generally returned to them for a nap, in the course of the day. With what an appetite was our bowl of bread and milk despatched after a day of such enjoyment and exercise! Memory! memory! I love thee; I revere thee. Yet was there a time when I almost prayed for thy non-existence.

But to return to my window, which is open this fine morning. How green everything looks! It seems as if a chemical change must have been wrought in the verdure, since yesterday; the plants were so dingy before the shower, and now they wear such a sparkling freshness. Few flowers are yet in blossom, though I was, this morning, presented with a boquet, composed of grape, hyacinth, polyanthus, iris, and creeping Charlie, or Iceland moss. The lilac, my especial favorite, is not yet out; but the birds are among its branches, singing very happily. We always boast the first serenade in the village, from the sweet garden choir, probably because of the number of trees about us. We also boast of the first plate of greens upon our table — the reason of which I

may easily explain, by acknowledging a great fondness for weeds, commonly called dock and plantain, not a leaf of which do we allow our gardener to destroy.

But here comes my little beggar girl, from the hill, with her basket on her arm, seeking for "cold wittals."

"Ah! how do you do, Patience? Come in, child. Are you not tired? How is your mother, Patience?"

"She 's pretty well; but the baby is sick, so she can't wash for nobody this week."

"I am sorry to hear it. Is your father at home?"

"No, ma'am; he hasn't been back since he whipped mother."

"Indeed!"

The child's name is Patience. It is a very appropriate cognomen, and it is to be hoped her mother is distinguished by the same.

By the way, I have often regretted the unfashionableness of those ancient but useful appellations. Useful, they certainly must have been, and, undoubtedly, would be now, did not the false taste and over-fastidiousness of the present stiff-necked generation prevent their universal application. Patience, Charity, Lenity, Prudence! What excellent — what pretty-sounding names! How much more impressive to the wearer than some staid motto on a gilt bracelet. Instance some giddy girl, with the latter name, ready to rush headlong into mischief. Let some loving voice whisper the sweet word, PRUDENCE, in her ear, and would she not hesitate, waver, and at length act *prudently?* I feel that I should have been named both the first and last. Of the others, I flatter myself, I do not stand particularly in need.

Well, Patience, thy name does not belie thy nature. Here hast thou sat this full hour, with thy little black eyes fixed on vacancy, without speaking a word. Is it possible the child has been waiting all this while for the spirit of benevolence to take possession of her patroness? She shall certainly find somewhat on her basket's return from the kitchen.

"Do you want anything in particular to-day, Patience?"

"Yes, ma'am, a little cold wittals for mammy."

"You shall have it; but where is the bonnet I gave you last fall?"

"I gave it to Jane. She works out, and is more dressed up than I."

"And why don't you work out, too?"

"Mammy can't spare me. When pappy comes home drunk, I have to go to the barn, and help her take care of the baby. And I don't love to work out."

"Well, here is your basket; take it home to your mother, Patience, and be a good girl."

"Yes, ma'am."

What a miserable child! How I pity her —— but what is she doing at the gate-post? Ah, I see! She is stealing a tobacco pipe, which I saw H. lay there a moment ago. I say *stealing*, because her actions show that she so considers it. How she hurries through the gate, at the risk of upsetting her basket. There! she is scampering up the hill, with "might and main," looking round at every other step, as if expecting me to follow and regain *the prize*. The silly little thing! did she not know she would be welcome to it for the asking; and that I would rather have given her a cargo of them, than witness such ingratitude? Well, I will not pass a severe judgment without reflection. Her mother, I recollect, has quite a *penchant* for the ignited weed. *She has stolen it for her mother!*

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NO. II.

What an interesting bevy of young girls are coming down the hill for their morning walk! First and foremost are Miss —— and Miss ——; the former, a flaming aristocrat; her mind completely crammed with narrow and ridiculous prejudices, to the exclusion of everything useful and amiable. Her papa is our wealthiest merchant, and has contrived to

give his daughter a smattering of everything scientific and fashionable. Her education was begun and completed in Philadelphia. Her *particular* friends and correspondents reside in Philadelphia. Her dresses are all made in, and brought from, Philadelphia, to the great vexation of our milliners and mantau-makers, whose "latest fashions" are obtained at the same place. And she makes semi-annual peregrinations to the same great city, and is hailed, on her return, as one of the greatest curiosities of the place — being completely metamorphosed in dress, carriage and conversation; and retaining only a pair of large, never-shrinking black eyes, and an imperfection of speech, as evidences of her identity. Last fall she returned "made over," according to the most approved patterns of the Lady's Book, and other equally correct prints; her waist pinched to the most excruciating smallness — her little curved-up feet looking as if they wished, at every step, to spurn the low, sandal-like slippers encasing them — her hair tortured into every kind of ungraceful, unclassical shape, and her neck and shoulders thrown awkwardly forward, like a frightened ostrich, striving to hide from its pursuers. Everybody ran immediately to see, — everybody has curiosity, — and came back quite bewildered at the additional polish they discovered. Extreme delicacy and sentimentality was then her forte. The windows and doors must all be kept shut, on account of the extreme delicacy of her lungs. Her nerves were extremely irritable, but there were no salts, or Eau de Cologne, in the village, sufficiently ethereal for her use. She read Bulwer and Miss Landon, and frequented none but the smallest and most select parties, for fear of being shocked by something rustic. She could find no gloves small enough for her hands, no shoes for her feet; though the clerks averred she never tried either. A malicious wag had the naughtiness to christen her "the Yahoo," by which feminine appellation she seems still universally designated, as I, this instant, heard a young gentleman say to another, on passing my window: "Yonder is 'the

Yahoo.'" "Ay, ay," was the reply, and "Venus! what a shape! Nothing short of steam-power could have reduced her waist to that. See! it makes no shadow!" Poor girl! she is really, after all, more to be pitied than blamed; for she is the victim of an imbecile mother.

How different with the sweet sylph hanging upon her arm! With, comparatively, very few advantages, she is perfectly genteel and lady-like; an object of admiration to the most fastidious of the other sex, and of bitter envy to the foolish of her own. What a joy is she to her wise, well-guiding mother! Would there were many such mothers! What a beautiful specimen of combined greatness and humility — of *true* republican refinement and politeness! The next couple are the orphan niece of the wealthy Mr. ——, educated as his own daughter, and the pretty "school-ma'am," generally known by her drab calash, and buff calico dresses. What accident can have thrown her into the company of —— the Yahoo? The latter has as great a dread of contact with persons who do any kind of work "for a living," as if they carried a pestilence. Can she have learned that the school-ma'am is, in prospect, the heiress of many thousands? It must be so. She is looking back and conversing with her in a very condescending manner. Ah! I thought the money matter a profound secret; but it must have got out, and she will, ere long, be surrounded by fortune-hunters, all *disinterested*, and eager to show a chivalrous appreciation of her *talents* and *beauty!* But I have no fears for her; for though but eighteen, good sense and her own warm heart will guard her. She is the only child, reader, of a widow many miles from here, and is somewhat of an eccentric. She has latterly taken a great fancy to school-teaching; and, having a relative in this place, came on about a month ago to "take a school," and spend the summer. Her taste is considered, here, quite singular; for though qualified to teach the highest academical branches, and strongly urged to superintend the female department of our Academy, at a very high considera-

tion, she declined, and has rented a little school-room, in sight of my window, and taken a very small class of *youngest* scholars, all girls. The truth is, she *loves* the little things, and they requite that love with a sentiment little short of idolatry.

She lives in an atmosphere of love,
Circled by hearts that are young and pure ;
One glance of her eye doth the wildest reprove —
One lisp of her voice their affections secure.

Her motto is sweetness, and all must bow
To the magic wand that she wields so well ;
O, small is the power of a frowning brow !
And the youthful school-ma'am knows it well.

It is really amusing to see the haste with which the "toddling wee things" flutter by to school each morning, long before the hour — one striving to outrun the other, and each with a present for the school-ma'am. A bunch of fleur de lis, a lilac bud, or bit of mint, for which they always receive the courted reward — a kiss and a smile; or, perhaps, some new, pretty play is learned them; or they listen to a little, loving story, calculated to make a deep impression on their ductile affections; for the school-ma'am does not begin teaching the *head*. She knows the *heart* should be written over first with the pen of love; else may the ink of the knowledge of evil blacken its pure white surface, and leave no room for the knowledge of good. Ah, happy teacher! thrice happy children! Were not envy a sin, how deeply I should envy you! I have many delightful recollections of school-days. My first romantic attachment was to a young and beautiful school-mistress. And *I* was once a teacher myself. I believe I could fill a volume with school-teaching anecdotes; but for thy sake, reader, I forbear.

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